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EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR

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BEN JONSON'S

Every Man In His Humour

drama
J.

Edited by PERCY SIMPSON

OXFORD
At the Clarendon Press
MDCCCCXIX

PREFACE

A COMPLETE edition of Ben Jonson's Works by Professor C. H. Herford and the present editor has long been in preparation; this edition of *Every Man in his Humour* is therefore in the nature of a pioneer volume. Three objects have been kept steadily in view in producing it—to print the authoritative text; to solve the problem of its date and composition; to illustrate its literary relations and its faithful picture of contemporary London. The critical apparatus concentrates on the early issues and so presents, unencumbered, the minuter variants of the 1640 Folio—changes of spelling and punctuation, which, in part at least, are Jonson's. Few conjectures are recorded, for the text is too sound to need any; and it seemed futile to notice such trivialities as Gifford's occasional expansion of the contracted *i'* and *o'*. Jonson used them side by side with the fuller forms, and the precisian who meddles with them is not even precise. Mr. H. B. Wheatley's edition of the play has been consulted for its notes on London topography.

The proofs have been read throughout by Mr. D. Nichol Smith and Mr. G. Thorn-Drury. Both have contributed very valuable criticism, and the latter also collated the text, supplying

some examples of early printer's variants unknown to the editor. Twenty-four years have elapsed since the first crude draft of the commentary was drawn up by a prentice hand; but the pleasantest memories associated with the work are these informal discussions with friends at the final stage, throwing new light on points of literature and scholarship.

Oxford.
April, 1919.

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SYMBOLS AND ABBREVIATIONS

Conical brackets, as '⟨*To them.*⟩' in the heading of v. ii, denote words or letters inserted in the text.

Square brackets, as '[*To them.*]' in the heading of iv. ix, denote words or letters of the original text which ought to be omitted.

A. P. = Translation of the Ars Poetica.
Alch. = The Alchemist.
B. F. = Barthol'mew Fair.
C. is A. = The Case is Altered.
Cat. = Catiline.
C. R. = Cynthia's Revels.
D. is A. = The Devil is an Ass.
Disc. = Timber, or Discoveries.
E. E. T. S. = Early English Text Society.
E. H. = Eastward Ho.
E. M. O. = Every Man out of his Humour.
Epig. = Epigrams.
F_1 = Folio of 1616.
F_2 = Folio of 1640.
F_3 = Folio of 1692.
Ff = identical text in F_1 and F_2.
G = Gifford (edition of Jonson's Works, 1816).
Gram. = The English Grammar.
M. L. = The Magnetic Lady.
N. E. D. = New English Dictionary.
N. I. = The New Inn.
N. and Q. = Notes and Queries.
Poet. = Poetaster.
Q. = Quarto of 'Every Man in his Humour', 1601.
S. of N. = The Staple of News.
S. S. = The Sad Shepherd.
S. W. = Epicoene, or The Silent Woman.
Sej. = Sejanus.
Stage dir. = Stage-direction.
T. of T. = A Tale of a Tub.
Und. = Underwoods.
Volp. = Volpone, or the Fox.
W. = Whalley (edition of Jonson's Works, 1756).

INTRODUCTION

I. THE QUARTO AND THE FOLIO TEXTS.

JONSON'S comedy of *Every Man in his Humour* was first acted in 1598 by the Chamberlain's men, who were then playing at the Curtain theatre in Shoreditch. The Quarto title-page speaks of performances being given 'sundry times'. A letter of Tobie Mathew to Dudley Carleton on September 20, preserved among the *State Papers*, gives one date, evidently an early one, precisely. Mathew describes a French visitor at Nonesuch, well received in court circles: 'There were with him divers Almans, where of, one, lost out of his purse, at a play 3 hundred crownes. A new play called, Euery mans humour.' The reference to repeated performances implies a theatrical success. This was the tradition with regard to this comedy. Aubrey records that, after previous failures at the Curtain, Jonson 'vndertooke againe to write a Playe and hitt it admirably well, viz. Every man . . . wch was his first good one' (Aubrey MS. 8, fol. 108). Dryden says the same in the *Essay of Dramatic Poesy*.

Shakespeare took a part in the performance. His name heads the actor-list which Jonson added to the Folio text, and the prominence thus given to him suggests that he played Lorenzo senior, the original form of the elder Kno'well. There is also a tradition that, when the manuscript was on the point of being rejected at the playhouse, Shakespeare intervened in its favour and finally got it accepted. Rowe, in the *Account of Shakespeare* prefixed to his edition of 1709, has preserved the tradition for us in a report

which is clearly open to criticism. There is exaggeration in the statement that Jonson 'was at that time altogether unknown to the world', and in the picturesque account of the people at the playhouse turning the manuscript 'carelessly and superciliously' over, and Shakespeare 'luckily casting his eye upon it'. But the main fact may be true.

The play was first printed in Quarto in 1601. But Jonson revised it with extreme care for the Folio edition of his *Works* published in 1616. This is the version here reprinted. Two entries relating to the Quarto are found in the Stationers' Register in 1600. On August 4, 'Euery man in his humour / ▪ booke' is entered along with *As You Like It*, *King Henry the Fifth*, and *Much Ado about Nothing* as one of 'My lord chamberlens mens plaies', the publication of which was 'to be staied'. The company was responsible for this entry, probably, as Mr. A. W. Pollard suggests,[1] in order to secure the copyright and checkmate a possible pirate. Ten days later it was entered for Cuthbert Burby and Walter Burre, and it was published with Burre's imprint next year.[2]

The text of the collected edition of 1616 was issued from the press of William Stansby; it is one of the best-printed books

[1] See *Shakespeare's Fight with the Pirates*, pp. 45–6.

[2] Burby died in 1607; two years later his widow transferred her share of the copyright to William Welby. Welby and Burre, therefore, were joint holders of the copyright when the revised text appeared in the 1616 Folio. In 1618 Welby assigned his share to Thomas Snodham, whose widow transferred it to William Stansby in 1626. In 1635 Stansby also secured the share of Walter Burre, in virtue of an assignment made by Burre and Lownes in 1621. Stansby died in 1638–9, and early in 1639 his widow assigned her copyrights to Richard Bishop, whose imprint appears on the title-page of the play in the 1640 Folio.

EVERY MAN IN his Humor.

As it hath beene ſundry times
publickly acted by the right
Honorable the Lord Cham-
berlaine his ſeruants.

Written by BEN. IOHNSON.

Quod non dant proceres, dabit Hiſtrio.

Haud tamen inuidias vati, quem pulpita paſcunt.

Imprinted at London for *Walter Burre*, and are to
be ſould at his ſhoppe in Paules Church-yarde.
1601.

of the seventeenth century, and the text is authoritative. Jonson, following what was then the custom of a careful author, went to the printing-house and corrected the sheets of the edition while it was actually passing through the press; the character of the changes made in the text proves that they were author's, not compositor's, corrections. As the fact has been disputed, a test passage may be cited. It is taken from *Sejanus*, at the close of the fourth act (Folio, p. 413). Some senators discuss Tiberius' vacillating policy towards Sejanus, who is honoured one moment and deprived of the honour the next. Pomponius, who does not know how to time his flattery, says on hearing news hostile to the favourite, 'By CASTOR, that's the worst.' An honest bystander, Arruntius, exclaims in an aside, 'By POLLVX, best.' This is the reading of some copies of the Folio; the fact that it is also the reading of the 1605 Quarto proves it to be the original. But most copies of the Folio print the speeches in an altered form:

> POM. By POLLVX, that's the worst. (ARR. By HERCVLES, best.)

This is the final text, for the Folio of 1640 reproduces it. Did a printer indulge in that shuffling of Roman gods, or should we naturally suppose that it was Jonson himself, stickling for some minute point of scholarship? Well, the change was made on the authority of the Roman antiquary, Aulus Gellius, who stated that 'in old writings Roman women do not swear by Hercules, nor men by Castor', but that both sexes might swear by Pollux.[1] Another striking change is in the flattery of

[1] 'In veteribus scriptis neque mulieres Romanae per Herculem deierant, neque viri per Castorem. . . . Aedipol autem, quod iusiurandum per Pollucem est, et viro et feminae commune est' (*Noctes Atticae*, xi. 6).

Queen Elizabeth which rounded off the Court performance of *Every Man out of his Humour*. In the Quarto of 1600, printed during her lifetime, Macilente prays:

> . . . I implore,
> O *Heauen*: that Shee (whose *Figure* hath effected
> This change in me) may neuer suffer Change
> In her Admir'd and happie Gouernment.
>
> (Sig. Q 4.)

But she had been dead thirteen years when the Folio appeared; so 'may neuer suffer change' was toned down to 'may suffer most late change'—an echo of the prayer of Horace to Augustus:

> Serus in caelum redeas diuque
> Laetus intersis populo Quirini.
>
> (*Odes*, I. ii. 45–6.)

This fidelity to the language and to the literary spirit of old Rome clearly reveals the hand of Jonson; in such passages it is impossible to imagine the intrusion of a proof-reader.

A minute collation of the Folio text of *Every Man in his Humour* shows that it was set up from a copy of the 1601 Quarto which Jonson had worked over with manuscript corrections to prepare it for the press. The evidence is microscopic, but it is cumulative. In estimating it, it should be remembered that the Folio of 1616 was printed with scrupulous care, especially in the matter of punctuation, which Jonson rather elaborated. The following peculiarities are common to the two texts. As a rule, the Folio prints a question with the note of interrogation,

Jonson marked the distinction carefully in his later play of *Catiline*, where Curius swears by Hercules and Pollux, Sempronia and Fulvia by Castor (Folio, 1616, pp. 702–3).

but in a few passages it follows the Quarto in using a full stop:

> Sweete hart will you come in to breakfast.
> (Sig. D 3. Cf. II. iii. 35, 36.)
> . . . but did you all this signior without hurting your blade.
> (Sig. E 4. Cf. III. i. 136, 137.)
> *Musco*, s'bloud what winde hath blowne thee hither in this shape. (Sig. F. Cf. III. ii. 39, 40.)
> . . . are you not here by the appoyntment of doctor *Clemants* man. (Sig. K 4. Cf. IV. xi. 12, 13.)

In the following passages the Quarto wrongly inserts a note of interrogation, and is copied by the Folio:

> *Step.* No truly sir? (Sig. G. Cf. III. v. 65.)
> *Mat.* Here sir, heres my iewell? (Sig. K 2. Cf. IV. ix. 60.)
> *Step.* A gentleman sir? (Sig. L 2. Cf. V. iii. 3.)

In III. v. 74, 75, 'that (had you taken the most deadly poysonous simple in all Florence, it should expell it', the Quarto omitted the second bracket; the Folio revised the passage, but also omitted the bracket.[1]

Slight though these clues are, they seem to prove that the printer of the Folio had before him a printed copy of the 1601 text interlined with corrections in Jonson's handwriting, and not a playhouse manuscript.

In the Quarto version the scene was laid at Florence, and the characters had Italian names.[2] The Kno'wells were Lorenzo

[1] In three prose passages the Quarto wrongly prints a semblance of metrical form, which the Folio reproduces:

> What *Cob*? our maides will haue you by the back (Ifaith).
> For comming so late this morning (Cf. II. iii. 1, 2).
> Well *Musco* performe this businesse happily,
> And thou makest a conquest of my loue foreuer (Cf. IV. v. 1, 2).
> Nay I know not how, I left him with your clarke,
> And appoynted him to stay here for me (Cf. V. i. 8, 9).

[2] The list is reproduced on the opposite page.

The number and names of *the Actors.*

Lorenzo ſenior.	*Giulliano.*
Proſpero.	*Lorenzo iunior.*
Thorello.	*Biancha.*
Stephano.	*Heſperida.*
Doctor Clement.	*Peto.*
Bobadilla.	*Matheo.*
Muſco.	*Pizo.*
Cob.	*Tib.*

senior and Lorenzo junior, Well-bred was Prospero, Kitely and Cash were Thorello and Pizo, Downright Giuliano, Dame Kitely Bianca, and Bridget Hesperida. As Jonson developed the Comedy of Humours, he discarded the Italian convention of the contemporary stage and set his plays at home. In *The Silent Woman* performed in 1609, and in all later plays, the scene is London or its neighbourhood. The revised version of *Every Man in his Humour* has references to Fleet Street and the Old Jewry, Bridewell, the Artillery Garden, the foundlings of Christ's Hospital, the porters of Thames Street and Custom House quay, the plain 'flat-caps' of the citizens, and the popular ballads of John Trundle.

A comparison of the two versions gives a unique opportunity for estimating the development of Jonson's art. Never again did he work over an early text so carefully. Obviously he was dissatisfied with it, or he would not have published the later play of *Every Man out of his Humour* first. The most significant of the retouchings are those which affect the characters. Downright and Bobadill are striking examples. Downright is more sharply individualized by his blunt and homely use of proverbs in the revised version. This outburst in the Quarto:

Giu. Faith I know not what I should say to him: so God saue mee, I am eene at my wits end, I haue tolde him inough, one would thinke, if that would serue: well, he knowes what to trust to for me: let him spend, and spend, and domineere till his hart ake: & he get a peny more of me, Ile giue him this eare. (sig. D verso),

has new life put into it in the Folio:

Dow. 'Sdeynes, I know not what I should say to him, i' the whole world! He values me, at a crackt three-farthings, for ought I see: It will neuer out o' the flesh that 's bred i' the bone!

I haue told him inough, one would thinke, if that would serue: But, counsell to him, is as good, as a shoulder of mutton to a sicke horse. Well! he knowes what to trust to, for GEORGE. Let him spend, and spend, and domineere, till his heart ake: an' hee thinke to bee relieu'd by me, when he is got into one o' your citie pounds, the Counters, he has the wrong sow by the eare, ifaith: and claps his dish at the wrong mans dore. I'le lay my hand o' my halfe-peny, e're I part with 't, to fetch him out, I'le assure him (II. i. 66–77).

Some interesting insertions are made in the part of Bobadill. The charm of Bobadill is his profound seriousness; there is a depth of conviction even in his pose. His abstemiousness is an addition of the Folio: that modest menu of 'a bunch of redish, and salt, to tast our wine; and a pipe of *tabacco*, to close the orifice of the stomach' (I. v. 155–6). Earlier in the scene his proposal that Matthew should challenge Downright lacked at first the immortal touch: 'A most proper, and sufficient *dependance*, warranted by the great CARANZA' (ib. 104–6). In the fencing lesson the original request to Tib, 'Hostesse, lend vs another bedstaffe here quickly', is amplified: 'Hostesse, accommodate vs with another bed-staffe here, quickly'; then as Tib looks at him with a puzzled air and does not move, he has to descend to plain English: 'Lend vs another bed-staffe. The woman do's not vnderstand the wordes of *Action*' (ib. 118–19). Indeed Tib is of an accommodating temper generally. In the Quarto text of III. vi. 52 she lends him her smock while 'his owne shirt' is at washing; 'his one shirt' in the Folio.

Minor touches here and there add to the clearness and effectiveness of the dialogue. One of Stephen's master-strokes, his 'prettie piece of ciuilitie' to Brainworm about the sham Toledo (III. ii. 17, 18), 'Yet, by his leaue, he is a raskall, vnder his fauour,

doe you see?' is an afterthought. Again, while the elder Kno'well is waiting outside Cob's house, expecting his son to arrive, and Kitely comes instead, the absurd suspicion which flashes through the father's mind was added in the Folio:

> Soft, who is this? 'Tis not my sonne, disguisd?
> (IV. x. 31.)

On the other hand, at the moment of Downright's arrest (IV. xi. 36 foll.), when Matthew proposes to Bobadill that they shall go and state their case in advance to the Justice, the Quarto makes him indulge in an absurd threat, 'Weele be euen with you sir'; this was dropped in the Folio.

In revising Jonson lightened the structure of the last two acts. Originally Clement, on discovering the trick of the false message, came to Kitely's house to inquire about it (at IV. viii. 128 foll. of the Folio). Jonson omitted this and took some such inquiry for granted in the cross-examination with which Clement opens the fifth act. When Clement asks, 'where is WEL-BRED?' (v. i. 32), Kitely answers, 'Gone with my sister, sir, I know not whither.' She lived at his house, and when he missed her, naturally he had asked questions. But in the Quarto he is clumsily informed of the fact at Cob's house after he arrives there on his fool's errand (after IV. x. 58 of the Folio):

> *Enter* Giulliano.
>
> *Giu.* Oh sister did you see my cloake?
> *Bia.* Not I, I see none.
> *Giu.* Gods life I haue lost it then, saw you *Hesperida*?
> *Tho.* *Hesperida*? is she not at home?
> *Giu.* No she is gone abroade, and no body can tell me of it at home. *Exit.*
> *Tho.* Oh heauen, abroade? what light? a harlot too? Why? why? harke you, hath she? hath she not a brother?

A brothers house to keepe? to looke vnto?
But she must fling abroade, my wife hath spoyld her,
She takes right after her, she does, she does.
(Sig. K 3 verso.)

Still more undramatic was the method at first adopted to clear up the mystery of Brain-worm's imposture. He explained it all in a lengthy harangue, afterwards broken up into a few short speeches (v. iii. 54 foll.).

Right on to the close of the play, in the Quarto, Giuliano (Downright) kept his bluntness, and Thorello (Kitely) his insane suspicions of his wife; both traits were omitted in the final scenes in order to facilitate the happy ending, and Clement's extravagance was toned down, especially his ludicrous severity to Bobadill and Matthew; by a freak of comic justice, he sentenced them originally to be locked up for the night in the cage and pilloried at the market-cross next day. And his admiration for Brain-worm was carried to such a pitch that he invested that '*Heroick* spirite'—save the mark!—in his own robes of office to preside at the supper-table.

But the most memorable change in this scene is the excision of young Kno'wells defence of poetry, written in the romantic manner which Jonson abandoned when he embarked on the study of humours. The defence is provoked by the elder Kno'well's contemptuous comment on Matthew's verse pilferings:

Lo. se. You see,[1]
How abiectly your Poetry is ranckt,
In generall opinion.
Lo. iu. Opinion, O God let grosse opinion
Sinck & be damnd as deepe as *Barathrum.*

[1] The line arrangement and the punctuation of this extract have been slightly corrected.

If it may stand with your most wisht content,
I can refell opinion and approue
The state of poesie, such as it is,
Blessed, æternall, and most true deuine:
Indeede if you will look on Poesie,
As she appeares in many, poore and lame,
Patcht vp in remnants and olde worne ragges,
Halfe starud for want of her peculiar foode,
Sacred inuention, then I must conferme,
Both your conceite and censure of her merrite.
But view her in her glorious ornaments,
Attired in the maiestie of arte,
Set high in spirite with the precious taste
Of sweete philosophie, and which is most,
Crownd with the rich traditions of a soule,
That hates to haue her dignitie prophand,
With any relish of an earthly thought:
Oh then how proud a presence doth she beare.
Then is she like her selfe, fit to be seene
Of none but graue and consecrated eyes:
Nor is it any blemish to her fame,
That such leane, ignorant, and blasted wits,
Such brainlesse guls, should vtter their stolne wares
With such aplauses in our vulgar eares:
Or that their slubberd lines haue currant passe,
From the fat iudgements of the multitude,
But that this barren and infected age,
Should set no difference twixt these empty spirits,
And a true Poet: then which reuerend name
Nothing can more adorne humanitie.

(Sig. M.)

'Worth all Sidney's and all Shelley's treatises thrown together' was Swinburne's light-hearted comment on this high-toned echo of Sidney's tract, and he regretted that Jonson sacrificed it from 'austere devotion to the principle which prohibits all indulgence in poetry'.[1] But Jonson would have been guilty of something

[1] *A Study of Ben Jonson*, p. 12.

more than improbability in keeping it. How could that motley gathering of *bourgeois* respond to the appeal of art? And is such an appeal a harmonious close to the comic exploits of Brain-worm? Jonson had seen his play acted; under that crucial test weak points would reveal themselves to his keen, watching eyes. The situation in *The New Inn*, where another mixed audience listens to Lovel's lofty discourses on love and valour, has some similarity, but there Jonson took care to tone down the incongruity; the situation is saved by the sympathy of Lady Frampul. This effect is not produced by the approval of the erratic and hare-brained Clement.

An examination of the play as a whole shows that Jonson's method was to retain the prose speeches with slight retouchings, but to work carefully over the verse and alter or omit anything which on a strict examination seemed to him pitched too high for comedy. This is noticeable in the speeches of that prosaic pair, the elder Kno'well and Kitely. The former originally commented on Well-bred's flippant letter (I. ii):

> The modest paper eene lookes pale for griefe
> To feele her virgin-cheeke defilde and staind
> With such a blacke and criminall *inscription.*
>
> (Sig. B 3 verso.)

Afterwards in the opening prose dialogue of I. iii, young Kno'well speaks four lines of verse:

> *Lo. iu.* Thats true: well *Musco* hie thee in againe,
> Least thy protracted absence do lend light,
> To darke suspition: *Musco* be assurde
> Ile not forget this thy respectiue loue.
>
> (Sig. B 4.)

The first of these speeches was omitted in the Folio; the second shortened to practical prose: 'That's true: well I thanke thee,

BRAYNE-WORME.' Kitely again in the Quarto can say, 'Lend bare-rib'd enuie, oportunitie' (sig. D 2), or, 'My mind attir'd in smoothe silken peace' (sig. G 2 verso). The Folio has simply, 'Lend scorne and enuie, oportunitie' (II. i. 121), and 'My mind at rest too, in no soft a peace' (III. vi. 19).

Sometimes an entire speech is skilfully recast. A typical example is the elder Kno'well's speech about his son at the end of the second scene. The Quarto version is:

> I am resolu'd I will not crosse his iourney.
> Nor will I practise any violent meane,
> To stay the hot and lustie course of youth.
> For youth restraind straight growes impatient,
> And (in condition) like an eager dogge,
> Who (ne're so little from his game witheld)
> Turnes head and leapes vp at his masters throat.
> Therefore ile studie (by some milder drift)
> To call my sonne vnto a happier shrift.
>
> (Sig. B 3 verso.)

Here the workmanship is flat and colourless; the recurring final pause makes the movement of the whole monotonous, and takes some of the life out of the vivid simile. The remodelled version, with additional lines derived from Terence, certainly gains in vigour:

> I am resolu'd, I will not stop his iourney;
> Nor practise any violent meane, to stay
> The vnbridled course of youth in him: for that,
> Restrain'd, growes more impatient; and, in kind,
> Like to the eager, but the generous grey-hound,
> Who ne're so little from his game with-held,
> Turnes head, and leapes vp at his holders throat.
> There is a way of winning, more by loue,
> And vrging of the modestie, then feare:
> Force workes on seruile natures, not the free.
> He, that 's compell'd to goodnesse, may be good;
> But 'tis but for that fit: where others drawne

By softnesse, and example, get a habit.
Then, if they stray, but warne 'hem: and, the same
They should for vertu' haue done, they'll doe for shame.

A still more striking example is Kno'well's soliloquy at the beginning of Act II, Scene v. Jonson completely rewrote it for the Folio; it is in the terse and weighty manner of his fully developed style, and should be carefully compared with the discarded version of the Quarto, which is in rhyme:

My labouring spirit being late opprest
With my sonnes follie, can embrace no rest,
Till it hath plotted by aduise and skill,
How to reduce him from affected will
To reasons manage; which while I intend,
My troubled soule beginnes to apprehend
A farther secret, and to meditate
Vpon the difference of mans estate:
Where is deciphered to true iudgements eye
A deep, conceald, and precious misterie.
Yet can I not but worthily admire
At natures art: who (when she did inspire
This heat of life) plac'd Reason (as a king)
Here in the head, to haue the marshalling
Of our affections: and with soueraigntie
To sway the state of our weake emperie.
But as in diuers commonwealthes we see,
The forme of gouernment to disagree:
Euen so in man who searcheth soone shal find
As much or more varietie of mind.
Some mens affections like a sullen wife,
Is with her husband reason still at strife.
Others (like proud Arch-traitors that rebell
Against their soueraigne) practise to expell
Their liege Lord Reason, and not shame to tread
Vpon his holy and annointed head.
But so that land or nation best doth thriue,
Which to smooth-fronted peace is most procliue,

So doth that mind, whose faire affections rang'd
By reasons rules, stand constant and vnchang'd,
Els, if the power of reason be not such,
Why do we attribute to him so much?
Or why are we obsequious to his law,
If he want spirit our affects to awe?
Oh no, I argue weakly, he is strong,
Albeit my sonne haue done him too much wrong.
(Sig. E.)

One other rhyming speech in the Quarto was cancelled; it is the equivalent to a line of prose in the Folio—'Sir, would I could not feele my cares' (III. vii. 81)—old Kno'well's answer to Clement's advice that he should not be despondent about his son:

Loren. Troth would I could sir: but enforced mirth
(In my weake iudgement) ha's no happy birth.
The minde, being once a prisoner vnto cares,
The more it dreames on ioy, the worse it fares.
A smyling looke is to a heauie soule,
As a guilt bias, to a leaden bowle,
Which (in it selfe) appeares most vile, being spent
To no true vse; but onely for ostent.
(Sig. G 4.)

One set of alterations Jonson had to make; the Act to Restrain the Abuse of Players (3 Jac. I, ch. 21), dealing with profanity in plays, came into force in 1606, and compelled playwrights not only to tone down or omit their oaths, but also to avoid the use of scriptural phrases. Thus 'By Christ I would not for a thousand crownes' (Quarto, sig. D3) becomes 'By heauen I would not for a thousand angells' (II. iii. 39); and Bobadill's explanation of his beating 'I was bewitcht by Iesu' (sig. K verso) becomes 'I was fascinated, by IVPITER' (IV. ix. 15). His Biblical oath 'by the life of Pharoah' (sig. C2 verso) is pleasantly varied to 'by the foot of PHARAOH' (I. v. 103); such a mild allusion as Brain-worm's 'I

returnd (as the Rauen did to the Arke) to mine olde maister againe' (sig. L3) is omitted altogether; and Downright's angry aside 'Sblood I think they meane to build a *Tabernacle* heare, well?' (sig. H verso) is altered to 'Heart, I thinke, they meane to build, and breed here!' (IV. ii. 75). Perhaps it was well to err on the side of safety, for the judgements of a censor are unsearchable and his ways past finding out.

II. THE DATE OF THE REVISION.

Jonson himself definitely recognized the play of *Every Man in his Humour* as the starting-point of his dramatic achievement. In the induction to *The Magnetic Lady, or Humours Reconciled*, licensed in October, 1632, when his career was drawing to an end, he wrote:

> The *Author*, beginning his studies of this kind, with every man in his Humour; and after, every man out of his Humour; and since, continuing in all his *Playes*, especially those of the *Comick* thred, whereof the *New-Inne* was the last, some recent humours still, or manners of men, that went along with the times, finding himself now neare the close, or shutting up of his Circle, hath phant'sied to himselfe, in *Idæa*, this *Magnetick Mistris*.

Hence there was a special appropriateness in opening the 1616 edition of his *Works* in folio with a thoroughly revised version of his first Humour play. Judged solely by the test of style, the rewritten portion is in the massive and concentrated manner of Jonson's mature period; the even metre, the firm expression, the carefully ordered details—all are characteristic. 'The name is graven on the workmanship.' The prologue too, with its free criticism of contemporaries and its explicit statement of the poet's own dramatic aim, appears very significantly for the

first time, and it is not the writing of a novice; it serves as a prelude, not only to *Every Man in his Humour*, but to the entire Folio. Moreover, the quiet confidence of the last sentence in the play—the reference to Brain-worm, 'Whose aduentures, this day, when our grand-children shall heare to be made a fable, I doubt not, but it shall find both spectators, and applause'—points to a time when Jonson was no longer experimenting with a new form of comedy, or taking a rough-and-tumble part in the stage-quarrel of *Poetaster*, or appearing before the Privy Council to explain the 'poperie and treason' of *Sejanus*,[1] but was accepted as an exponent of the life of his age, and had won the crowning triumph of *Volpone* or *The Alchemist*.

Can we fix the date of the revised version? F. G. Fleay in his *Biographical Chronicle of the English Drama*, i, p. 358, suggested April, 1601. He thought that the following passages pointed unmistakeably to the reign of Elizabeth:—'were I knowne to her Maiestie' (IV. vii. 62); 'I arrest you, i' the queenes name' (IV. xi. 21, 22); 'Keepe the peace, I charge you, in her Maiesties name' (ib., 39, 40); 'You must not denie the Queenes Iustice, Sir' (V. v. 18). The Quarto located the play at Florence and spoke of 'the Duke'. Fleay argued that references to the Queen 'would have been altered in so careful a recasting had it been made in the time of James'. He went on to extract the precise date, Friday, April 25, 1601, out of Bobadill's calculation 'to morrow, being St. MARKES day' (III. i. 101), and Cob's indictment of Friday fasts (III. iv. 1–5). But this combination of dates is taken over without alteration from the original version in the Quarto; and a dramatist, putting in his text the chance remark that 'It is Friday', does not tell the stage-manager,

[1] See *Conversations with William Drummond*, xiii ad fin.

'Of course, you will understand that the first performance cannot take place on ▪ Monday or Tuesday'. These facts are decisive, but it may be well to add that John Trundle, who began to publish in 1603, could not have made a reputation by his ballads [1] two years earlier.

The explicit mention of 'the Queen' is, however, significant. Could Jonson have made it, as it were, retrospectively in the redraft? There are similar references in *A Tale of ▪ Tub*,[2] known to ▬ only in the revised version of 1633; but these are evidently survivals from the early text, retained for their Elizabethan colouring. To manufacture archaic allusions is, it must be admitted, very different from leaving them undisturbed in their original setting. But of all the early dramatists Jonson was perhaps the only one capable of this patient, historic editing. In the Folio he took care to date the first performance: he added a final note, 'This Comoedie was first Acted in the yeere 1598'; in the next play of the Folio, *Every Man out of his Humour*, he printed separately in a kind of appendix the concluding speech to Queen Elizabeth; and the third play of the collection, *Cynthia's Revels*, is a dramatized presentment of the 'humours' of her court. With characteristic conscientiousness he seems to have kept in view the original date at the time of the rewriting.

Dr. Brinsley Nicholson and Professor Maurice Castelain, after ▪ careful sifting of the evidence, have proposed 1606. Their case must be stated. Dr. Nicholson's arguments were put forward in *The Antiquary* for July and September, 1882; Professor Castelain's in his monograph, *La Vie et l'Œuvre de Ben Jonson*,

[1] See I. iii. 57–8.

[2] See I. iv. 55, vii. 22; II. i. 31, 53, ii. 2, 30, 31, 33, 78, 92, v. 5, vi. 14; IV. i. 3; V. ii. 1.

1906, pp. 873–86, the most complete study that had yet been made of the poet.

Omitting some indecisive points of Dr. Nicholson's, we may confine our attention to two which are definite. (1) In III. i. 100–34 Bobadill relates his military exploits. The Quarto locates them at Ghibilletto (the ancient Byblus and modern Djebail in Syria) ten years before, and at Tortosa (the Syrian town known in ancient times as Orthosias), taken 'last year' by the Genoese.[1] Saladin captured these towns in 1188, and they were finally evacuated by the Christians in 1291 after the fall of Acre. I cannot trace any later fighting there by Europeans, but Bobadill no doubt relied on the efficacy of the maxim, *Omne ignotum pro magnifico.* For Ghibilletto the Folio substituted a historic reference which can be verified—the recapture of Strigonium or Graan in Hungary from the Turks in 1595. Dr. Nicholson, accepting this consummate liar as a historical authority, laid stress on Bobadill's statement that fighting took place there some ten years before; but Tortosa was a difficulty, and Jonson, not having a last year's siege available in 1606, made the impostor suffer from a sudden lapse of memory, and shroud his heroism at 'What-do-you-call-it' in a convenient geographical haze. But these comic knaves soar above chronology. Brain-worm is quite as reckless: he has been 'a poor seruitor, by sea and land, any time this fourteene yeeres' (II. iv. 55–6), and fought at Aleppo in 1516, and Vienna in 1529. This in both texts, Quarto and Folio; and the Folio

[1] The passage runs in the Quarto: 'Why at the beleagring of *Ghibelletto,* where, in lesse then two houres, seuen hundred resolute gentlemen, as any were in *Europe,* lost their liues vpon the breach: ile tell you gentlemen, it was the first, but the best leagure that euer I beheld with these eyes, except the taking in of *Tortosa* last yeer by the *Genowayes*' (Sig. E 4).

tacks on a reference to the battle of Lepanto in 1571. Jonson made a trenchant sketch of the sham soldier in *Epigram* cvii addressed 'To Captayne Hungry'—with his record of services in Ireland, Holland, Sweden, Hungary, Poland, Turkey, and Italy:

> And, in some yeere, all these together heap'd,
> For which there must more sea, and land be leap'd,
> If but to be beleeu'd you haue the hap,
> Then can a flea at twise skip i' the Map.

(2) The allusion to the rich present sent by the Turkey Company to the Grand Signior (I. ii. 77–8) also has a historic basis. Dr. Nicholson refers vaguely to a present made in Elizabeth's reign: two instances are on record, in March, 1583, and October, 1593.[1] 'But when the Levant or Turkey company was reconstituted and rechartered in 1605, James gave them £5,000[2] to be expended in a present to the Porte', and 'without doubt' the articles bought for this purpose were exhibited. Dr. Nicholson therefore conjectured that the revival of the play in its new form took place in July, 1606, during the visit of the King of Denmark.

Professor Castelain accepts these two interpretations and reinforces them. (1) He finds traces of Jonson's Catholicism in the reference to the 'unconscionable' character of Guildhall verdicts (I. ii. 84) 'which might well recall the condemnation of Garnet' on March 28, 1606; in the language of young Kno'well to Stephen 'Will you beare me companie? I protest, it is not to draw you into bond, or any plot against the state, cousse' (I. iii. 86, 87)—language better suited, he thinks, to Gunpowder

[1] See the note on I. ii. 77–8 for the details as given by Hakluyt.

[2] More precisely £5,322, assigned to the Company by Royal Warrant in the *Domestic State Papers* (*James I*), xvii. 35.

Plot than to the Essex Conspiracy or the Main and Bye plots; and in Kitely's characterization of Cash (III. iii. 89–91):

> H'is no precisian, that I am certaine of.
> Nor rigid *Roman*-catholike. Hee'll play,
> At *Fayles*, and *Tick-tack*, I haue heard him sweare.

Jonson, it is suggested, was here poking fun at the stupidity of the popular mistrust of Catholics; he 'was perhaps a Catholic still at this period'.

These points are not convincing. The shameless partiality of London juries was a byword before and after 1606,[1] and cannot be narrowed down to the trial of an unpopular Jesuit; the second reference is quite vague; the third admits of a different interpretation. Jonson's Catholic period dates from his imprisonment for killing Spencer in September, 1598, to his reconciliation with the English Church in 1610.[2] But the phrase '*Roman*-catholike' has a marked Protestant ring; would Jonson have prefixed the limiting epithet of 'Roman' before his reconversion in 1610?

(2) Professor Castelain's second point is the strongly marked classicism of the recast,—the loyalty to Horatian principles of construction shown by the lightening and lopping of the fifth act—*Semper ad eventum festinat*—and the Horatian ring of old Kno'well's sturdy allocution as *Laudator temporis acti se puero* (II. v. 1–66) in place of Lorenzo's mild harping on abstractions.[3] Jonson was working on a translation and commentary of the *Ars Poetica* in 1605, as we know from the preface to the Quarto

[1] See the note on this passage.

[2] See the *Conversations with William Drummond*, xiii, where he speaks of his conversion in prison: 'Thereafter he was 12 yeares a Papist'.

[3] The speech quoted at page xxiii.

of *Sejanus*. But so general an argument would be equally valid for any date during the great period of Jonson's career.

(3) There is a break in Jonson's playwriting[1] between the acting of *Volpone* in 1605 and *The Silent Woman* in 1609. From *The Silent Woman* onwards he lays the scene in London and discards the convention of a foreign setting.

But the prologue to *The Alchemist* in 1610 suggests that this was a new departure:

> Our *Scene* is *London*, 'cause we would make knowne,
> No countries mirth is better then our owne.
> No clime breeds better matter, for your whore,
> Bawd, squire, impostor, many persons more,
> Whose manners, now call'd humours, feed the stage.

Jonson took care to advertise his literary innovations,[2] and this prologue serves to emphasize at the outset of the play the claim of the proud motto on the title-page,

> petere inde coronam,
> Vnde priùs nulli velarint tempora Musæ.

Professor Castelain was the first to connect the later version of *Every Man in his Humour* with this group of frankly English plays; beyond doubt it is closely allied to them. But was it the herald of the group? Would this novel feature more naturally suggest itself during the process of recasting an immature work or in the composition of a new play? When Jonson began to collect his plays for a complete edition, could he have placed the original *Every Man in his Humour*, unchanged, at the head of them? That is the real test by which we must judge the revision.

[1] But he wrote in the interval seven court masques or entertainments, some of which were very elaborate; and no doubt he continued his studies in the *Ars Poetica*.

[2] Compare page lv.

The 1616 text is not only authoritative but exact; author and printer co-operated to ensure its correctness. Jonson's own proof-reading can be clearly traced in it,[1] and it is a point of great critical importance to note how his authorized corrections are distributed through the volume. They begin with the second play, *Every Man out of his Humour*, and continue in *Cynthia's Revels*, *Poetaster*, and *Sejanus*; a few are found in *Volpone* and *The Silent Woman*; but none in the last plays of the volume, *The Alchemist* and *Catiline*; none in the *Epigrams*, 'the ripest of my studies', as Jonson calls them in dedicating them to the Earl of Pembroke; and none in the Masques, except a change in the order of the last two speeches of *The Golden Age Restored* quite at the end of the volume. Clearly all this later work was too recent to need revision. The revised draft of *Every Man in his Humour* stands on the same footing. Thus in a further point the early play falls significantly into line with *The Silent Woman* and *The Alchemist*.

Can we ascertain when the Folio went to press? It was published in 1616, with the contents arranged in three sections, Plays, Epigrams, and Masques. But the year 1612 may be given with some confidence as the date when Jonson was actively preparing it, though we cannot be certain that Stansby began the printing of it so early. He was not the man to turn out raw and hasty work, and he had his hands full at the time with another folio, which occupied his presses for three years—Raleigh's *Historie of the World*, licensed for publication on April 15, 1611, but not issued till late in 1614. In view of the prior claims of this formidable volume, the postponement of the Jonson Folio was not unduly long.

Various indications point to 1612 as a likely year for Jonson

[1] See the corrections cited on pp. xii, xiii.

to have started work upon it. The last play included in the Folio was *Catiline*, acted in 1611. The entries on the Stationers' Register of other late work contained in the volume are also suggestive. This is the list:

> Sept. 20, 1610. *The Silent Woman*, assigned to John Browne and John Busby, junior.
> Oct. 3, 1610. *The Alchemist*, to Walter Burre.
> May 15, 1612. The *Epigrams*, to John Stepneth.
> Sept. 28, 1612. *The Silent Woman*, reassigned to Walter Burre.
> Jan. 20, 1615. *Certayne Masques at the Court never yet printed*, assigned to William Stansby (i.e. all the Masques after *The Masque of Queenes*, published in 1609; they fill pp. 965–1005 of the Folio).

The Alchemist was published in 1612 by Burre. Gifford speaks of a 1612 Quarto of *The Silent Woman*, though no copy of this has been traced. Burre had previously published *Every Man in his Humour* and *Cynthia's Revels* in 1601, *Sejanus* in 1605, *Volpone* in 1607, and *Catiline* in 1611. Why did he keep back *The Alchemist* and *The Silent Woman*? Did he hold them over for the collected edition, and then resolve to publish them when Stansby failed to make headway with it? No separate edition of the *Epigrams* is known; there may have been one, for the poet William Drummond enters 'Ben Jhonsons epigrams' among the 'bokes red be me anno 1612', but he may have had the sheets of the Folio containing these poems. Contemporary allusions in the *Epigrams* are innumerable, but none can be dated later than 1612, and Jonson's description of this collection as 'the ripest of my studies' means two things: it means that it contained new work, and that the older portion had been scrupulously revised.

The date 1612 suits the independent tone which Jonson

adopted in the Folio towards the Court. In dedicating the revised edition of *Cynthia's Revels* 'To the special Fountain of Manners, the Court', he administers as much admonition as compliment; and the concluding formula, which usually runs 'Your true honourer' or 'Your most faithful honourer' is here 'Thy seruant, but not slaue, BEN. IONSON.' In this text he made a number of insertions to strengthen the satire on Court life.

Now in 1612 Jonson was not employed at Court. His last Masque had been *Love freed from Ignorance and Folly*, acted on Twelfth Night, 1611; his next was to be *Love Restored*, the first of a group of three pieces in which he celebrated the shameful remarriage of Lady Frances Howard in December, 1613.[1] In September, 1612, he was in France,[2] but we know that he was back in England in time to see the Globe Theatre burnt down on June 29, 1613.[3] Further, Jonson wrote no play between 1611, the date of *Catiline*, and the latter half of 1614, when *Barthol'mew Fair* appeared on October 31. So that we have at this period of his life, just when his art had fully ripened, a long interval in which three Court masques were his only literary output. Was the zenith of his career marked by a lapse into sterility? The editing of the Folio, with its minute touches of revision, the polishing and the completion of the book of *Epigrams*, and the recast of

[1] The theme is Love's revival from eclipse; he comes with ten noble and courtly spirits to reassert his reign. But the masque proper has been much curtailed, and any allusion to the occasion of the performance carefully suppressed. The reference in the last stanza to the 'next showes' points clearly to the *Challenge at Tilt*, which follows in the text.

[2] On September 4 he was present at a dispute on the subject of the Real Presence between Daniel Featley and R. Smith. See W. D. Briggs in *Modern Philology*, xi, no. 2, 'On Certain Incidents in Ben Jonson's Life'.

[3] See 'An Execration of Vulcan' in the *Underwoods*, where he says 'I saw' the Globe 'raz'd'.

Every Man in his Humour would explain his inactivity just when to all appearance he was idlest. The countless improvements in the later text of *Every Man in his Humour* can only belong to his period of dramatic mastery. But it is the publication of the collected edition which supplies an intelligible motive for the reconstruction, and marks the triumphant resolve of this great and conscientious artist to present his work in historic sequence as one balanced and harmonious whole. Hence he went the length of composing a prologue which is not only a literary manifesto but a historical retrospect. He starts on the first page with a clear indication of 'those Comick lawes', which, as he told his old servant and imitator, Dick Brome,

I, your Master, first did teach the Age.[1]

The terse and incisive style, the closely packed literary allusions to plays popular at or about the time of the original performance,[2] and, above all, the ideal of Comedy, that she should choose 'deedes, and language, such as men doe vse', and life-like characters representative of the age, reveal unmistakeably a writer of experience who had reflected on the spirit of his art. That Jonson was capable of writing a prologue purely as a literary apologia is proved by the parallel instance of *The Silent Woman*, for which he wrote a second prologue 'Occasion'd', says the Folio, 'by some persons impertinent exception'. He had been accused of personal satire. This is how he begins to rebut the charge:

The ends of all, who for the *Scene* doe write,
Are, or should be, to profit, and delight.
And still 't hath beene the praise of all best times,
So persons were not touch'd, to taxe the crimes.

[1] See the verses prefixed to *The Northern Lasse*, 1632.

[2] Compare the references to 'the Queen' quoted on page xxvi.

Prodesse et delectare—a gentleman of an ancient house! *Ficta voluptatis causa sint proxima veris* follows within a few lines:

> For he knowes, *Poet* neuer credit gain'd
> By writing truths, but things (like truths) well fain'd.

He ends by telling his detractors,

> They make a libell, which he made a play.

But the notable point is that even this short disclaimer of fourteen lines is cast in the form of critical exposition; and it may never have been spoken on the stage at all.

The evidence here adduced is derived from a variety of sources—literary, bibliographical, and personal. The significant fact emerges that these differing clues yield one result. They all lend their support to the theory that the play here reprinted took final shape in 1612 when Jonson was occupied in preparing the Folio.

III. THE PORTRAITURE OF HUMOURS.

The doctrine of the four elements entering into the composition of the body and determining the temperament had its origin in medieval physiology. It was formulated as the theory of the 'humours'. Fire was hot and dry, air hot and moist, water cold and moist, earth cold and dry. The effect of these in the human system was that fire produced choler, air produced blood, water phlegm, and earth melancholy. The Dauphin in *King Henry V* (III. vii) thus describes his mettlesome horse:

> hee is pure Ayre and Fire; and the dull Elements of Earth and Water neuer appeare in him, but only in patient stillnesse while his Rider mounts him.

An equable mixture of the four humours produced the perfect, well-balanced temperament, as in the Crites of *Cynthia's Revels*

(II. iii)—the model critic, who looks suspiciously like Jonson's idealized portrait of himself:

> A creature of a most perfect and diuine temper. One, in whom the humours and elements are peaceably met, without emulation of precedencie: he is neyther to phantastikely melancholy, too slowly phlegmaticke, too lightly sanguine, or too rashly cholericke, but in all, so composde and order'd as it is cleare, *Nature* went about some ful worke, she did more then make a man, when she made him.

But in average characters these conflicting elements were blended in varying proportions, and the predominance of any one humour determined the type. Thus in the sanguine man blood predominated, and it manifested itself in his ruddy complexion and his enterprising, hopeful, or amorous spirit.

English literature in the late sixteenth and in the seventeenth century is full of metaphors and allusions derived from this physical idea.[1] The word was used loosely and developed on popular lines. It came to express a mood or tendency, a disposition, and then caprice; 'to feed' a humour [2] or 'to follow' it were common phrases. It was characteristic of Jonson that he endeavoured to formulate this inexact term and present it as the symbol of a literary type. His special gift reveals itself rather in the treatment than in the substance of his work. He gave sharpness of definition to figures hitherto vague, inexact, and formless. His technique owed its success to a union of clearness and concentration. Hence

[1] Mr. C. R. Baskerville's monograph *English Elements in Jonson's Comedy*, ch. iii, 'A Study of Humour', elaborately discusses this phase of the subject. I regret not to be able to accept his conclusions. I cannot see in Fenton's loose verbiage an anticipation of Jonson; and I should deny that Jonson gave 'serious attention' to *Euphues* or owed any direct debt to Lyly, Lodge, and Nashe.

[2] See *Every Man in his Humour*, III. iv. 22 foll.

there was a lack of freedom in his treatment of character. He analysed human nature in order to distil its essence. To exhibit characteristic qualities was the task to which he set himself.

In this he was no pioneer. From the time of Vida (1527) the Italian critics had insisted on this principle. Characters were drawn to pattern, the outcome of critical formulae. Technically they were said to observe *decorum*, or 'congruity'.[1] Put into plain English, this meant 'truth to type'. No jarring element, such as an individual trait, was allowed to interfere with the conception; and no development of character was possible. It is significant that an Italian critic anticipated Jonson's notion of a humour. Lecturing at Florence on the *Poetics* about the year 1586, Lionardo Salviati, head of the Accademia della Crusca, offered as a definition 'a peculiar quality of nature according to which every one is inclined to some special thing more than to any other'. There is, of course, no evidence that any knowledge of this particular lecture filtered through to England, but Salviati's statement is significant. Elizabethan critics followed the lead of the Italians in paying the utmost attention to *decorum*. Used in its widest sense it was applied to characterization, construction, and style, and a special importance was attached to the observance of it in drama.[2] Edwards in the prologue to *Damon and Pithias*, 1571, makes it a rule 'In all such kind of exercise decorum to observe'. Whetstone in the dedication to *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578, and Sidney in the *Apology* discuss it from this standpoint. Puttenham, in *The Arte of English Poesie*, 1589, goes further and describes it as 'the line and leuell for al good makers to do their busines by' (Book iii, ch. 23). Jonson, who observed the principle strictly,

[1] See the suggestive comments of Mr. J. E. Spingarn and Salviati's definition in *Literary Criticism in the Renaissance*, pp. 87–9.

[2] See Mr. Gregory Smith's *Elizabethan Critical Essays*, i, pp. xli–xlvi.

would have agreed with him. He told Drummond that Lucan, Sidney, and Guarini all failed in style, because they made every man speak as well as themselves (*Conversations*, xviii); and in what is virtually the epilogue to *The Alchemist* he makes Face explain to the audience in reference to his own turning against his accomplices and escaping the punishment that had overtaken them:

> My part a little fell in this last *Scene*,
> Yet 'twas *decorum*.

That Jonson owed any direct debt to the Italians is unlikely; Drummond noted his ignorance of them in 1618. But their critical ideas were in the air; and, even if he arrived at his conception of the humours independently, he made his approach to it along the beaten track of Renaissance criticism.

He had no English theories to guide him. By the end of the sixteenth century 'humour' had lapsed into a catchword to connote sheer extravagance or eccentricity. Nym's vacuous use of it over and over again in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* is no doubt an extreme instance, but it is significant that Shakespeare thought it worth satirizing. He even calls attention to it in Page's comment: 'The humour of it (quoth 'a?) heere's a fellow frights English out of his wits.... I neuer heard such a drawling-affecting rogue' (II. i).

The title of Chapman's play, *An Humorous Day's Mirth*, acted in 1598 and published next year, suggests, especially in the clipped forms in which Henslowe cites it—the 'comedy of vmers', 'the vmers', 'vmers',[1]—a fuller presentment. But, characteristically for a play of Chapman, it is a pure comedy of intrigue in which the

[1] Gifford supposed that this was *Every Man in his Humour*, in spite of Jonson's own statement that the play was first acted in 1598. The *Comeay of Vmers* was first acted by the Admiral's men on May 11, 1597; Henslowe's inventory of properties for 1598 includes 'Verones sonnes hosse' and 'Labesyas clocke, with gould buttons' and the manuscript of the play (Greg, *Henslowe Papers*, pp. 115, 119, 121). *An Humorous*

characters are gulled out of the special eccentricity or folly to which they are addicted. Jealousy, treated on conventional lines in two absurdly parallel figures—old Count Lebervele, married to a young wife, and old Countess Moren, married to a young husband—is the only real humour depicted in the play, though the word is bandied about freely and a definite promise is made to the audience in the opening scene that they shall spend the day 'with so humorous acquaintance as raines nothing but humor al their life time'. The word also got into title-pages of plays as a character-label. In the First Quarto of *The Merry Wives*, 1602, that 'excellent conceited Comedie' of Falstaff and his love-making is said to be 'Entermixed with sundrie variable and pleasing humors, of Syr Hugh the Welch Knight, Justice Shallow, and his wise Cousin M. Slender', and in the 'Pied Bull' Quarto of *King Lear*, 1608, attention is called to the 'sullen and assumed humor of Tom of Bedlam'. Still more significant is the actor list appended to *The Second Part of King Henry IV* in the First Folio, where the immortal group of Falstaff and his followers is described as 'Irregular Humorists'.

The regular humorist is rather what we should call a monomaniac. Marston in the two editions of *The Scourge of Villanie*, 1598 and 1599—the dates, be it noted, of Jonson's *Every Man in* and *Every Man out of his Humour*—makes 'Satyre x' a gallery of 'Humours'. The types there depicted are Curio, mad on dancing, Luscus mad on plays, Martius mad on fencing, Tuscus a retailer of jests, Torquatus a riding-expert, Musus a critic, Luxurio a profligate, Piso a fashion-monger, and Suffenus centred in self-worship. Marston is not a brilliant portrait-painter, but two of his

Day's Mirth is stated on the title-page to have been acted by the Admiral's men; Verone and Labesha are characters in it. F. G. Fleay was the first to identify the play from this evidence.

sketches have some interest for the students of Shakespeare and of Jonson. This is the humour of Luscus the playgoer (sig. H4):

> *Luscus* what's playd to day? fayth now I know
> I set thy lips abroach, from whence doth flow
> Naught but pure *Iuliet* and *Romeo*.
> Say, who acts best? *Drusus*, or *Roscio*?
> Now I haue him, that nere of ought did speake
> But when of playes or Plaiers he did treate.
> H'ath make a common-place booke out of playes,
> And speakes in print, at least what ere he sayes
> Is warranted by Curtaine *plaudities*,
> If ere you heard him courting *Lesbias* eyes;
> Say (Curteous Sir) speakes he not mouingly
> From out some new pathetique Tragedie?
> He writes, he railes, he iests, he courts, what not,
> And all from out his huge long scraped stock
> Of well penn'd playes.

On the next page comes a fencer, 'the very butcher of a silk-button', so lavish of the technicalities and so loud in gasconade that he might have risked a challenge to Bobadill:

> Oh come not within distance, *Martius* speakes,
> Who nere discourseth but of fencing feates,
> Of *counter times*, *finctures*, slye *passataes*,
> *Stramazones*, resolute *Stoccataes*,
> Of the quick change, with wiping *mandritta*,
> The *carricado*, with th' *enbrocata*,
> *Oh*, *by Iesu Sir* (me thinks I heare him cry)
> *The honourable fencing misterie*,
> *Who doth not honour?* Then falls he in againe,
> Iading our eares, and some-what must he faine
> Of blades, and Rapier-hilts, of surest garde,
> Of *Vincentio*, and the *Burgonians* ward.
> Thys bumbast foile-button I once did see
> By chaunce, in *Liuias* modest companie,
> When after the *God-sauing* ceremonie,
> For want of talke-stuffe, falls to foinerie,

Out goes his Rapier, and to *Liuia*,
He showes the ward by *puncta reuersa*.
The *incarnata*. Nay, by the blessed light,
Before he goes, he'le teach her how to fight
And hold her weapon. Oh I laught amaine,
To see the madnes of this *Martius* vaine.

From sketches such as these it is clear that the humour affected by a fop had become a tiresome social convention—a cloak, worn threadbare, for any folly that he tried to flaunt. Shakespeare's single use of the term is telling. Shylock ironically excuses his apparent freak of cruelty in exacting the pound of flesh by falling back upon this fashionable pretext:

You'l aske me why I rather choose to haue
A weight of carrion flesh, then to receiue,
Three thousand Ducats? Ile not answer that:
But say it is my humor: Is it answer'd?
(*Merchant of Venice*, IV. i. 40–3.)

This attitude can be illustrated exactly from contemporary writing. Samuel Rowlands in *The Letting of Humours Blood in the Head-Vaine. With a new Morissco, daunced by seauen Satyres, vpon the bottome of Diogines Tubbe*, 1600, is keenly critical upon the point. 'Humours', he says in an address 'To the Gentlemen Readers', '*is late crown'd king of Caualeeres*', and he makes a preliminary appeal 'To Poets':

Good honest Poets, *let me craue a boone*,
That you would write, I do not care how soone,
Against the bastard humours howerly bred,
In euery mad brain'd, wit-worne, giddie head.

In Epigram 27 'Humour' is minutely and ruthlessly anatomized:

Aske *Humors* why a Feather he doth weare?
It is his humor (by the Lord) heele sweare.
Or what he doth with such a Horse-taile locke?
Or why vpon a Whoore he spendes his stocke?

He hath a Humor doth determine so.
Why in the Stop-throate fashion doth he go,
With Scarfe about his necke? Hat without band?
It is his humor, sweete sir vnderstand.
What cause his Purse is so extreame distrest,
That often times t'is scarcely penny blest?
Onely a Humor: If you question why?
His tongue is nere vnfurnish'd with a lye:
It is his Humor too he doth protest.
Or why with Serjants he is so opprest,
That like to Ghostes they haunt him e⟨u⟩rie day?
A rascall Humor, doth not loue to pay.
Obiect, why Bootes and Spurres are still in season?
His Humor answeres; Humor is his reason.
If you perceiue his wittes in wetting shrunke,
It commeth of a Humor, to be drunke:
When you behould his lookes pale, thin, and poore,
Th' occasion is, his Humor, and a Whore:
And euery thing that he doth vndertake,
It is a vaine, for sencelesse Humors sake.

The book came under the ban of the authorities and was publicly burnt. They had already burned five other books in June, 1599, and issued an injunction 'That noe Satyres or Epigrams be printed herafter' (Arber, *Transcript*, iii. 677). But Rowlands published the offending work again in 1607 with additional matter and a new title, which is amusing in view of its history—*Humors Ordinarie. Where a man may be very merrie, and exceeding well vsed for his sixpence.* Finally, in 1613, the complete work was reissued under its original title.

These lightly-touched sketches of social types were much affected by Rowlands, whose liveliest collection is *Looke to it: For, Ile Stabbe ye*, published in 1604. He explains his title:

There is a Humour vs'd of late,
By eue'ry Rascal swagg'ring mate,
To giue the Stabbe.

In Jonson's play the only characters who propose to avail themselves of this contemporary privilege are—of course—Bobadill, when at a moment of high tension he threatens to pink Downright's flesh full of holes (IV. ii. 123), and that close student and copyist of the manners of the gentry, Cob the water-bearer, when he feels it imperative to cope with Mrs. Cob (IV. iv. 11, 12). Rowlands uses the cant phrase with pungent effect to round off his attacks on a wide variety of knaves and fools. The 'Counterfayte Captaine' (sig. C) and the 'Dissembling Souldier' (sig. C verso) both have points of contact with Bobadill. The latter has

> slaine more men by breake of day,
> Then could haue graues digg'd for them in a weeke.

The former is depicted as follows:

> You Captine mouse-trap, growne a desperat stabber,
> You that will put your Poniard in mens guts:
> You that last Voyage, were no more but swabber,
> Yet you cracke Blades as men cracke Hasel-nuts,
> You that try all your manhood with a Puncke,
> And fight most brauely when you are most drunke.
>
> You that protest the Feather in your Hat,
> Came from a Countesse Fanne by way of fauour,
> Your Rapier, why the great Turke gaue you that
> For mightie monst'rous *Marshal-like* behauiour,
> You that weare Scarfs and Gart'rings for your hose,
> Made all of Ancients, taken from your foes.
> Ile Stab yee.

Unfortunately Rowlands went on working a vein which he had exhausted. He published *Humors Looking Glasse* in 1608. Here the conventional types reappear, and the workmanship, at any rate in the original part of the book, is flat and commonplace. But in this book Rowlands tacked on to his own contribution an extensive pilfering of nine poems from one of the best of the

humour studies—the work of an unidentified 'E. M.', who signs the concluding poem—*Humors Antique Faces. Drawne in proportion to his seuerall Antique Iestures. London Imprinted for Henry Rockett, and are to bee solde at the long Shop vnder S. Mildreds Church in the Poultrie.* 1605.[1] 'E. M.' describes in the prologue how he lay sleepless

> Vnder the shadowe of the gloomy night
> When silent sleepe arrests each mortall wight,
> When fayrie *Oberon* and his night Queene
> In *Cinthias* honor friskes ore euerie greene. . . .
> When musing how the world I best might fit,
> I saw how Poets humor'd out their wit.
> Nay then thought I, write all of what they list,
> Once in my daies ile proue a humorist.

Suddenly Oberon appears to him, tells him to dispense with 'tediouse obseruation', for fairies will visit him,

> The seuerall formes of humors in their faces.

One condition is imposed: he is to send them home before daylight. So they trip before him, each wearing the mask of a humour, and are prettily anatomized. Here, for example, is Compliment, a near kinsman of Osric, especially when his golden words are spent:

> O BY your leaue I pray you giue them vent,
> Here comes braue courtship gallant complement
> Hee meetes his friend nay then he keepes a stur,

[1] A rare book. The Althorp copy is preserved in the Rylands Library at Manchester. Can 'E. M.' possibly be the Edward Mychelburn, whom Charles Fitz-Geffrey in 1601 and Campion in 1619 urged to publish? In the concluding couplet of *Humors Antique Faces* he announces his intention of writing more poetry. The poems stolen from E. M. by Rowlands begin with 'A Iolly fellow Essex borne and bred' (sig. C), and continue to *Proteus*, 'Time seruing humour thou wrie-faced Ape' (sig. D 3). Some of these purloined poems have been quoted as examples of Rowlands's literary skill.

Illustrous, generous, most accomplisht Sur.
Kisses his hand and sends it to his foote
As if he ought some duetie to his boote.
Phœbus bright lampe good halfe an houre might burne,
Courtly contending, each doth keepe his turne.
Vntill their Courtship pester so the way,
By comes a cart, and then dissolves the fray.
Then out comes wordes more eloquent then Hermes,
The quintessence of all your Inkehorne termes.
As we are Alians I am sorrie thoe,
Tis your defect Sir: you will haue it soe.
Most admirable be the wordes they speake,
T' expresse their mindes plaine english is to weake.
To these strange wordes, which these braue gallants cogge,
A courtly conge is the Epilogue.
For hauing now so frankely spent their store,
Needes must they parte when they can speake no more.

And here is the Lying Traveller, another stock character of the age:

Come my braue gallant come vncase, vncase,
Neare shall Obliuion your great acts deface.
He has been there where neuer man came yet,
An vnknowne countrie, I, ile warrant it,
Whence he could Ballace a good ship in holde
With Rubies, Saphers, Diamonds and Golde,
Great Orient Pearles esteem'd no more then moates,
Sould by the pecke as chandlers measure oates.
I meruaile then we haue no trade from thence,
O tis to far it will not beare expence.
Twere far indeede, a good way from our mayne,
If charges eate vp such excessiue gaine,
Well he can shew you some of Lybian Grauel,
O that there were another world to trauel,
I heard him sweare that hee (twas in his mirth)
Had been in all the corners of the earth.
Let all his wonders be together stitcht,
He threw the barre that great *Alcides* pitcht:

But he that sawe the Oceans farthest strands,
You pose him if you ask where Douer stands. . . .[1]

In sharp contrast is the austere moral allegory published in the same year—*Humours Heau'n on Earth; With the Ciuile Warres of Death and Fortune. As also The Triumph of Death: Or, The Picture of the Plague, according to the Life; as it was in Anno Domini 1603. By Iohn Dauies of Hereford. O! tis a sacred kinde of Excellence, That hides a rich truth in a Tales pretence! Printed at London by A. I. 1605.* Here the humours are ruling passions, the impersonations of gluttony, lust, and ambitious pride. The first praises the sense of taste, the second the touch, the third royal state. Logos, the chief counsellor of Psyche, disputes with them, but is rejected with contempt. He calls to his aid Phusis, their 'doating mother', who also refuses to hear him at first, but is finally induced to seek the help of Lady Aletheia. The poem is a noteworthy attempt to revive the allegorical style of the fifteenth century. Davies recognized in the current theme of humours some kinship with the moral interludes and the earlier reflective poetry. Apparently the work was unsuccessful, for the sheets were reissued with a new title-page in 1609.

Another moralist, Barnaby Riche, turned the humours to better account in 1606. He enlivened the pages of his tract on the corruption of the age, *Faultes Faults, And nothing else but Faultes*, with some of these contemporary portraits. 'As for the humorous', he says, 'they haue beene alredie brought to the stage, where they haue plaide their parts, *Euerie man in his humour*' (fol. 4). But he goes on to discuss various types of 'iestmonger' —'birdes of a wing, and it is fittest for them to flie together'—a Fashion-monger, a Fantastic, a Malcontent, a State-Ape (who is

[1] The text of this extract has been slightly corrected.

▪ mine of false political information), a Traveller, a Dancer, and a Tobacco-taker—all hit off with ▪ few rapid strokes. This is the State-Ape (folios 7, 8):

But good lucke now in Gods name, I hope we shall heare some newes, for heere comes a fellow that can giue vs intelligence from *Fraunce*, *Flaunders*, *Spaine*, *and Italy*, from the great Turke, and I thinke from the Diuell himselfe; it is one of these State-Apes, that are euer hunting after matter of State. He vseth to frequent the *Exchange*, and you shall meet him in the middle walke in *Paules* at ten of the clocke, and three of the clocke: and after the vulgar salutation of, *God saue you sir*, the next shall be an Interrogatory, I pray sir, what newes doe you heare from *Spaine*? how be our Countrymen entertained there? be they not troubled with those of the *Holy house*? They deserue to bee well vsed, for they haue made corne almost as good cheape in *Spaine* as it is in *England*; they report the like of all other victuall: And among the rest of all other our commodities that flieth into *Spaine*, they say our cast yron ordonaunce findeth such entertainment, and is so daily befriended amongest the *Spaniardes*, that it is thought our clymate is too colde to keepe it in, but it wil seeke aduentures in Countries neerer the Sunne.

These trickes they haue, both to groape mens opinions, and to gather such other newes as they can informe, and with these intelligences they go from place to place; for they are nosed like *Catullus*, they can smell a feast, and they knowe well enough, that men are so inclined to heare nouelties, that a few newes well couched, is a better payment for a dinner or a supper, than eighteene pence to giue vnto an Ordinary. These men haue ▪ speciall gift, eyther to Metamorphise, or to Paraphrase what newes soeuer.

And what great Ambassadour can be sent from any forraigne Prince or Potentate, but before hee hath deliuered his message, yea and before he hath put his foote in at the Court gates, but you shall haue one of these *Newes-mongers* that will not stick to tell, both what his arrand is, and what shall bee his answer.

Similarly of Travellers: they are 'priuileged to lie, and at their returne, if they doe hitte into ▪ company that neuer trauelled

towards the South Pole, beyond *Gads hill*, you shall heare them speake of wonders, his talke shall be of Lawes, and Customs, Prouinciall, and Politique. . . . Dukes and Princes are as rife at his tongues end, as, What lacke you sir? or, What would you haue bought? is to a prentise of *Cheapeside*' (fol. 8 verso). The Counterfeit Soldier is also anatomized (fol. 12), and one touch recalls Bobadill:

> And what Towne so strong or Citydale so well fortified that hee will not surprize, but with discharging some two or three vollies of oaths: for there is not a greater Testimonie of a Captaines courage, than to sweare as if hee would make his Audience to tremble, and heauen it selfe to shake, but with the very breath of his displeasure. . . . Now he that hath but a weake faith, and cannot beleeue these myracles, must be terrified with the Stab, as *Caligula* threatned the ayre, if it rained vppon his *Game-players*, and yet euery flash of lightning made him creepe vnder his bed for feare.

Riche is mainly a moralist, though he chats about table-talk or the agricultural labourer or marriage or the faults of women and the clergy; he ends upon a grave note in his discussion of good government or the honesty of lawyers. But in this tract at any rate there is life in the humour sketches, and apart from the indirect acknowledgement to *Every Man in his Humour* they reveal unmistakeably the influence of Jonson.

From this pointed and vivid writing it is a descent to the remaining literature of the subject. In 1607 there appeared *Nosce te* (*Humors*). *By Richard Turner. Disce dediscere*—a collection of tumid epigrams, some of which work over old jests. There is more substance in two prose tracts by Thomas Walkington and Simeon Grahame. Walkington, who was a fellow of St. John's

College, Cambridge, and minister at Fulham, put forth in 1607 a philosophic manual, *The Optick Glasse of Humors. Or the touchstone of a golden temperature, or the Philosophers stone to*



A Diagram of Humours, from T. Walkington's *Optick Glasse of Humors*, 1607.

make a golden temper, Wherein the foure complections, Sanguine, Cholericke, Phlegmaticke, Melancholicke, are succinctly painted forth, and their externall intimates laide open to the purblinde

eye of ignorance it selfe, by which euery one may iudge of what complection he is, and answerably learne what is most sutable to his nature. The sixth chapter discusses temperaments generally and relates them to the four planets, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, and Luna, the four winds, the four seasons, the signs of the zodiac 'in their four triplicities', and the four ages of man—in short, to all the fours Walkington could think of—and he even prints a diagram, here reproduced, to show them 'deciphered and limmed out in their proper orbes'. The humours are studied in detail in later chapters. Simeon Grahame's volume, entitled *The Anatomie of Humors*, was published at Edinburgh in 1609; it is for the most part heavy sermonizing, but with occasional signs of life. He was an ardent believer in kingship, and in the prefatory address he denounces the 'bloodie Gospellers' as 'hellish instruments to ruine Countries, sworne enemies to God, and diligent factors for the diuell'. Even Nym could have taught him 'the humour of it' more relevantly than this.

John Day's comedy, *Humour out of breath*, printed in 1608 as 'Diuers times lately acted' by the Children of the King's Revels, brings the series of English humour books to an appropriate close and even writes their epitaph in a shrewd saying of one of the characters. The disguised Duke Octavio, who 'has a strange habit' and 'must cut out an humour sutable to it', grumbles that 'humours are pickt so neere the bone, a man can scarce get humour ynough to give a flea his breakfast'. The anonymous play of *Euerie Woman in her Humour*, 1609, might have been printed a year later to give point to this criticism. It has only some false echoes of Jonson, and utterly belies its title.

From this survey it will be seen that there was a flourishing

crop of humour books at the end of the sixteenth century and a weak aftergrowth a little later. What is Jonson's contribution to this type of literature? Has it any distinguishing features?

The play of *Every Man in his Humour*, 1598, marked a new development. Of Jonson's earlier comedies we know very little. The lost play, *Hot Anger soon Cooled*, written in collaboration with Chettle and Porter, also belongs to that year; so perhaps does *The Case is Altered*; the first draft of *A Tale of a Tub* was probably earlier. Jonson told Drummond in 1618 that half his comedies had not been printed, evidently because he had discarded them. He opened the collected edition of his *Works* in 1616 with the revised version of this first Humour play, significantly claiming in the prologue to have avoided the errors of the contemporary stage—its grotesque neglect of the unities of time and place, the dramatic poverty of the chronicle play, and the portraiture of 'monsters'. But he was not content with negatives. He set forth his ideal of comedy, which ought to

> shew an Image of the times
> And sport with human follies, not with crimes.

In short Jonson, who was scholar and critic as well as playwright, had worked out a literary theory. It was based on the teaching of Sidney, whose conception of comedy he whole-heartedly adopted. It was reinforced by his own study of the classics. No other writer of the time was so uncompromising with his dramatic creations; they reveal themselves at once, in Sidney's phrase, 'by the signifying badge giuen them by the Comedian'.[1] With an instinctive dislike of loose and fluid writing, he con-

[1] See the *Apology* (ed. Gregory Smith, p. 177).

centrated on character-types and tried to make them real by giving them a life-like setting. In *Every Man in his Humour* he was feeling his way, and he moved with the cautious step of the experimentalist. His touch too is lighter, especially in the Italian version of the Quarto. The attempt succeeded, and he followed it up next year with a dramatic counterpart, *Every Man out of his Humour*.

The new play is important. Jonson passes at once to fully mature work, and his method has appreciably hardened. More significant still, he published, for the first time; and the play went into a second edition within a year. It was clearly intended as a literary manifesto.[1] We can detect as much in the minatory ring of the title-page: *The Comicall Satyre of Euery Man out of his Humor. As it was first composed by the Author B. I. Containing more than hath been publikely Spoken or Acted. With the seuerall Character of euery Person. Non aliena meo pressi pede | *si propius stes | Te capient magis | *&c decies repetita placebunt. London, Printed for William Holme, and are to be sold at his shoppe at Sarieants Inne gate in Fleetstreet. 1600.* A lecture on

[1] A suggestive proof of this is furnished in the make-up of the Quarto. Usually the printer started work on sheet B with the actual text of the play; he completed this in successive sheets, C, D, E, &c., and kept back sheet A for the title page and names of the characters, and for any other preliminary matter which the author might like to insert; e.g. a dedication, or address to the reader, or verse-tributes by his friends. Two leaves of sheet A were often sufficient, but this extra material would sometimes run to more than four. Jonson had thought out the literary form of *Every Man out of his Humour* so carefully that the printer started with the title page on sheet A, went on with the preliminary characterization noticed on page lv, and reached the text at signature A iii verso. Such editorial prevision is rare, if not unique, in the printing of old plays.

the true idea of Humour[1] was imbedded in the Induction, to enlighten an undiscerning public, or, as he puts it,

> To giue these ignorant well-spoken dayes,
> Some taste of their abuse of this word Humour.

To those who are compelled

> Daily to see how the poore innocent word
> Is rackt, and tortur'd,

he offers a definition :

> Why, Humour (as 'tis *ens*) we thus define it
> To be a quality of aire or water,
> And in it selfe holds these two properties,
> Moisture, and fluxure: As, for demonstration,
> Powre water on this floore, 'twill wet and runne:
> Likewise the aire (forc't through a horne, or trumpet)
> Flowes instantly away, and leaues behind
> A kind of dew; and hence we doe conclude,
> That what soe're hath fluxure, and humiditie,
> As wanting power to containe it selfe,
> Is Humour. So in euery humane body
> The choller, melancholy, flegme, and bloud,
> By reason that they flow continually
> In some one part, and are not continent,
> Receive the name of Humours. Now thus farre
> It may, by *Metaphore*, apply it selfe
> Vnto the generall disposition:
> As when some one peculiar quality
> Doth so possesse a man, that it doth draw
> All his affects, his spirits, and his powers,
> In their confluctions, all to runne one way,
> This may be truly said to be a Humour.

His own standpoint thus defined, he glances at the popular misconception which has been amply illustrated earlier in this chapter:

[1] The text of the following extracts is taken from the Folio of 1616.

But that a rooke, in wearing a pyed feather,
The cable hat-band, or the three-pild ruffe,
A yard of shoetye, or the *Switzers* knot
On his *French* garters, should affect a Humour!
O, 'tis more then most ridiculous.

Jonson kept to the end this magisterial attitude. His art suffered by it, and his plays were damned for it; but he never flinched. Incidentally Comedy might please, but her mission was certainly to instruct; the stage was a vast mirror of human life exhibiting

the times deformitie
Anatomiz'd in euery nerue, and sinnew,
With constant courage, and contempt of feare.

It was Jonson's weakness that he talked so much about his literary theory. He compelled his public to walk into the dissecting room, complacently spread out his instruments before them, and expected them to admire the fineness of the scalpel and the probe. *Every Man out of his Humour* was the first play in which he worked out his new method to his own satisfaction: in publishing it he took care to prefix 'the seuerall Character of euery Person', to prevent any misunderstanding. These pithy, concentrated paragraphs are humours in epitome. Fastidius Briske is thus summarized:

A neat, spruce, affecting Courtier, one that weares clothes well, and in fashion; practiseth by his glasse how to salute; speakes good remnants (notwithstanding the Base-violl and Tabacco:) sweares tersely, and with variety; cares not what Ladies fauour he belyes, or great Mans familiarity: ▪ *good property to perfume the boot of a coach. Hee will borrow another mans horse to praise, and backs him as his owne. Or, for a neede, on foot can post himselfe into credit with his marchant, only with the gingle of his spurre, and the jerke of his wand.*

Here Jonson's object was to give the reader ▪ preliminary clue.

But in his next play, *Cynthia's Revels*, acted in 1600, he went much further. He included eight character sketches in his text,[1] and thus forced his analysis on the playgoer. Mercury and Cupid, disguised as pages, describe their masters and mistresses to each other. One of the best of the sketches is that of Amorphus, the Traveller:

one so made out of the mixture and shreds of formes, that himselfe is truly deform'd. He walkes most commonly with a cloue, or pick-tooth in his mouth, hee is the very mint of complement, all his behauiours are printed, his face is another volume of *essayes*; and his beard an *Aristarchus*. He speakes all creame, skimd, and more affected than a dozen of waiting women. He is his owne promoter in euery place. The wife of the ordinarie giues him his diet, to maintaine her table in discourse, which (indeed) is a meere tyrannie ouer her other guests, for hee will vsurpe all the talke: ten constables are not so tedious. He is no great shifter, once a yeere his apparell is readie to reuolt. He doth vse much to arbitrate quarrels, and fights himself, exceeding well (out at a window.) He will lye cheaper then any begger, and lowder then most clockes.

This literary self-consciousness is a sign of immaturity. But it is possible that Jonson had his reasons for insisting on a hearing for these critical sketches. The passages never 'publikely Spoken or Acted' in the first performance of *Euery Man out of his Humour* may have included the induction and the running commentary of the 'Chorus', one of whom, Cordatus, was the 'Author's

[1] One character escapes dissection, Phantaste: 'Her very name speakes her, let her passe' is Mercury's comment (II. iv). It is Phantaste who designs a Book of Humours (IV. i), and it is to treat of the effects of love 'inwardly' in all temperaments and types of character, and also outwardly by just such foppery and folly as Jonson derided in his own analysis—for instance, 'colour'd ribbands, and good clothes'. The point of this is missed if it is not remembered that Jonson expressly states this as a purely fanciful conception.

friend' and 'inly acquainted with the scope and drift of his plot'. He sat on the stage with Mitis, and discussed the points of each scene or the significance of individual characters. By transferring this critical examination to the text, Jonson could insure for it a reasonable prospect of being spoken. Its dramatic weakness is obvious, but it has a literary value as an anticipation of the Character Sketches of Hall, Overbury, and Earle, the first of whom avowedly based his *Characters of Vertues and Vices* in 1608 on 'that ancient Master of Moralitie', Theophrastus. It is unlikely that Jonson was deliberately copying that model.[1] He hit upon the form by accident. He was just putting up so many signposts to guide the unobservant, and he felt the need of being, above all things, terse and lucid. The ancient epigram, especially as Martial wrote it,[2] is a likelier source of inspiration. Jonson's sketches have in a marked degree the concentration and finish of that form of writing.

It is noteworthy that of all the humour books which appeared during the period of his own invention and experiment Jonson gave his approval to one only—*Melancholike humours, In verses of diuerse natures, set downe by Nich: Breton, Gent.*—published in 1600. The motive of his choice is obvious. Breton, instead

[1] Jonson had read the *Characters* of Theophrastus, as Gifford pointed out in a note on *Volpone*, IV. i, 'A rat had gnawne my spurre-lethers', but such borrowings are rare. Jonson never concealed his indebtedness to the ancients; he translates freely from Seneca or Quintilian, Horace or Juvenal. Theophrastus is too near to comedy for any direct contribution to have been ignored.

[2] See especially such a poem as that on Mamurra, *Epigrams*, IX. lix. The relation of the Comedy of Humours to the Character Sketch is discussed by Professor G. S. Gordon in *English Literature and the Classics*, 1912: see the conclusion of his essay on 'Theophrastus and his Imitators', pp. 75–80.

of depicting some individual extravagance, studied melancholy as a type. He treats it under various aspects, including 'A dolefull passion', 'A fantasticke solemne humour', 'A briefe of sorrowe', 'A solemne fancy', 'A farewell to loue'. 'Certaine odde pieces of Poetry' Breton calls them, and he adds, rather prettily, 'They are all waters of one spring: but they runne through many kinds of earth; whereof they giue a kinde of tang in their taste'. They are not so varied as he supposed. But the principle of consistent treatment underlying this miniature anatomy appealed to Jonson, and he prefixed the following tribute:

In Authorem.

THOV, that wouldst finde the habit of true passion,
And see a minde attir'd in perfect straines;
Not wearing moodes, as gallants doe a fashion,
In these pide times, only to shewe their braines,

Looke here on Bretons *worke, the master print:*
Where, such perfections to the life doe rise.
If they seeme wry, to such as looke asquint,
The fault's not in the obiect, but their eyes.

For, as one comming with a laterall viewe,
Vnto a cunning piece wrought perspectiue,[1]
Wants facultie to make a censure true:
So with this Authors Readers will it thriue:

Which being eyed directly, I diuine,
His proofe their praise, will meete, as in this line.

BEN: IOHNSON.

[1] See the illustration in *Shakespeare's England*, vol. ii, p. 10, and Shakespeare's *Richard II*, II. ii. 18–20:

> Like perspectives, which rightly gazed upon
> Show nothing but confusion, eyed awry
> Distinguish form.

How did Jonson's contemporaries regard his mirroring and anatomizing? Did they treat it as a piece of perspective and train their eyes to view it at the proper angle? Or did they see only a blurred and distorted likeness of their foibles? There is some interesting evidence of the feeling caused by these early Humour plays.

The first blast of disapproval was blown from a Puritan trumpet. Richard Schilders, a Protestant refugee, who had settled in England and become a member of the Stationers' Company, returned to the Low Countries in 1580 and issued from his press at Middleburgh a number of Puritan books. Among them was *Th'overthrow of Stage-Playes*, 1599[1] and 1600; it included the controversial letters of the Oxford scholar, John Rainoldes. Schilders obtained them without the author's knowledge or, as he explains in a prefatory address to the reader, 'by God's providence'. A high moral aim was his justification for putting these stolen wares on the market. 'Doe we not see before our eyes', he asks sternly, 'howe he that can hardly be drawen to spare a penie in the Church, can yet willingly and chearefullie afoord both pence and teasters enow for himself and others at a play?' The most interesting passage of the address is its indignant repudiation of the Comedy of Humours. The writer hopes the arguments will appeal even to those

that haue not bene afraied of late dayes to bring vpon the Stage the very sober countenances, graue attire, modest and matronelike gestures & speaches of men & women to be laughed at as a scorne and reproch to the world. . . . Well to heale, if it may

[1] The 1599 edition has no imprint; for the proof that Schilders printed it see Mr. J. Dover Wilson's article, 'Richard Schilders and the English Puritans' in the *Transactions of the Bibliographical Society*, vol. xi, pp. 66–134. Schilders put his imprint on the second edition.

be, or at least, to correct the bad humour of such humorists as these (who in their discouery of humours doe withall fouly discouer their own shame and wretchednes to the world) here is now laied before thee (good Reader) a most excellent remedie and receipt, if thou canst be so happie to make thy profitte of it.

The address may have been composed in England by the zealot who supplied Schilders with the manuscript; it shows how closely the Puritans followed the development of the drama, and it is interesting to find that at the outset of his career Jonson's conception of comedy incurred their ban.

In 1601 'W. I.', a writer not certainly identified,[1] published *The Whipping of the Satyre*, a poem on three censorious critics of the age whom he dubs 'the Satyrist, Epigrammatist, and Humorist'. The Satirist is Marston, the Humorist is equally clear, but the Epigrammatist is doubtful; perhaps he is Sir John Davies.[2] In the prose introduction W. I. pungently attacks them as 'Asses of Coram', who supposed they 'had sate of

[1] He seems to have been a Cambridge man, judging from allusions in his book and in the replies to it; and Dr. Brinsley Nicholson suggested William Ingram, of Trinity and Magdalene Colleges, esquire Bedell in 1596 (*Athenaeum*, Sept. 6, 1879).

[2] The Epigrammatist is thus criticized on sig. A 3 verso: 'Such a one you call Fabius, and an other Felix, anon comes me Rufus and Clodius, and such a company of Imaginarie persons and inuisible Ideas, to hold your worship talke, as would fat a man with laughter or fill him with wonder. In the end . . . you talke of the Intellectual Quintessence of Genius, and such great secrets of Arte wonderfull luxuriously.' I cannot trace the reference, but the language recalls the style of Davies's philosophic verse. His *Epigrams* were condemned to be burnt in Stationers' Hall in 1599, and it is just possible that those which survive are a multilated copy. W. I. goes on to say that the Epigrammatist's 'tongue rioted in bawdery', and that he had accused England of being addicted to gluttony. Hitherto this writer has been absurdly identified with Breton, and this in spite of the fact that in a passage quoted on page lxiii, Breton is carefully distinguished from the other three writers.

a commission, *ad Jnquirendum de moribus*', and took upon them 'to taxe all the world, like Augustus Cesar':

. . . it is not long since, that a friend of mine being merily disposed, told me for great newes, that there were three persons in the Realme, had vndertaken a notable peece of trauell, at their owne costs and charges. Whither, said I? Marry, quoth he, to discouer a whole Iland, and the maners of the people, bidding me gesse, who these three were. I, after a long demurre, thought (God forgiue me) that the one should be Sir Frauncis Drake, the other Sir Martin Frobysher, and the third Captaine Candish: but then the remembrance of their deaths, was the death of my opinion: at last I told him, I could not tell, demaunding to what Countrie they were bound, and who might be their Pilote? Faith (quoth hee) their Pilote is better for iudgement, then euer Pontius Pilate was, and for experience the best in the world. The diuell as soone (quoth I.) At that he smiled (vnmasking the Iest) and told mee, it was the diuell indeed, that had playd the Pilote, in guiding these three vessels of iniquitie, the *Satyrist*, *Epigrammatist*, and the *Humorist*, to discouer and lay open the infirmities of their Countrie men. (Sigg. A 2 verso—A 3.)

W. I. then addresses the writers individually: this is the advice he gives to Jonson:

Now by your leaue, *Monsieur Humorist*, you that talke of mens humours and dispositions, as though you had bene a Constellation-setter seuen yeres in the firmament, or had cast account of euery mans natiuitie with the starres: but if I were as the Astronomers, I would call you into question for it, seeing you haue so abused their Art. But, had you bene but so meane a Philosopher, as ⟨to⟩ haue knowne, that *mores sequuntur humores*, you would questionles haue made better humours, if it had bene but to better our maners, and not in stead of a morall medicine, to haue giuen them a mortall poyson: but I consider of you, as of a yonger brother: you wanted this same *multis nimium*, and *nulli satis* coyne (a goodyere of it) and therefore *opus & vsus* put you to such a pinch, that you made sale of your Humours to the Theater, and there plaid Pee boh with the people in your humour, then out of your humour. I doe not blame you for this: for though you were guilty of many other

things, yet I dare say, you were altogether without guilt at that time, notwithstanding I suppose you would haue written for loue, and not for money: but I see you are one of those that if a man can finde in his purse to give them presently, they can finde in their hearts to loue him euerlastingly: for now adaies *Aes in praesenti perfectum format amorem.* (Sigg. A 3 verso—A 4.)

The poem opens with a picture of an earthly paradise, in which

> The gowned people of that blessed land
> Sate in their Orchards, deckt with Rosed crowns,
> Singing *Eliza.*

But two majestic sisters, who prove to be Church and Commonwealth, complain of the unfilial conduct of three of their sons, who have been false to their baptism and their upbringing and have changed their names:

> Each to his name his disposition fram'd,
> *Sat.* rough, seuere: *Ep.* skip-Iacke iester like:
> *Hu.* with newfangled neuterisme enflam'd,
> Al naught.

'Neuterism' is no doubt intended for 'neoterism', in the sense of 'novelty'. The charge is interesting: it is the earliest recognition of the fact that Jonson had evolved a new type in comedy.

Sharp correction is recommended as the only cure for Marston: then the corrector may

> take the other two apart,
> And shewe how lewdly they their time mispent,
> Who being of a milder-moulded heart,
> May happily in Christian sort relent.

W. I. offers himself for the task, deals first with Marston, alluding to his *Satires* of 1599, and finally writes a lengthy admonition *In Epigrammatistam & Humoristam* (sigg. E 2 verso seqq.):

It seemes your brother *Satyre* and ye twayne,
Plotted three wayes to put the Diuell downe;
One should outrayle him by inuectiue vaine,
One all to flout him like a countrey clowne;
And one in action, on a stage out-face,
And play vpon him to his great disgrace.

You *Humorist*, if it be true I heare,
(*d*) An action thus against the Diuell brought,
Sending your humours to each Theater,
To serue the writ that ye had gotten out.
(*e*) That Mad-cap yet superiour praise doth win.
Who out of hope euen casts his cap at sin.

(*d*) *Against the booke of Humours.*
(*e*) *Pasquils Mad-cap.* (Sig. F3 verso.)

Two anonymous replies to W. I. were issued in the same year—*No Whippinge nor trippinge: but a kinde friendly Snippinge*, entered on the Stationers' Register on August 11, and *The Whipper of the Satyre his pennance in a white Sheete: Or, The Beadles confutation*, registered on November 6. The latter is a colourless retort, with which Marston's vigorous pen has been unwisely credited. The first has been plausibly assigned to Breton; in style and method it closely resembles Breton's acknowledged work. The author deprecates all this satirical writing, and especially personal attacks. He incidentally puts in a plea for 'poore Mad-cap', who, as he says, was never personal.

One other critic has left us a vivid glimpse of the arch-humorist, as he appeared to his enemies or his victims. Dekker's *Satiromastix* was hurriedly brought out in 1601 as a counterblast to Jonson's *Poetaster*. This is how a captain in the play lectures Horace, the character in which Jonson impersonates himself:

A Gentleman or an honest Cittizen, shall not Sit in your penniebench Theaters, with his Squirrell by his side cracking nuttes; nor sneake into a Tauerne with his Mermaid; but he shall be

Satyr'd, and Epigram'd vpon, and his humour must run vpo'th Stage: you'll ha *Euery Gentleman in's humour*, and *Euery Gentleman out on's humour:* wee that are heades of Legions and Bandes, and feare none but these same shoulder-clappers,[1] shall feare you, you Serpentine rascall. (Ed. 1602, sig. H 2.)

At the end of the play, Horace, who has been tossed in a blanket and whipped, meekly receives instructions on his future conduct:

Besides, you must forsweare to venter on the stage, when your Play is ended, and to exchange curtezies, and complements with Gallants in the Lordes roomes, to make all the house rise vp in Armes, and to cry that's Horace, that's he, that's he, that's he, that pennes and purges Humours and diseases. (Sig. M.)

Such, according to a witness who watched with no friendly eye, was the improvised epilogue to a Humour play. It is a striking, because it is an unwilling, testimony to the success of Jonson's literary venture.

[1] Bailiffs.

Euery
MAN IN
HIS
HVMOVR

A Comœdie.

Acted in the yeere 1598. By the then
Lord Chamberlaine his
Seruants.

The Author B. I.

IVVEN.
Haud tamen inuideas vati, quem pulpita paſcunt.

LONDON,
Printed by WILLIAM STANSBY.

M. DC. XVI.

TO THE MOST LEARNED, AND MY HONOR'D FRIEND,

Mr. Cambden, CLARENTIAVX.

SIR,

THere are, no doubt, a supercilious race in the world, who will esteeme all office, done you in this kind, an iniurie; so solemne a vice it is with them to vse the authoritie of their ignorance, to the crying downe of Poetry, or the Professors: But, my gratitude must not leaue to correct their error; since I am none of those, that can suffer the benefits confer'd vpon my youth, to perish with my age. It is a fraile memorie, that remembers but present things: And, had the fauour of the times so conspir'd with my disposition, as it could haue brought forth other, or better, you had had the same proportion, & number of the fruits, the first. Now, I pray you, to accept this, such, wherein neither the confession of my manners shall make you blush; nor of my studies, repent you to haue beene the instructer: And, for the profession of my thanke-fulnesse, I am sure, it will, with good men, find either praise, or excuse.

Your true louer,
BEN. IONSON.

CLARENTIAVX *not in* F_1 *originally* 8 Poëtry F_2 10 *errour* F 23 IOHNSON F_2

The Persons of the Play

KNO'WELL, *An old Gentleman.*

ED. KNO'WELL, *His Sonne.*

BRAYNE-WORME, *The Fathers man.*

MR. STEPHEN, *A countrey Gull.*

DOWNE-RIGHT, *A plaine Squier.*

WELL-BRED, *His halfe Brother.*

IVST. CLEMENT, *An old merry Magistrat.*

ROGER FORMALL, *His Clarke.*

KITELY, *A Merchant.*

DAME KITELY, *His Wife.*

MRS. BRIDGET, *His Sister.*

MR. MATTHEW, *The towne-gull.*

CASH, KITELIES *Man.*

COB, *A Water-bearer.*

TIB, *His Wife.*

CAP. BOBADILL, *A Paules-man.*

THE SCENE

LONDON.

6 *country-Gull* F_2 25 *Servants &c.* added by G *After* The Scene F_2 *inserts the Actor-list and the note on the first performance given in* F_1 *at the end of the play.*

EVERY MAN IN HIS HVMOVR.

PROLOGVE.

THough neede make many *Poets*, and some such
As art, and nature haue not betterd much;
Yet ours, for want, hath not so lou'd the stage,
As he dare serue th'ill customes of the age:
Or purchase your delight at such a rate,
As, for it, he himselfe must iustly hate.
To make a child, now swadled, to proceede
Man, and then shoote vp, in one beard, and weede,
Past threescore yeeres: or, with three rustie swords,
And helpe of some few foot-and-halfe-foote words,
Fight ouer *Yorke*, and *Lancasters* long iarres:
And in the tyring-house bring wounds, to scarres.

3 stage,] stage *originally in* F_1

He rather prayes, you will be pleas'd to see
One such, to day, as other playes should be.
Where neither *Chorus* wafts you ore the seas;
Nor creaking throne comes downe, the boyes to please;
Nor nimble squibbe is seene, to make afear'd
The gentlewomen; nor roul'd bullet heard
To say, it thunders; nor tempestuous drumme
Rumbles, to tell you when the storme doth come;
But deedes, and language, such as men doe vse:
And persons, such as *Comœdie* would chuse,
When she would shew an Image of the times,
And sport with humane follies, not with crimes.
Except, we make 'hem such by louing still
Our popular errors, when we know th'are ill.
I meane such errors, as you'll all confesse
By laughing at them, they deserue no lesse:
Which when you heartily doe, there's hope left, then,
You, that haue so grac'd monsters, may like men.

Act I. *Scene* I.

KNO'WELL, BRAYNE-WORME, Mr STEPHEN.

A Goodly day toward! and a fresh morning! BRAYNE-WORME,
Call vp your yong master: bid him rise, sir.
Tell him, I haue some businesse to employ him.

BRA. I will sir, presently. KNO. But heare you, sirah,
If he be'at his booke, disturbe him not. BRA. Well sir.

KNO. How happie, yet, should I esteeme my selfe
Could I (by any practise) weane the boy

1. i.] A Street. Enter Knowell at the door of his House. *G* 5 be at F_2

From one vaine course of studie, he affects.
He is a scholler, if ▪ man may trust
The liberall voice of fame, in her report
Of good accompt, in both our *vniuersities*,
Either of which hath fauour'd him with graces:
But their indulgence, must not spring in me
A fond opinion, that he cannot erre.
My selfe was once ▪ student; and, indeed,
Fed with the selfe-same humour, he is now,
Dreaming on nought but idle *poetrie*,
That fruitlesse, and vnprofitable art,
Good vnto none, but least to the professors,
Which, then, I thought the mistresse of all knowledge:
But since, time, and the truth haue wak'd my iudgement,
And reason taught me better to distinguish,
The vaine, from th'vsefull learnings. Cossin STEPHEN!
What newes with you, that you are here so early?

STE. Nothing, but eene come to see how you doe, vncle.

KNO. That's kindly done, you are wel-come, cousse.

STE. I, I know that sir, I would not ha' come else. How doe my coussin EDWARD, vncle?

KNO. O, well cousse, goe in and see: I doubt he be scarse stirring yet.

STE. Vncle, afore I goe in, can you tell me, an' he haue ere ▪ booke of the sciences of hawking, and hunting? I would faine borrow it.

KNO. Why, I hope you will not ▪ hawking now, will you?

STEP. No wusse; but I'll practise against next yeere vncle: I haue bought me ▪ hawke, and a hood, and bells, and all; I lacke nothing but a booke to keepe it by.

KNO. O, most ridiculous.

1. i. 23 Coussin F_2 28 doe] does F_2

STEP. Nay, looke you now, you are angrie, vncle: why you know, an' a man haue not skill in the hawking, and hunting- languages now a dayes, I'll not giue a rush for him. They are more studied then the *Greeke*, or the *Latine*. He is for no gallants companie without 'hem. And by gads lid I scorne it, I, so I doe, to be a consort for euery *hum-drum*, hang 'hem scroyles, there's nothing in 'hem, i' the world. What doe you talke on it? Because I dwell at *Hogsden*, I shall keepe companie with none but the archers of *Finsburie*? or the citizens, that come a ducking to *Islington* ponds? A fine iest ifaith! Slid a gentleman mun show himselfe like a gentleman. Vncle, I pray you be not angrie, I know what I haue to doe, I trow, I am no nouice.

KNO. You are a prodigall absurd cocks-combe: Goe to.
Nay neuer looke at me, it's I that speake.
Tak't as you will sir, I'll not flatter you.
Ha' you not yet found meanes enow, to wast
That, which your friends haue left you, but you must
Goe cast away your money on a kite,
And know not how to keepe it, when you ha' done?
O it's comely! this will make you a gentleman!
Well cosen, well! I see you are eene past hope
Of all reclaime. I, so, now you are told on it,
You looke another way. STEP. What would you ha' me doe?

KNO. What would I haue you doe? I'll tell you kinsman,
Learne to be wise, and practise how to thriue,
That would I haue you doe: and not to spend
Your coyne on euery bable, that you phansie,
Or euery foolish braine, that humors you.
I would not haue you to inuade each place,
Nor thrust your selfe on all societies,
Till mens affections, or your owne desert,

I. i. 42 then] than F_2 (*so usually*). 47 aducking F_2 59 cousen F_2

Should worthily inuite you to your ranke.
He, that is so respectlesse in his courses,
Oft sells his reputation, at cheape market.
Nor would I, you should melt away your selfe
In flashing brauerie, least while you affect
To make a blaze of gentrie to the world,
A little puffe of scorne extinguish it,
And you be left, like an vnsauorie snuffe,
Whose propertie is onely to offend.
I'ld ha' you sober, and containe your selfe;
Not, that your sayle be bigger then your boat:
But moderate your expences now (at first)
As you may keepe the same proportion still.
Nor, stand so much on your gentilitie,
Which is an aërie, and meere borrow'd thing,
From dead mens dust, and bones: and none of yours
Except you make, or hold it. Who comes here?

Act. I. *Scene* II.

SERVANT, Mr. STEPHEN, KNO'WELL, BRAYNE-WORME.

SAue you, gentlemen.

STEP. Nay, we do' not stand much on our gentilitie, friend; yet, you are wel-come, and I assure you, mine vncle here is a man of a thousand a yeare, *Middlesex* land: hee has but one sonne in all the world, I am his next heire (at the common law) master STEPHEN, as simple as I stand here, if my cossen die (as there's hope he will) I haue a prettie liuing o' mine owne too, beside, hard-by here.

I. i. 74 brav'rie F_2 77 unsav'ry F_2 I. ii. 4 vncle here, *some copies of* F_1 7 cousen F_2 will.) F_2

SERV. In good time, sir.

STEP. In good time, sir? why! and in very good time, sir. You doe not flout, friend, doe you?

SERV. Not I, sir.

STEP. Not you, sir? you were not best, sir; an' you should, here bee them can perceiue it, and that quickly to: goe to. And they can giue it againe soundly to, and neede be.

SERV. Why, sir, let this satisfie you: good faith, I had no such intent.

STEP. Sir, an' I thought you had, I would talke with you, and that presently.

SERV. Good master STEPHEN, so you may, sir, at your pleasure.

STEP. And so I would sir, good my saucie companion! an' you were out o' mine vncles ground, I can tell you; though I doe not stand vpon my gentilitie neither in't.

KNO. Cossen! cossen! will this nere be left?

STEP. Whorson base fellow! a mechanicall seruing-man! By this cudgell, and't were not for shame, I would——

KNO. What would you doe, you peremptorie gull?
If you can not be quiet, get you hence.
You see, the honest man demeanes himselfe
Modestly to'ards you, giuing no replie
To your vnseason'd, quarrelling, rude fashion:
And, still you huffe it, with a kind of cariage,
As voide of wit, as of humanitie.
Goe, get you in; fore heauen, I am asham'd
Thou hast a kinsmans interest in me.

SERV. I pray you, sir. Is this master KNO'WELL's house?

KNO. Yes, marie, is it sir.

SERV. I should enquire for a gentleman, here, one master

1. ii. 10 very] a very *some copies of* F_1 15 and] an' F_2 25 Cousin! cousin! F_2 35 'fore F_2 37 you *om.* F_2

EDWARD KNO'WELL: doe you know any such, sir, I pray you?

KNO. I should forget my selfe else, sir.

SERV. Are you the gentleman? crie you mercie sir: I was requir'd by a gentleman i' the citie, as I rode out at this end o' the towne, to deliuer you this letter, sir.

KNO. To me, sir! What doe you meane? pray you remember your court'sie. (*To his most selected friend, master* EDWARD KNO'WELL.) What might the gent emans name be, sir, that sent it? nay, pray you be couer'd.

SERV. One master WELL-BRED, sir.

KNO. Master WELL-BRED! A yong gentleman? is he not?

SERV. The same sir, master KITELY married his sister: the rich merchant i' the old *Iewrie.*

KNO. You say very true. BRAINE-WORME,

BRAY. Sir.

KNO. Make this honest friend drinke here: pray you goe in.
This letter is directed to my sonne:
Yet, I am EDWARD KNO'WELL too, and may
With the safe conscience of good manners, vse
The fellowes error to my satisfaction.
Well, I will breake it ope (old men are curious)
Be it but for the stiles sake, and the phrase,
To see, if both doe answere my sonnes praises,
Who is, almost, growne the idolater
Of this yong WELL-BRED: what haue we here? what's this?

Why, NED, *I beseech thee; hast thou for-sworne all thy friends i' the old* Iewrie*? or dost thou thinke vs all* Iewes *that inhabit there, yet? If thou dost, come ouer, and but see our fripperie: change an olde shirt, for a whole smocke, with vs. Doe not conceiue that* The letter.

1. ii. 51, 66 young F_2 61 errour F_2 68 *there, yet? If*] *there. Yet if* F_3

antipathy betweene vs, and Hogs-den *; as was betweene* Iewes, *and hogs-flesh. Leaue thy vigilant father, alone, to number ouer his greene apricots, euening, and morning, o' the north-west wall : An' I had beene his sonne, I had sau'd him the labor, long since ; if, taking in all the yong wenches, that passe by, at the back-dore, and codd'ling euery kernell of the fruit for 'hem, would ha' seru'd. But, pr'y thee, come ouer to me, quickly, this morning : I haue such a present for thee* (*our* Turkie *companie neuer sent the like to the* Grand-SIGNIOR.) *One is a Rimer sir, o' your owne batch, your owne leuin ; but doth think himselfe* Poet-maior, *o' the towne : willing to be shownе, and worthy to be seene. The other——I will not venter his description with you, till you come, because I would ha' you make hether with an appetite. If the worst of 'hem be not worth your iorney, draw your bill of charges, as vnconscionable, as any Guild-hall verdict will giue it you, and you shall be allow'd your* viaticum.

From the wind-mill.

From the *Burdello*, it might come as well;
The *Spittle* : or *Pict-hatch*. Is this the man,
My sonne hath sung so, for the happiest wit,
The choysest braine, the times hath sent vs forth ?
I know not what he may be, in the arts ;
Nor what in schooles : but surely, for his manners,
I iudge him a prophane, and dissolute wretch :
Worse, by possession of such great good guifts,
Being the master of so loose a spirit.
Why, what vnhallow'd ruffian would haue writ,
In such a scurrilous manner, to a friend!
Why should he thinke, I tell my Apri-cotes ?
Or play th'*Hesperian* Dragon, with my fruit,
To watch it ? Well, my sonne, I'had thought

1. ii. 74 *labour* F_2 79 *owue* F_1 82 *hither* F_2 90 hath] have F_3 94 gifts F_2 100 I had F_3

Y' had had more iudgement t'haue made election
Of your companions, then t'haue tane on trust,
Such petulant, geering gamsters, that can spare
No argument, or subiect from their iest.
But I perceiue, affection makes a foole
Of any man, too much the father. BRAYNE-WORME,
BRAY. Sir.
KNO. Is the fellow gone that brought this letter?
BRA. Yes, sir, ▪ pretie while since.
KNO. And, where's your yong master?
BRA. In his chamber sir.
KNO. He spake not with the fellow! did he?
BRA. No sir, he saw him not.
KNO. Take you this letter, and deliuer it my sonne
But with no notice, that I haue open'd it, on your life.
BRA. O lord, sir, that were a iest, indeed!
KNO. I am resolu'd, I will not stop his iourney;
Nor practise any violent meane, to stay
The vnbridled course of youth in him: for that,
Restrain'd, growes more impatient; and, in kind,
Like to the eager, but the generous grey-hound,
Who ne're so little from his game with-held,
Turnes head, and leapes vp at his holders throat.
There is ▪ way of winning, more by loue,
And vrging of the modestie, then feare:
Force workes on seruile natures, not the free.
He, that's compell'd to goodnesse, may be good;
But 'tis but for that fit: where others drawne
By softnesse, and example, get a habit.

1. ii. 102 then *not originally in* F_1 103 jeering F_2 106 BRAYN-WORM. F_2 (*but cf.* 55). 114 sonne; F_2 118 meane] means F_3 120 in-kind *originally in* F_1

Then, if they stray, but warne 'hem: and, the [illegible]
They should for vertu'haue done, they'll doe for shame.

Act I. *Scene* III.

EDW. KNO'WELL, BRAYNE-WORME, Mr. STEPHEN.

DId he open it, sayest thou?

BRAY. Yes, o' my word sir, and read the contents

E. K N. That scarse contents me. What countenance (pr'y thee) made he, i' the reading of it? was he angrie, or pleas'd?

BRAY. Nay sir, I saw him not reade it, nor open it, I assure your worship.

E. K N. No? how know'st thou, then, that he did either?

BRAY. Marie sir, because he charg'd me, on my life, to tell nobodie, that he open'd it: which, vnlesse hee had done, hee would neuer feare to haue it reueal'd.

E. K N. That's true: well I thanke thee, BRAYNE-WORME.

STEP. O, BRAYNE-WORME, did'st thou not see a fellow here in a what-sha'-call-him doublet! he brought mine vncle a letter e'en now.

BRAY. Yes, master STEPHEN, what of him?

STEP. O, I ha' such a minde to beate him——Where is hee? canst thou tell?

BRAY. Faith, he is not of that mind: he is gone, master STEPHEN.

STEP. Gone? which way? when went he? how long since?

BRAY. He is rid hence. He tooke horse, at the streete dore.

STEP. And, I staid i' the fields! horson *scander-bag* rogue! ô that I had but a horse to fetch him backe againe.

I. iii.] *Misnumbered* Scene II *in* F_1 Scene II.—A Room in Knowell's House. *G.* 11 BRAYNE-WORME] BLAYNE-WORME F_1 14 lettler *some copies of* F_1

BRAY. Why, you may ha' my mrs. gelding, to saue your longing, sir.

STEP. But, I ha' no bootes, that's the spight on't.

BRAY. Why, a fine wispe of hay, rould hard, master STEPHEN.

STEP. No faith, it's no boote to follow him, now: let him eene goe, and hang. 'Pray thee, helpe to trusse me, a little. He dos so vexe me——

BRAY. You'll be worse vex'd, when you are truss'd, master STEPHEN. Best, keepe vn-brac'd; and walke your selfe, till you be cold: your choller may foundre you else.

STEP. By my faith, and so I will, now thou tell'st me on't: How dost thou like my legge, BRAYNE-WORME?

BRAY. A very good leg! master STEPHEN! but the woollen stocking do's not commend it so well.

STEP. Foh, the stockings be good inough, now summer is comming on, for the dust: Ile haue a paire of silke, again' winter, that I goe to dwell i' the towne. I thinke my legge would shew in a silke-hose.

BRAY. Beleeue me, master STEPHEN, rarely well.

STEP. In sadnesse, I thinke it would: I haue a reasonable good legge.

BRAY. You haue an excellent good legge, master STEPHEN, but I cannot stay, to praise it longer now, and I [illegible] very sorie for't.

STEP. Another time wil serue, BRAYNE-WORME. Gramercie for this.

E. KN. Ha, ha, ha!

STEP. Slid, I hope, he laughes not at me, and he doe—— *Kno'well laughes hauing read the letter.*

1. iii. 30 'Pray thee] Pr'y thee F_2 42 silke-hose—— F_2 43 BRAY.] BRAP. F_1 well.] well, *Ff* 52 stage dir. *Knowell* F_1 *laughes*] *laught* F_3

E. Kn. Here was a letter, indeede, to be intercepted by a mans father, and doe him good with him! Hee cannot but thinke most vertuously, both of me, and the sender, sure; that make the carefull Costar'-monger of him in our *familiar Epistles*. Well, if he read this with patience, Ile be gelt, and troll ballads for Mr. Iohn Trvndle, yonder, the rest of my mortalitie. It is true, and likely, my father may haue as much patience as another man; for he takes much physicke: and, oft taking physicke makes a man very patient. But would your packet, master Welbred, had arriu'd at him, in such a minute of his patience; then, we had knowne the end of it, which now is doubtfull, and threatens———What! my wise cossen! Nay, then, Ile furnish our feast with one gull more to'ard the messe. He writes to me of a brace, and here's one, that's three: O, for a fourth; Fortune, if euer thou'lt vse thine eyes, I intreate thee———

Step. O, now I see, who hee laught at. Hee laught at some-body in that letter. By this good light, and he had laught at me——

E. Kn. How now, coussen Stephen, melancholy'?

Step. Yes, a little. I thought, you had laught at me, cossen.

E. Kn. Why, what an' I had cousse, what would you ha' done?

Serv. By this light, I would ha' told mine vncle.

E. Kn. Nay, if you wold ha' told your vncle, I did laugh at you, cousse.

Serv. Did you, indeede?

E. Kn. Yes, indeede.

Step. Why, then——

E. Kn. What then?

Step. I am satisfied, it is sufficient.

I. iii. 57 be-gelt F_1 64 cousen F_2 Il efurnish F_1 69 and] an' F_2 71 melancholy F_2: (cf. III. i. 90). 74 cousse? F_2

E. Kn. Why, bee so gentle cousse. And, I pray you let me intreate ▪ courtesie of you. I am sent for, this morning, by a friend i' the old *Iewrie* to come to him; It's but crossing ouer the fields to *More-gate*: Will you beare me companie? I protest, it is not to draw you into bond, or any plot against the state, cousse.

Step. Sir, that's all one, and 't were: you shall command me, twise so farre as *More-gate* to doe you good, in such a matter. Doe you thinke I would leaue you? I protest———

E. Kn. No, no, you shall not protest, cousse.

Step. By my fackins, but I will, by your leaue; Ile protest more to my friend, then Ile speake off, at this time.

E. Kn. You speake very well, cousse.

Steph. Nay, not so neither, you shall pardon me: but I speake, to serue my turne.

E. Kn. Your turne, couss? Doe you know, what you say? A gentleman of your sort, parts, carriage, and estimation, to talke o' your turne i' this companie, and to me, alone, like a tankard-bearer, at ▪ conduit! Fie. A wight, that (hetherto) his euery step hath left the stampe of a great foot behind him, as euery word the sauour of a strong spirit! and he! this man! so grac'd, guilded, or (to vse a more fit *metaphore*) so tin-foild by nature, as not ten house-wiues pewter (again' a good time) shew's more bright to the world then he! and he (as I said last, so I say againe, and still shall say it) this man! to conceale such reall ornaments as these, and shaddow their glorie, as a Millaners wife do's her wrought stomacher, with ▪ smokie lawne, or ▪ black cypresse? O couss! It cannot be answer'd, goe not about it. Drakes old ship, at *Detford*, may sooner circle the world againe. Come, wrong not the qualitie of your desert, with looking downeward, couz; but hold vp your head, so: and let the *Idea* of what you are, be pourtray'd i' your face, that ▪▪▪ may

1. iii. 83 so, F_2 85 *Iewrie*, F_2 86, 89 *Moore-gate* F_2 100 hitherto F_2

reade i' your physnomie, (*Here, within this place, is to be seene the true, rare, and accomplish'd monster, or miracle of nature*, which is all one.) What thinke you of this, couss?

STEP. Why, I doe thinke of it; and I will be more prowd, and melancholy, and gentleman-like, then I haue beene: I'le ensure you.

E. KN. Why, that's resolute master STEPHEN! Now, if I can but hold him vp to his height, as it is happily begunne, it will doe well for a suburbe-humor: we may hap haue a match with the citie, and play him for fortie pound. Come, couss.

STEP. I'le follow you.

E. KN. Follow me? you must goe before.

STEP. Nay, an' I must, I will. Pray you, shew me, good cousin.

Act I. *Scene* IIII.

Mr. MATTHEW, COB.

I Thinke, this be the house: what, hough?

COB. Who's there? O, master MATTHEW! gi' your worship good morrow.

MAT. What! COB! how do'st thou, good COB? do'st thou inhabite here, COB?

COB. I, sir, I and my linage ha' kept a poore house, here, in our dayes.

MAT. Thy linage, *Monsieur* COB, what linage? what linage?

COB. Why sir, an ancient linage, and a princely. Mine ance'trie came from a Kings belly, no worse man: and yet no man neither (by your worships leaue, I did lie in that) but *Herring* the King of fish (from his belly, I proceed) one o' the Monarchs o'

I. iii. 118 been; F_2 122 Suburb-humour F_2 I. iv.] Scene III.—The Lane before Cob's House. *G*

the world, I assure you. The first red herring, that was broil'd in ADAM, and EVE's kitchin, doe I fetch my pedigree from, by the Harrots bookes. His COB, was my great-great-mighty-great Grand-father.

MAT. Why mightie? why mightie? I pray thee.

COB. O, it was a mightie while agoe, sir, and a mightie great COB.

MAT. How know'st thou that?

COB. How know I? why, I smell his ghost, euer and anon.

MAT. Smell a ghost? Ô vnsauoury iest? and the ghost of a herring COB!

COB. I sir, with fauour of your worships nose, Mr. MATHEW, why not the ghost of a herring-cob, as well as the ghost of rasher-bacon?

MAT. ROGER BACON, thou wouldst say?

COB. I say rasher-bacon. They were both broyl'd o' the coles? and a man may smell broyld-meate, I hope? you are a scholler, vpsolue me that, now.

MAT. O raw ignorance! COB, canst thou shew me of a gentleman, one Captayne BOBADILL, where his lodging is?

COB. O, my guest, sir! you meane.

MAT. Thy guest! Alas! ha, ha.

COB. Why doe you laugh, sir? Doe you not meane Captayne BOBADILL?

MAT. COB, 'pray thee, aduise thy selfe well: doe not wrong the gentleman, and thy selfe too. I dare bee sworne, hee scornes thy house: hee! He lodge in such a base, obscure place, as thy house! Tut, I know his disposition so well, he would not lye in thy bed, if tho'uldst gi'it him.

COB. I will not giue it him, though, sir, Masse, I thought somewhat was in't, we could not get him to bed, all night!

Well, sir, though he lye not o' my bed, he lies o' my bench: an't please you to goe vp, sir, you shall find him with two cushions vnder his head, and his cloke wrapt about him, as though he had neither wun nor lost, and yet (I warrant) he ne're cast better in his life, then he has done, to night.

MAT. Why? was he drunke?

COB. Drunke, sir? you heare not me say so. Perhaps, hee swallow'd a tauerne-token, or some such deuice, sir: I haue nothing to doe withall. I deale with water, and not with wine. Gi'me my tankard there, hough. God b'w'you, sir. It's sixe a clocke: I should ha' carried two turnes, by this. What hough? my stopple? come.

MAT. Lye in a water-bearers house! A gentleman of his hauings! Well, I'le tell him my mind.

COB. What TIB, shew this gentleman vp to the Captayne. O, an' my house were the *Brasen-head* now! faith, it would eene speake, *Mo fooles yet.* You should ha' some now would take this Mr. MATTHEW to be a gentleman, at the least. His father's an honest man, a worshipfull fish-monger, and so forth; and now dos he creepe, and wriggle into acquaintance with all the braue gallants about the towne, such as my guest is: (ô, my guest is a fine man) and they flout him invincibly. Hee vseth euery day to a Merchants house (where I serue water) one master KITELY's i' the *old Iewry*; and here's the iest, he is in loue with my masters sister, (mistris BRIDGET) and calls her mistris: and there hee will sit you a whole after-noone some-times, reading o' these same abominable, vile, (a poxe on 'hem, I cannot abide them) rascally verses, *poyetrie*, *poyetrie*, and speaking of *enterludes*, 'twill make a man burst to heare him. And the wenches, they doe so geere, and ti-he at him—well, should they do so much to me, Ild for-sweare them all, by the foot of PHARAOH. There's an oath! How many water-bearers shall you heare sweare such an

oath? ô, I haue ▪ guest (he teaches me) he dos sweare the legiblest, of any man christned: By St. GEORGE, the foot of PHARAOH, the body of me, as I am ⟨a⟩ gentleman, and a souldier: such daintie oathes! and withall, he dos take this same filthy roguish *tabacco*, the finest, and cleanliest! it would doe ▪ ▪▪▪▪ good to see the fume come forth at's tonnels! Well, he owes mee fortie shillings (my wife lent him out of her purse, by sixe-pence a time) besides his lodging: I would I had it. I shall ha' it, he saies, the next *Action*. *Helter skelter*, hang sorrow, care 'll kill a cat, vp-tailes all, and a louse for the hang-man.

Act I. *Scene* V.

BOBADILL, TIB, MATTHEW.

Bobad. is discouered lying on his bench.

HOstesse, hostesse.

TIB. What say you, sir?

BOB. A cup o' thy small beere, sweet hostesse.

TIB. Sir, there's ▪ gentleman, below, would speake with you.

BOB. A gentleman! 'ods so, I am not within.

TIB. My husband told him you were, sir.

BOB. What a plague——what meant he?

MAT. Captaine BOBADILL?

BOB. Who's there? (take away the bason, good hostesse) come vp, sir.

TIB. He would desire you to come vp, sir. You come into ▪ cleanly house, here.

MAT. 'Saue you, sir. 'Saue you, Captayne.

BOB. Gentle master MATTHEW! Is it you, sir? Please you sit downe.

I. iv. 78 a F_2 I. v.] Scene IV.—A Room in Cob's House. *G.*
15 sit] to sit F_2 down? F_2

MAT. Thanke you, good Captaine, you may see, I am somewhat audacious.

BOB. Not so, sir. I was requested to supper, last night, by a sort of gallants, where you were wish'd for, and drunke to, I assure you.

MAT. Vouchsafe me, by whom, good Captaine

BOB. Mary, by yong WELL-BRED, and others: Why, hostesse, a stoole here, for this gentleman.

MAT. No haste, sir, 'tis very well.

BOB. Body of me! It was so late ere we parted last night, I can scarse open my eyes, yet; I was but new risen, as you came: how passes the day abroad, sir? you can tell.

MAT. Faith, some halfe houre to seuen: now trust mee, you haue an exceeding fine lodging here, very neat, and priuate!

BOB. I, sir: sit downe, I pray you. Master MATTHEW (in any case) possesse no gentlemen of our acquaintance, with notice of my lodging.

MAT. Who? I sir? no.

BOB. Not that I need to care who know it, for the Cabbin is conuenient, but in regard I would not be too popular, and generally visited, as some are.

MAT. True, Captaine, I conceiue you.

BOB. For, doe you see, sir, by the heart of valour, in me, (except it be to some peculiar and choice spirits, to whom I am extraordinarily ingag'd, as your selfe, or so) I could not extend thus farre.

MAT. O Lord, sir, I resolue so.

BOB. I confesse, I loue a cleanely and quiet priuacy, aboue all the tumult, and roare of fortune! What new booke ha' you there? What! *Goe by*, HIERONYMO!

MAT. I, did you euer see it acted? is't not well pend?

BOB. Well pend? I would faine see all the *Poets*, of these times, pen such another play as that was! they'll prate and swagger, and keepe a stir of arte and deuices, when (as I am a gentleman) reade 'hem, they are the most shallow, pittifull, barren fellowes, that liue vpon the face of the earth, againe!

MAT. Indeed, here are a number of fine speeches in this booke! *O eyes, no eyes, but fountaynes fraught with teares!* There's a conceit! fountaines fraught with teares! *O life, no life, but liuely forme of death!* Another! *O world, no world, but masse of publique wrongs!* A third! *Confus'd and fil'd with murder, and misdeeds!* A fourth! O, the *Muses*! Is't not excellent? Is't not simply the best that euer you heard, Captayne? Ha? How doe you like it?

BOB. 'Tis good.

MAT. *To thee, the purest obiect to my sense,*
The most refined essence heauen couers,
Send I these lines, wherein I doe commence
The happy state of turtle-billing louers.
If they proue rough, vn-polish't, harsh, aud rude,
Hast made the wast. Thus, mildly, I conclude.

Bobadill is making him ready all this while.

BOB. Nay, proceed, proceed. Where's this?

MAT. This, sir? a toy o' mine owne, in my nonage: the infancy of my *Muses*! But, when will you come and see my studie? good faith, I can shew you some very good things, I haue done of late——That boot becomes your legge, passing well, Captayne, me thinkes!

BOB. So, so, It's the fashion, gentlemen now vse.

MAT. Troth, Captayne, an' now you speake o' the fashion, master WELL-BRED'S elder brother, and I, are fall'n out exceedingly: this other day, I hapned to enter into some discourse of a hanger, which I assure you, both for fashion, and worke-man-ship, was most peremptory-beautifull, and gentleman-

I. v. 73 an'] and F_2

like! Yet, he condemn'd, and cry'd it downe, for the most pyed, and ridiculous that euer he saw.

BOB. Squire DOWNE-RIGHT? the halfe brother? was't not?

MAT. I sir, he.

BOB. Hang him, rooke, he! why, he has no more iudgement then a malt-horse. By S. GEORGE, I wonder you'ld loose a thought vpon such an animal: the most peremptory absurd clowne of *christendome*, this day, he is holden. I protest to you, as I am a gentleman, and a souldier, I ne're chang'd wordes, with his like. By his discourse, he should eate nothing but hay. He was borne for the manger, pannier, or pack-saddle! He ha's not so much as a good phrase in his belly, but all old iron, and rustie prouerbes! a good commoditie for some smith, to make hob-nailes of.

MAT. I, and he thinks to carry it away with his man-hood still, where he comes. He brags he will gi' me the *bastinado*, as I heare.

BOB. How! He the *bastinado*! how came he by that word, trow?

MAT. Nay, indeed, he said cudgell me; I term'd it so, for my more grace.

BOB. That may bee: For I was sure, it was none of his word. But, when? when said he so?

MAT. Faith, yesterday, they say: a young gallant, a friend of mine told me so.

BOB. By the foot of PHARAOH, and 't were my case now, I should send him a *chartel*, presently. The *bastinado*! A most proper, and sufficient *dependance*, warranted by the great CARANZA. Come hither. You shall *chartel* him. I'll shew you a trick, or two, you shall kill him with, at pleasure: the first *stoccata*, if you will, by this ayre.

I. v. 83 ha's F_2 84 youl'd F_1 loose] lose F_2 89 has F_2

MAT. Indeed, you haue absolute knowledge i' the mysterie, I haue heard, sir.

BOB. Of whom? Of whom ha' you heard it, I beseech you?

MAT. Troth, I haue heard it spoken of diuers, that you haue very rare, and vn-in-one-breath-vtter-able skill, sir.

BOB. By heauen, no, not I; no skill i' the earth: some small rudiments i' the science, as to know my time, distance, or so. I haue profest it more for noblemen, and gentlemens vse, then mine owne practise, I assure you. Hostesse, accommodate vs with another bed-staffe here, quickly: Lend vs another bed-staffe. The woman do's not vnderstand the wordes of *Action*. Looke you, sir. Exalt not your point aboue this state, at any hand, and let your poynard maintayne your defence, thus: (giue it the gentleman, and leaue vs) so, sir. Come on: O, twine your body more about, that you may fall to ▪ more sweet comely gentleman-like guard. So, indifferent. Hollow your body more sir, thus. Now, stand fast o' your left leg, note your distance, keepe your due proportion of time——Oh, you disorder your point, most irregularly!

MAT. How is the bearing of it, now, sir?

BOB. O, out of measure ill! A well-experienc'd hand would passe vpon you, at pleasure.

MAT. How meane you, sir, passe vpon me?

BOB. Why, thus sir (make ▪ thrust at me) come in, vpon the answere, controll your point, and make ▪ full carreere, at the body. The best-practis'd gallants of the time, name it the *passada:* a most desperate thrust, beleeue it!

MAT. Well, come, sir.

BOB. Why, you doe not manage your weapon with any facilitie, or grace to inuite mee: I haue no spirit to play with you. Your dearth of iudgement renders you tedious.

MAT. But one *venue*, sir.

BOB. *Venue!* Fie. Most grosse denomination, as euer I heard. O, the *stoccata*, while you liue, sir. Note that. Come, put on your cloke, and wee'll goe to some priuate place, where you are acquainted, some tauerne, or so——and haue a bit——Ile send for one of these Fencers, and hee shall breath you, by my direction; and, then, I will teach you your tricke. You shall kill him with it, at the first, if you please. Why, I will learne you, by the true iudgement of the eye, hand, and foot, to controll any enemies point i' the world. Should your aduersarie confront you with a pistoll, 'twere nothing, by this hand, you should, by the same rule, controll his bullet, in a line: except it were hayle-shot, and spred. What money ha' you about you, Mr. MATTHEW?

MAT. Faith, I ha' not past a two shillings, or so.

BOB. 'Tis somewhat with the least: but, come. We will haue a bunch of redish, and salt, to tast our wine; and a pipe of *tabacco*, to close the orifice of the stomach: and then, wee'll call vpon yong WEL-BRED. Perhaps wee shall meet the CORIDON, his brother, there: and put him to the question.

Act II. *Scene* I.

KITELY, CASH, DOWNE-RIGHT.

THOMAS, Come hither,
There lyes a note, within vpon my deske,
Here, take my key: It is no matter, neither.
Where is the Boy? CAS. Within, sir, i' the ware-house.
KIT. Let him tell ouer, straight, that *Spanish* gold,
And weigh it, with th' pieces of eight. Doe you

I. v. 150 hand; F_2 155 radish F_2 II. i. *Misnumbered* Scene II *in most copies of* F_2 Scene I—The Old Jewry. A Hall in Kiteley's House. *G* 1 hither. F_2 4 i' the] i'th F_3 ware-house, F_2 6 th'] the F_2 (cf. III. iii. 42, 43).

See the deliuery of those siluer stuffes,
To Mr. LVCAR. Tell him, if he will,
He shall ha' the grogran's, at the rate I told him,
And I will meet him, on the *Exchange*, anon.
CAS. Good, sir.
KIT. Doe you see that fellow, brother DOWNE-RIGHT?
DOW. I, what of him?
KIT. He is a iewell, brother.
I tooke him of a child, vp, at my dore,
And christned him, gaue him mine owne name, THOMAS,
Since bred him at the Hospitall; where prouing
A toward impe, I call'd him home, and taught him
So much, as I haue made him my Cashier,
And giu'n him, who had none, a surname, CASH:
And find him, in his place so full of faith,
That, I durst trust my life into his hands.
DOW. So, would not I in any bastards, brother,
As, it is like, he is: although I knew
My selfe his father. But you said yo' had somewhat
To tell me, gentle brother, what is't? what is't?
KIT. Faith, I am very loath, to vtter it,
As fearing, it may hurt your patience:
But, that I know, your iudgement is of strength,
Against the neerenesse of affection——
DOW. What need this circumstance? pray you be direct.
KIT. I will not say, how much I doe ascribe
Vnto your friendship; nor, in what regard
I hold your loue: but, let my past behauiour,
And vsage of your sister, but confirme
How well I'aue beene affected to your——
DOW. You are too tedious, come to the matter, the matter.

II. i. 16 owne] one F_2 35 but] both *G*

KIT. Then (without further ceremonie) thus.
My brother WELL-BRED, sir, (I know not how)
Of late, is much declin'd in what he was,
And greatly alter'd in his disposition.
When he came first to lodge here in my house,
Ne're trust me, if I were not proud of him:
Me thought he bare himselfe in such a fashion,
So full of man, and sweetnesse in his carriage,
And (what was chiefe) it shew'd not borrowed in him,
But all he did, became him as his owne,
And seem'd as perfect, proper, and possest
As breath, with life, or colour, with the bloud.
But, now, his course is so irregular,
So loose, affected, and depriu'd of grace,
And he himselfe withall so farre falne off
From that first place, as scarse no note remaines,
To tell mens iudgements where he lately stood.
Hee's growne a stranger to all due respect,
Forgetfull of his friends, and not content
To stale himselfe in all societies,
He makes my house here common, as a *Mart*,
A *Theater*, a publike receptacle
For giddie humour, and diseased riot;
And here (as in a tauerne, or a stewes)
He, and his wild associates, spend their houres,
In repetition of lasciuious iests,
Sweare, leape, drinke, dance, and reuell night by night,
Controll my seruants: and indeed what not?

DOW. 'Sdeynes, I know not what I should say to him, i' the whole world! He values me, at a crackt three-farthings, for ought

II. i. 46 borrowed *Ff.* *Read perhaps* borrow'd. 49 life; F_2

I see: It will neuer out o' the flesh that's bred i' the bone! I haue told him inough, one would thinke, if that would serue: But, counsell to him, is as good, as a shoulder of mutton to a sicke horse. Well! he knowes what to trust to, for GEORGE. Let him spend, and spend, and domineere, till his heart ake; an' hee thinke to bee relieu'd by me, when he is got into one o' your citie pounds, the Counters, he has the wrong sow by the eare, ifaith: and claps his dish at the wrong mans dore. I'le lay my hand o' my halfe-peny, e're I part with 't, to fetch him out, I'le assure him.

KIT. Nay, good brother, let it not trouble you, thus.

DOW. 'Sdeath, he mads me, I could eate my very spur-lethers, for anger! But, why are you so tame? Why doe you not speake to him, and tell him how he disquiets your house?

KIT. O, there are diuers reasons to disswade, brother.
But, would your selfe vouchsafe to trauaile in it,
(Though but with plaine, and easie circumstance)
It would, both come much better to his sense,
And sauour lesse of stomack, or of passion.
You are his elder brother, and that title
Both giues, and warrants you authoritie;
Which (by your presence seconded) must breed
A kinde of dutie in him, and regard:
Whereas, if I should intimate the least,
It would but adde contempt, to his neglect,
Heape worse on ill, make vp a pile of hatred
That, in the rearing, would come tottring downe,
And, in the ruine, burie all our loue.
Nay, more then this, brother, if I should speake
He would be readie from his heate of humor,

II. i. 74 City-pounds F_2 82 brother] me *G* (*from Q*) 83 travell F_2 88 you] your F_2 96 speake, F_2 97 humour F_2

And ouer-flowing of the vapour, in him,
To blow the eares of his familiars,
With the false breath, of telling, what disgraces,
And low disparadgments, I had put vpon him.
Whilst they, sir, to relieue him, in the fable,
Make their loose comments, vpon euery word,
Gesture, or looke, I vse; mocke me all ouer,
From my flat cap, vnto my shining shooes:
And, out of their impetuous rioting phant'sies,
Beget some slander, that shall dwell with me.
And what would that be, thinke you? mary, this.
They would giue out (because my wife is faire,
My selfe but lately married, and my sister
Here soiourning a virgin in my house)
That I were iealous! nay, as sure as death,
That they would say. And how that I had quarrell'd
My brother purposely, thereby to finde
An apt pretext, to banish them my house.

DOW. Masse perhaps so: They'are like inough to doe it.

KIT. Brother, they would, beleeue it: so should I
(Like one of these penurious quack-saluers)
But set the bills vp, to mine owne disgrace,
And trie experiments vpon my selfe:
Lend scorne and enuie, oportunitie,
To stab my reputation, and good name———

Act II. *Scene* II.

MATTHEW, BOBADIL, DOWNE-RIGHT, KITELY.

I Will speake to him———

BOB. Speake to him? away, by the foot of PHARAOH, you shall not, you shall not doe him that grace. The time of day, to you, Gentleman o' the house. Is Mr. WELL-BRED stirring?

DOW. How then? what should he doe?

BOB. Gentleman of the house, it is to you: is he within, sir?

KIT. He came not to his lodging to night sir, I assure you.

DOW. Why, doe you heare? you.

BOB. The gentleman-citizen hath satisfied mee, Ile talke to no scauenger.

DOW. How, scauenger? stay sir, stay?

KIT. Nay, brother DOWNE-RIGHT.

DOW. 'Heart! stand you away, and you loue me.

KIT. You shall not follow him now, I pray you, brother, Good faith you shall not: I will ouer-rule you.

DOW. Ha? scauenger? well, goe to, I say little: but, by this good day (god forgiue me I should sweare) if I put it vp so, say, I am the rankest cow, that euer pist. 'Sdeynes, and I swallow this, Ile ne're draw my sword in the sight of *Fleet-street* againe, while I liue; Ile sit in a barne, with Madge-howlet, and catch mice first. Scauenger? 'Heart, and Ile goe neere to fill that huge tumbrell-slop of yours, with somewhat, and I haue good lucke: your GARAGANTVA breech cannot carry it away so.

KIT. Oh doe not fret your selfe thus, neuer thinke on't.

II. ii. 12 Sir, stay. F_2 18 God F_2 19, 23, 28 and] an *corrected copies of* F_2

Dow. These are my brothers consorts, these! these are his *Cam'rades*, his walking mates! hee's a gallant, a *Caualiero* too, right hang-man cut! Let me not liue, and I could not finde in my heart to swinge the whole ging of 'hem, one after another, and begin with him first. I am grieu'd, it should be said he is my brother, and take these courses. Wel, as he brewes, so he shall drinke, for George, againe. Yet, he shall heare on't, and that tightly too, and I liue, Ifaith.

Kit. But, brother, let your reprehension (then)
Runne in an easie current, not ore-high
Carried with rashnesse, or deuouring choller;
But rather vse the soft perswading way,
Whose powers will worke more gently, and compose
Th'imperfect thoughts you labour to reclaime:
More winning, then enforcing the consent.

Dow. I, I, let me alone for that, I warrant you.

Bell rings. Kit. How now? oh, the bell rings to breakefast.
Brother, I pray you goe in, and beare my wife
Companie, till I come; Ile but giue order
For some dispatch of businesse, to my seruants———

Act II. *Scene* III.

[*To them.*]

Kitely, Cob, Dame Kitely.

WHat, Cob? our maides will haue you by the back (Ifaith)
For comming so late this morning.

Cob. Perhaps so, sir, take heed some body haue not them by the belly, for walking so late in the euening.

He passes by with his tankard.

II. ii. 31 he brewes] hee brews *corrected copies of* F_2 so he shall F_1: so shall he F_2 II. iii. Bridget *is added by Dr. G. A. Smithson, but she need not enter at* 34. ifaith F_2

KIT. Well, yet my troubled spirit's somewhat eas'd,
Though not repos'd in that securitie,
As I could wish: But, I must be content.
How e're I set ▪ face on't to the world,
Would I had lost this finger, at a venter,
So WELL-BRED had ne're lodg'd within my house.
Why't cannot be, where there is such resort
Of wanton gallants, and yong reuellers,
That any woman should be honest long.
Is't like, that factious beautie will preserue
The publike weale of chastitie, vn-shaken,
When such strong motiues muster, and make head
Against her single peace? no, no. Beware,
When mutuall appetite doth meet to treat,
And spirits of one kinde, and qualitie,
Come once to parlee, in the pride of bloud:
It is no slow conspiracie, that followes.
Well (to be plaine) if I but thought, the time
Had answer'd their affections ▪ all the world
Should not perswade me, but I were ▪ cuckold.
Mary, I hope, they ha'not got that start:
For oportunitie hath balkt 'hem yet,
And shall doe still, while I haue eyes, and eares
To attend the impositions of my heart.
My presence shall be as an iron barre,
'Twixt the conspiring motions of desire:
Yea, euery looke, or glance, mine eye eiects,
Shall checke occasion, ▪▪ one doth his slaue,
When he forgets the limits of prescription.

DAME. Sister BRIDGET, pray you fetch downe the rose-

II. iii. 7 content, *G* 8 world. *G* 9 venter] venture F_3
14 Is't] I'st F_1 20 bloud F_2: bluod F_1

water aboue in the closet. Sweet heart, will you come in, to breakefast?

KITE. An' shee haue ouer-heard me now?

DAME. I pray thee (good MVSSE) we stay for you.

KITE. By heauen I would not for a thousand angells.

DAME. What aile you sweet heart, are you not well, speake good MVSSE.

KITE. Troth my head akes extremely, on a sudden.

DAME. Oh, the lord!

KITE. How now? what?

DAME. Alas, how it burnes? MVSSE, keepe you warme, good truth it is this new disease! there's a number are troubled withall! for loues sake, sweet heart, come in, out of the aire.

KITE. How simple, and how subtill are her answeres?
A new disease, and many troubled with it!
Why, true: shee heard me, all the world to nothing.

DAME. I pray thee, good sweet heart, come in; the aire will doe you harme, in troth.

KITE. The aire! shee has me i' the wind! sweet heart!
Ile come to you presently: 't will away, I hope.

DAME. Pray heauen it doe.

KITE. A new disease? I know not, new, or old,
But it may well be call'd poore mortalls plague:
For, like a pestilence, it doth infect
The houses of the braine. First, it begins
Solely to worke vpon the phantasie,
Filling her seat with such pestiferous aire,
As soone corrupts the iudgement; and from thence,
Sends like contagion to the memorie:
Still each to other giuing the infection.

II. iii. 36 breakefast. F_1: break-fast. F_2 40 Sweet-heart? F_2 well? F_2 43 Lord! F_2 52 harme, in F_2: harme in, F_1 55 DAME. F_2: Dow. F_1

Which, as a subtle vapor, spreads it selfe,
Confusedly, through euery sensiue part,
Till not a thought, or motion, in the mind,
Be free from the blacke poyson of suspect.
Ah, but what miserie' is it, to know this?
Or, knowing it, to want the mindes erection,
In such extremes? Well, I will once more striue,
(In spight of this black cloud) my selfe to be,
And shake the feauer off, that thus shakes me.

Act II. *Scene* III.

BRAYNE-WORME, ED. KNO'WELL, Mr. STEPHEN.

S'Lid, I cannot choose but laugh, to see my selfe translated thus, from a poore creature to a creator; for now must I create an intolerable sort of lyes, or my present profession looses the grace: and yet the lye to a man of my coat, is as ominous a fruit, as the *Fico*. O sir, it holds for good politie euer, to haue that outwardly in vilest estimation, that inwardly is most deare to vs. So much, for my borrowed shape. Well, the troth is, my old master intends to follow my yong, drie foot, ouer *More-fields*, to *London*, this morning: now I, knowing, of this hunting-match, or rather conspiracie, and to insinuate with my yong master (for so must we that are blew-waiters, and men of hope and seruice doe, or perhaps wee may weare motley at the yeeres end, and who weares motley, you know) haue got me afore, in this disguise, determining here to lye in *ambuscado*, and intercept him, in the mid-way. If I can but get his cloke, his purse, his hat, nay, any thing, to cut him off, that is, to stay his iourney,

II. iii. 65 vapour F_2 69 mis'rie is F_2 II. iv.] Scene II.—Moorfields. *G.*
4 looses] loses F_2 8, 11 young F_2 9 *Moore Fields*, F_2 knowing F_2

Veni, vidi, vici, I may say with Captayne CAESAR, I am made for euer, ifaith. Well, now must I practice to get the true garb of one of these *Lance-knights*, my arme here, and my—yong master! and his cousin, Mr. STEPHEN, as I am true counterfeit man of warre, and no souldier!

E. KN. So sir, and how then, couss?

STEP. 'Sfoot, I haue lost my purse, I thinke.

E. KN. How? lost your purse? where? when had you it?

STEP. I cannot tell, stay.

BRAY. 'Slid, I am afeard, they will know mee, would I could get by them,

E. KN. What? ha' you it?

STEP. No, I thinke I was bewitcht, I———

E. KN. Nay, doe not weepe the losse, hang it, let it goe.

STEP. Oh, it's here: no, and it had beene lost, I had not car'd, but for a iet ring mistris MARY sent me.

E. KN. A iet ring? oh, the *poesie*, the *poesie*?

STEP. Fine, ifaith! *Though fancie sleep, my loue is deepe.* Meaning that though I did not fancie her, yet shee loued me dearely.

E. KN. Most excellent!

STEP. And then, I sent her another, and my *poesie* was: *The deeper, the sweeter, Ile be iudg'd by* St. PETER.

E. KN. How, by St. PETER? I doe not conceiue that!

STEP. Mary, St. PETER, to make vp the meeter.

E. KN. Well, there the Saint was your good patron, hee help't you at your need: thanke him, thanke him.

He is come back.

BRAY. I cannot take leaue on 'hem, so: I will venture, come what will. Gentlemen, please you change ▪ few crownes, for ▪ very excellent good blade, here? I am ▪ poore gentleman, ▪ souldier, one that (in the better state of my fortunes) scorn'd so

II. iv. 19 my--yong F_1: my--young F_2 44 st. dir. *at l.* 43 *in* F_1

meane a refuge, but now it is the humour of necessitie, to haue it so. You seeme to be gentlemen, well affected to martiall men, else I should rather die with silence, then liue with shame: how euer, vouchsafe to remember, it is my want speakes, not my selfe. This condition agrees not with my spirit———

E. Kn. Where hast thou seru'd?

Bray. May it please you, sir, in all the late warres of *Bohemia*, *Hungaria*, *Dalmatia*, *Poland*, where not, sir? I haue beene a poore seruitor, by sea and land, any time this fourteene yeeres, and follow'd the fortunes of the best Commanders in *christendome*. I was twice shot at the taking of *Alepo*, once at the reliefe of *Vienna*; I haue beene at *Marseilles*, *Naples*, and the *Adriatique* gulfe, a gentleman-slaue in the galleys, thrice, where I was most dangerously shot in the head, through both the thighs, and yet, being thus maym'd, I am void of maintenance, nothing left me but my scarres, the noted markes of my resolution.

Step. How will you sell this rapier, friend?

Bray. Generous sir, I referre it to your owne iudgement; you are a gentleman, giue me what you please.

Step. True, I am a gentleman, I know that friend: but what though? I pray you say, what would you aske?

Bray. I assure you, the blade may become the side, or thigh of the best prince, in *Europe*.

E. Kn. I, with a veluet scabberd, I thinke.

Step. Nay, and't be mine, it shall haue a veluet scabberd, Couss, that's flat: I'de not weare it as 'tis, and you would giue me an angell.

Bray. At your worships pleasure, sir; nay, 'tis a most pure *Toledo*.

Step. I had rather it were a *Spaniard*! but tell me, what shall I giue you for it? An' it had a siluer hilt———

II. iv. 50 I should F_1: should I F_2 72 and't] an 't F_2

E. Kn. Come, come, you shall not buy it; hold, there's a shilling fellow, take thy rapier.

Step. Why, but I will buy it now, because you say so, and there's another shilling, fellow. I scorne to be out-bidden. What, shall I walke with a cudgell, like *Higgin-Bottom*? and may haue a rapier, for money?

E. Kn. You may buy one in the citie.

Step. Tut, Ile buy this i' the field, so I will, I haue a mind to't, because 'tis a field rapier. Tell me your lowest price.

E. Kn. You shall not buy it, I say.

Step. By this money, but I will, though I giue more then 'tis worth.

E. Kn. Come away, you are a foole.

Step. Friend, I am a foole, that's granted: but Ile haue it, for that words sake. Follow me, for your money.

Bray. At your seruice, sir.

Act II. *Scene* V.

Kno'well, Brayne-worme.

I Cannot loose the thought, yet, of this letter,
Sent to my sonne: not leaue t'admire the change
Of manners, and the breeding of our youth,
Within the kingdome, since my selfe was one.
When I was yong, he liu'd not in the stewes,
Durst haue conceiu'd a scorne, and vtter'd it,
On a grey head; age was authoritie
Against a buffon: and a man had, then,
A certaine reuerence pai'd vnto his yeeres,

II. v.] Scene III. Another Part of Moorfields. *C.* 1 loose] lose F_3 5 young F_2

That had none due vnto his life. So much
The sanctitie of some preuail'd, for others.
But, now, we all are fall'n; youth, from their feare:
And age, from that, which bred it, good example.
Nay, would our selues were not the first, euen parents,
That did destroy the hopes, in our owne children:
Or they not learn'd our vices, in their cradles,
And suck'd in our ill customes, with their milke.
Ere all their teeth be borne, or they can speake,
We make their palats cunning! The first wordes,
We forme their tongues with, are licentious iests!
Can it call, whore? crie, bastard? Ô, then, kisse it,
A wittie childe! Can't sweare? The fathers dearling!
Giue it two plums. Nay, rather then 't shall learne
No bawdie song, the mother'her selfe will teach it!
But, this is in the infancie; the dayes
Of the long coate: when it puts on the breeches,
It will put off all this. I, it is like:
When it is gone into the bone alreadie.
No, no: This die goes deeper then the coate,
Or shirt, or skin. It staines, vnto the liuer,
And heart, in some. And, rather, then it should not,
Note, what we fathers doe! Looke, how we liue!
What mistresses we keepe! at what expense,
In our sonnes eyes! where they may handle our gifts,
Heare our lasciuious courtships, see our dalliance,
Tast of the same prouoking meates, with vs,
To ruine of our states! Nay, when our owne
Portion is fled, to prey on their remainder,
We call them into fellowship of vice!

II. v. 22 dearling] darling F_2 24 mother her F_2 37 states] state F_2

Baite 'hem with the yong chamber-maid, to seale!
And teach 'hem all bad wayes, to buy affliction!
This is one path! but there are millions more,
In which we spoile our owne, with leading them.
Well, I thanke heauen, I neuer yet was he,
That trauail'd with my sonne, before sixteene,
To shew him, the *Venetian cortezans.*
Nor read the grammar of cheating, I had made
To my sharpe boy, at twelue: repeating still
The rule, *Get money*; still, *Get money, Boy*;
No matter, by what meanes; *Money will doe*
More, Boy, then my Lords letter. Neither haue I
Drest snailes, or mushromes curiously before him,
Perfum'd my sauces, and taught him to make 'hem;
Preceding still, with my grey gluttonie,
At all the ordinaries: and only fear'd
His palate should degenerate, not his manners.
These are the trade of fathers, now! how euer
My sonne, I hope, hath met within my threshold,
None of these houshold precedents; which are strong,
And swift, to rape youth, to their precipice.
But, let the house at home be nere so cleane-
Swept, or kept sweet from filth; nay, dust, and cob-webs:
If he will liue, abroad, with his companions,
In dung, and leystalls; it is worth a feare.
Nor is the danger of conuersing lesse,
Then all that I haue mention'd of example.

BRAY. My master? nay, faith haue at you: I am flesht now, I haue sped so well. Worshipfull sir, I beseech you, respect the estate of a poore souldier; I am asham'd of this base course

II. v. 41 affliction *G*: affiction F_1: affection F_2 49 still] *still* Ff 53 sauces] sauce F_2

of life (god's my comfort) but extremitie prouokes me to't, what remedie?

KNO. I haue not for you, now.

BRAY. By the faith I beare vnto truth, gentleman, it is no ordinarie custome in me, but only to preserue manhood. I protest to you, a man I haue beene, a man I may be, by your sweet bountie.

KNO. 'Pray thee, good friend, be satisfied.

BRAY. Good sir, by that hand, you may doe the part of a kind gentleman, in lending a poore souldier the price of two cannes of beere (a matter of small value) the king of heauen shall pay you, and I shall rest thankfull: sweet worship———

KNO. Nay, and you be so importunate———

BRAY. Oh, tender sir, need will haue his course: I was not made to this vile vse! well, the edge of the enemie could not haue abated mee so much: It's hard when a man hath seru'd in his Princes cause, and be thus—Honorable worship, let me deriue a small piece of siluer from you, it shall not bee giuen in the course of time, by this good ground, I was faine to pawne my rapier last night for a poore supper, I had suck'd the hilts long before, I am a pagan else: sweet honor. *Hee weepes.*

KNO. Beleeue me, I am taken with some wonder,
To thinke, a fellow of thy outward presence
Should (in the frame, and fashion of his mind)
Be so degenerate, and sordid-base!
Art thou a man? and sham'st thou not to beg?
To practise such a seruile kind of life?
Why, were thy education ne're so meane,
Hauing thy limbs, a thousand fairer courses
Offer themselues, to thy election.
Either the warres might still supply thy wants,

II. v. 70 God's F_2 85 hard, F_2 88 time; F_2 90 Honour F_2

Or seruice of some vertuous gentleman,
Or honest labour: nay, what can I name,
But would become thee better then to beg?
But men of thy condition feed on sloth,
As doth the beetle, on the dung shee breeds in,
Not caring how the mettall of your minds
Is eaten with the rust of idlenesse.
Now, afore me, what e're he be, that should
Relieue a person of thy qualitie,
While thou insist's in this loose desperate course,
I would esteeme the sinne, not thine, but his.

BRAY. Faith sir, I would gladly finde some other course, if so——

KNO. I, you'ld gladly finde it, but you will not seeke it.

BRAY. Alas sir, where should a man seeke? in the warres, there's no ascent by desert in these dayes, but——and for seruice, would it were as soone purchast, as wisht for (the ayre's my comfort) I know, what I would say————

KNO. What's thy name?

BRAY. Please you, FITZ-SWORD, sir.

KNO. FITZ-SWORD?
Say, that a man should entertayne thee now,
Would'st thou be honest, humble, iust, and true?

BRAY. Sir, by the place, and honor of a souldier————

KNO. Nay, nay, I like not those affected othes;
Speake plainely man: what think'st thou of my wordes?

BRAY. Nothing, sir, but wish my fortunes were as happy, as my seruice should be honest.

KNO. Well, follow me, Ile proue thee, if thy deedes
Will carry a proportion to thy words.

BRAY. Yes sir, straight, Ile but garter my hose. O that my belly were hoopt now, for I am readie to burst with laughing!

neuer was bottle, or bag-pipe fuller. S'lid, was there euer seene a foxe in yeeres to betray himselfe thus? now shall I be possest of all his counsells: and, by that conduit, my yong master. Well, hee is resolu'd to proue my honestie; faith, and I am resolu'd to proue his patience: oh I shall abuse him intollerably. This small piece of seruice, will bring him cleane out of loue with the souldier, for euer. He will neuer come within the signe of it, the sight of a cassock, or a musket-rest againe. Hee will hate the musters at Mile-end for it, to his dying day. It's no matter, let the world thinke me a bad counterfeit, if I cannot giue him the slip, at an instant: why, this is better then to haue staid his iourney! well, Ile follow him: oh, how I long to bee imployed.

Act III. *Scene* I.

MATTHEW, WELL-BRED, BOBADILL, ED. KNO'WELL, STEPHEN.

YEs faith, sir, we were at your lodging to seeke you, too.

WEL. Oh, I came not there to night.

BOB. Your brother deliuered vs as much.

WEL. Who? my brother DOWNE-RIGHT?

BOB. He. Mr. WELL-BRED, I know not in what kind you hold me, but let me say to you this: as sure as honor, I esteeme it so much out of the sunne-shine of reputation, to through the least beame of reguard, vpon such a————

WEL. Sir, I must heare no ill wordes of my brother.

BOB. I, protest to you, as I haue a thing to be sau'd about me, I neuer saw any gentleman-like part————

II. v. 135 young F_2 144 imployed! F_2 III. i.] Scene I.—The Old Jewry. A Room in the Windmill Tavern. *G* (*but at* III. ii. 49, iii. 120 *the action takes place in the street*). 7 through] throw F_3 10 I protest F_2

WEL. Good Captayne, *faces about*, to some other discourse.

BOB. With your leaue, sir, and there were no more men liuing vpon the face of the earth, I should not fancie him, by S. GEORGE.

MAT. Troth, nor I, he is of a rusticall cut, I know not how: he doth not carry himselfe like a gentleman of fashion——

WEL. Oh, Mr. MATTHEW, that's ▪ grace peculiar but to ▪ few; *quos æquus amauit* IVPITER.

MAT. I vnderstand you sir.

Yong Kno'well enters.

WEL. No question, you doe, or you doe not, sir. NED KNO'WELL! by my soule welcome; how doest thou sweet spirit, my *Genius*? S'lid I shall loue APOLLO, and the mad *Thespian* girles the better, while I liue, for this; my deare *furie*: now, I see there's some loue in thee! Sirra, these bee the two I writ to thee of (nay, what a drowsie humour is this now? why doest thou not speake?)

E. KN. Oh, you are a fine gallant, you sent me a rare letter!

WEL. Why, was't not rare?

E. KN. Yes, Ile bee sworne, I was ne're guiltie of reading the like; match it in all PLINIE, or SYMMACHVS epistles, and Ile haue my iudgement burn'd in the eare for a rogue: make much of thy vaine, for it is inimitable. But I marle what camell it was, that had the carriage of it? for doubtlesse, he was no ordinarie beast, that brought it!

WEL. Why?

E. KN. Why, saiest thou? why doest thou thinke that any reasonable creature, especially in the morning (the sober time of the day too) could haue mis-tane my father for me?

WEL. S'lid, you iest, I hope?

E. KN. Indeed, the best vse wee can turne it to[o], is to make a iest on't, now: but Ile assure you, my father had the full view o' your flourishing stile, some houre before I saw it.

WEL. What a dull slaue was this? But, sirrah, what said hee to it, Ifaith?

E. KN. Nay, I know not what he said: but I haue a shrewd gesse what hee thought.

WEL. What? what?

E. KN. Mary, that thou art some strange dissolute yong fellow, and I a graine or two better, for keeping thee companie.

WEL. Tut, that thought is like the moone in her last quarter, 'twill change shortly: but, sirrha, I pray thee be acquainted with my two hang-by's, here; thou wilt take exceeding pleasure in 'hem if thou hear'st 'hem once goe: my wind-instruments. Ile wind 'hem vp——but what strange piece of silence is this? the signe of the dumbe man?

E. KN. Oh, sir, a kinsman of mine, one that may make your musique the fuller, and he please, he has his humour, sir.

WEL. Oh, what ist? what ist?

E. KN. Nay, Ile neither doe your iudgement, nor his folly that wrong, as to prepare your apprehension: Ile leaue him to the mercy o' your search, if you can take him, so.

WEL. Well, Captaine BOBADILL, Mr. MATTHEW, pray you know this gentleman here, he is a friend of mine, and one that will deserue your affection. I know not your name sir, but I shall be glad of any occasion, to render me more familiar to you. *To Master Stephen.*

STEP. My name is Mr. STEPHEN, sir, I am this gentlemans owne cousin, sir, his father is mine vncle, sir, I am somewhat melancholy, but you shall command me, sir, in whatsoeuer is incident to a gentleman.

BOB. Sir, I must tell you this, I am no generall man, but for Mr. WEL-BRED'S sake (you may embrace it, at what height of fauour you please) I doe communicate with you: and conceiue you, to bee a gentleman of some parts, I loue few wordes. *To Kno'well.*

III. i. 63 'pray F_2 66 you F_2: you F_1 68 uncle, sir; F_2

E. Kn. And I fewer, sir. I haue scarce inow, to thanke you.

To Master Stephen

Mat. But are you indeed, sir? so giuen to it?

Step. I, truely, sir, I am mightily giuen to melancholy.

Mat. Oh, it's your only fine humour, sir, your true melancholy breeds your perfect fine wit, sir: I am melancholy my selfe diuers times, sir, and then doe I no more but take pen, and paper presently, and ouerflow you halfe a score, or a dozen of sonnets, at a sitting.

(E. Kn. Sure, he vtters them then, by the grosse.)

Step. Truely sir, and I loue such things, out of measure.

E. Kn. I faith, better then in measure, Ile vnder-take.

Mat. Why, I pray you, sir, make vse of my studie, it's at your seruice.

Step. I thanke you sir, I shall bee bold, I warrant you; haue you a stoole there, to be melancholy' vpon?

Mat. That I haue, sir, and some papers there of mine owne doing, at idle houres, that you'le say there's some sparkes of wit in 'hem, when you see them.

Wel. Would the sparkes would kindle once, and become a fire amongst 'hem, I might see selfe-loue burn't for her heresie.

Step. Cousin, is it well? am I melancholy inough?

E. Kn. Oh I, excellent!

Wel. Captaine Bobadill: why muse you so?

E. Kn. He is melancholy, too.

Bob. Faith, sir, I was thinking of a most honorable piece of seruice, was perform'd to morrow, being St. Markes day: shall bee some ten yeeres, now?

E. Kn. In what place, Captaine?

III. i. 76 indeed, sir? F_2: indeed. Sir? F_1 78 melancholy F_2: melancholy, F_1 79 selfe, F_2 85 I faith] *Perhaps* Ifaith *in* F_2 *but spacing doubtful.* 89 melancholy F_2 94 might] migh F_2 99 honourable F_2 100 day, F_2 101 now. F_2

BOB. Why, at the beleag'ring of *Strigonium*, where, in lesse then two houres, seuen hundred resolute gentlemen, as any were in *Europe*, lost their liues vpon the breach. Ile tell you, gentlemen, it was the first, but the best leagure, that euer I beheld, with these eies, except the taking in of——what doe you call it, last yeere, by the *Genowayes*, but that (of all other) was the most fatall, and dangerous exploit, that euer I was rang'd in, since I first bore armes before the face of the enemie, as I am a gentleman, & souldier.

STEP. 'So, I had as liefe, as an angell, I could sweare as well as that gentleman!

E. KN. Then, you were a seruitor, at both it seemes! at *Strigonium*? and what doe you call't?

BOB. Oh lord, sir? by S. GEORGE, I was the first man, that entred the breach: and, had I not effected it with resolution, I had beene slaine, if I had had a million of liues.

E. KN. 'Twas pittie, you had not ten; a cats, and your owne, ifaith. But, was it possible?

(MAT. 'Pray you, marke this discourse, sir.

STEP. So, I doe.)

BOB. I assure you (vpon my reputation) 'tis true, and your selfe shall confesse.

E. KN. You must bring me to the racke, first.

BOB. Obserue me iudicially, sweet sir, they had planted mee three demi-culuerings, iust in the mouth of the breach; now, sir (as we were to giue on) their master gunner (a man of no meane skill, and marke, you must thinke) confronts me with his linstock, readie to giue fire; I spying his intendment, discharg'd my petrionel in his bosome, and with these single armes, my poore

III. i. 106 leagure] Leaguer F_3 111 souldier] ■ Soldier F_3 116 sir, F_2 Lord, sir, F_2 118 slain F_2

rapier, ranne violently, vpon the *Moores*, that guarded the ordinance, and put 'hem pell-mell to the sword.

WEL. To the sword? to the rapier, Captaine?

E. KN. Oh, it was a good figure obseru'd, sir! but did you all this, Captaine, without hurting your blade?

BOB. Without any impeach, o' the earth: you shall perceiue sir. It is the most fortunate weapon, that euer rid on poore gentlemans thigh: shal I tell you, sir? you talke of *Morglay*, *Excalibur*, *Durindana*, or so? tut, I lend no credit to that is fabled of 'hem, I know the vertue of mine owne, and therefore I dare, the boldlier, maintaine it.

STEP. I mar'le whether it be a *Toledo*, or no?

BOB. A most perfect *Toledo*, I assure you, sir.

STEP. I haue a countriman of his, here.

MAT. Pray you, let's see, sir: yes faith, it is!

BOB. This a *Toledo*? pish.

STEP. Why doe you pish, Captaine?

BOB. A *Fleming*, by heauen, Ile buy them for a guilder, a piece, an' I would haue a thousand of them.

E. KN. How say you, cousin? I told you thus much?

WEL. Where bought you it, Mr. STEPHEN?

STEP. Of a scuruie rogue souldier (a hundred of lice goe with him) he swore it was a *Toledo*.

BOB. A poore prouant rapier, no better.

MAT. Masse, I thinke it be, indeed! now I looke on't, better.

E. KN. Nay, the longer you looke on't, the worse. Put it vp, put it vp.

STEP. Well, I will put it vp, but by——(I ha' forgot the Captaynes oath, I thought to ha' sworne by it) an' ere I meet him———

WEL. O, it is past helpe now, sir, you must haue patience.

III. i. 136 blade? F_2: blade. F_1 141 owne. F_2 149 heauen. F_2 159 up; F_2

STEP. Horson connie-catching raskall! I could eate the very hilts for anger!

E. KN. A signe of good digestion! you haue an ostrich stomack, cousin.

STEP. A stomack? would I had him here, you should see, an' I had a stomack.

WEL. It's better as 'tis: come, gentlemen, shall we goe?

Act III. *Scene* II.

E. KNO'WELL BRAYNE-WORME, STEPHEN, WELL-BRED, BOBADILL, MATTHEW.

A Miracle, cousin, looke here! looke here!

STEP. Oh, gods lid, by your leaue, doe you know me, sir?

BRAY. I sir, I know you, by sight.

STEP. You sold me a rapier, did you not?

BRAY. Yes, marie, did I sir.

STEP. You said, it was a *Toledo*, ha?

BRAY. True, I did so.

STEP. But, it is none?

BRAY. No sir, I confesse it, it is none.

STEP. Doe you confesse it? gentlemen, beare witnesse, he has confest it. By gods will, and you had not confest it———

E. KN. Oh cousin, forbeare, forbeare.

STEP. Nay, I haue done, cousin.

WEL. Why you haue done like a gentleman, he ha's confest it, what would you more?

STEP. Yet, by his leaue, he is a raskall, vnder his fauour, doe you see?

III. i. 163 cunny-catching F_2 1650 strich-stomack, F_2 III. ii. 6 I, F_2 none. F_2 12 and] an' F_2 15 Why, F_2

E. Kn. I, by his leaue, he is, and vnder fauour: a prettie piece of ciuilitie! Sirra, how doest thou like him?

Wel. Oh, it's a most pretious foole, make much of him: I can compare him to nothing more happily, then a drumme; for euery one may play vpon him.

E. Kn. No, no, a childes whistle were farre the fitter.

Bray. Sir, shall I intreat a word with you?

E. Kn. With me, sir? you haue not another *Toledo* to sell, ha' you?

Bray. You are conceipted, sir, your name is Mr. Kno'well, as I take it?

E. Kn. You are i' the right; you meane not to proceede in the catechisme, doe you?

Bray. No sir, I am none of that coat.

E. Kn. Of as bare a coat, though; well, say sir.

Bray. Faith sir, I am but seruant to the drum extraordinarie, and indeed (this smokie varnish being washt off, and three or foure patches remou'd) I appeare your worships in reuersion, after the decease of your good father, Brayne-worme.

E. Kn. Brayne-worme! S'light, what breath of a coniurer, hath blowne thee hither in this shape?

Bray. The breath o' your letter, sir, this morning: the same that blew you to the wind-mill, and your father after you.

E. Kn. My father?

Bray. Nay, neuer start, 'tis true, he has follow'd you ouer the field's, by the foot, as you would doe a hare i' the snow.

E. Kn. Sirra, Wel-bred, what shall we doe, sirra? my father is come ouer, after me.

Wel. Thy father? where is he?

III. ii. 28 sir; F_2 30 are, F_1 right; F_2: right? F_1 33 though; F_2: though? F_1 40 shape? F_2: Shape. F 42 Wind-mill, F_2 45 fields, F_2

BRAY. At Iustice CLEMENTS house here, in *Colman*-street, where he but staies my returne; and then———

WEL. Who's this? BRAYNE-WORME?

BRAY. The same, sir.

WEL. Why how, i' the name of wit, com'st thou trans-muted, thus?

BRAY. Faith, ▪ deuise, a deuise: nay, for the loue of reason, gentlemen, and auoiding the danger, stand not here, withdraw, and Ile tell you all.

WEL. But, art thou sure, he will stay thy returne?

BRAY. Doe I liue, sir? what a question is that?

WEL. Wee'le prorogue his expectation then, a little: BRAYNE-WORME, thou shalt goe with vs. Come on, gentlemen, nay, I pray thee, sweet NED, droope not: 'heart, and our wits be so wretchedly dull, that ▪ old plodding braine can out-strip vs all, would we were eene prest, to make porters of; and serue out the remnant of our daies, in *Thames*-street, or at *Custome*-house key, in ▪ ciuill warre, against the car-men.

BRAY. AMEN, AMEN, AMEN, say I.

Act III. *Scene* III.

KITELY, CASH.

WHat saies he, THOMAS? Did you speake with him?

CAS. He will expect you, sir, within this halfe houre.

KIT. Has he the money readie, can you tell?

CAS. Yes, sir, the money was brought in, last night.

III. ii. 49 here *om.* F_2 *Coleman*-street, F_2 56 here; F_2 61 gentlemen; F_2 62 not; F_2 and] an' F_2 III. iii.] Scene II.—The Old Jewry. Kitely's Warehouse. *G.* ▪ hee F_2

KIT. O, that's well: fetch me my cloke, my cloke.
Stay, let me see, an houre, to goe and come;
I, that will be the least: and then 'twill be
An houre, before I can dispatch with him;
Or very neere: well, I will say two houres.
Two houres? ha? things, neuer dreamt of yet,
May be contriu'd, I, and effected too,
In two houres absence: well, I will not goe.
Two houres; no, fleering oportunitie,
I will not giue your subtiltie that scope.
Who will not iudge him worthie to be rob'd,
That sets his doores wide open to a thiefe,
And shewes the fellon, where his treasure lies?
Againe, what earthie spirit but will attempt
To taste the fruit of beauties golden tree,
When leaden sleepe seales vp the Dragons eyes?
I will not goe. Businesse, goe by, for once.
No beautie, no; you are of too good caract,
To be left so, without a guard, or open!
Your lustre too'll enflame, at any distance
Draw courtship to you, as a iet doth strawes,
Put motion in a stone, strike fire from ice,
Nay, make a porter leape you, with his burden!
You must be then kept vp, close, and well-watch'd,
For, giue you oportunitie, no quick-sand
Deuoures, or swallowes swifter! He that lends
His wife (if shee be faire) or time, or place;
Compells her to be false. I will not goe.
The dangers are to many. And, then, the dressing
Is a most mayne attractiue! Our great heads,

III. iii. 17 fellon F_2 19 taste the] the taste F_1 24 inflame, F_2 27 you F_2 30 Devoures F_2

Within the citie, neuer were in safetie,
Since our wiues wore these little caps: Ile change 'hem,
Ile change 'hem, streight, in mine. Mine shall no more
Weare three-pild akornes, to make my hornes ake.
Nor, will I goe. I am resolu'd for that.
Carry' in my cloke againe. Yet, stay. Yet, doe too.
I will deferre going, on all occasions.

CASH. Sir. SNARE, your scriuener, will be there with th'bonds.

KITE. That's true! foole on me! I had cleane forgot it,
I must goe. What's a clocke? CASH. *Exchange* time, sir.

KITE. 'Heart, then will WELL-BRED presently be here, too,
With one, or other of his loose consorts.
I am ▪ knaue, if I know what to say,
What course to take, or which way to resolue.
My braine (me thinkes) is like an houre-glasse,
Wherein, my' imaginations runne, like sands,
Filling vp time; but then are turn'd, and turn'd:
So, that I know not what to stay upon,
And lesse, to put in act. It shall be so.
Nay, I dare build vpon his secrecie,
He knowes not to deceiue me. THOMAS? CASH. Sir.

KITE. Yet now, I haue bethought me, too, I will not.
THOMAS, is COB within? CASH. I thinke he be, sir.

KITE. But hee'll prate too, there's no speech of him.
No, there were no man o' the earth to THOMAS,
If I durst trust him; there is all the doubt.
But, should he haue a chinke in him, I were gone,
Lost i' my fame for euer: talke for th'Exchange.

III. iii. 36 'hem F_2 39 Nor F_2 40 Carry in F_2 42 Sir, F_2 (but cf. 126, 129) 44 it; F_2 45 *Exchange*-time, F_2 47 one F_2 50 brain ▪▪ thinks F_2 51 'maginations F_2 53 So F_2

The manner he hath stood with, till this present,
Doth promise no such change! what should I feare then?
Well, come what will, Ile tempt my fortune, once.
THOMAS——you may deceiue me, but, I hope———
Your loue, to me, is more—— CAS. Sir, if a seruants
Duetie, with faith, may be call'd loue, you are
More then in hope, you are possess'd of it.
KIT. I thanke you, heartily, THOMAS; Gi' me your hand:
With all my heart, good THOMAS. I haue, THOMAS,
A secret to impart, vnto you——but
When once you haue it, I must seale your lips vp:
(So farre, I tell you, THOMAS.) CAS. Sir, for that———
KIT. Nay, heare me, out. Thinke, I esteeme you, THOMAS,
When, I will let you in, thus, to my priuate.
It is a thing sits, neerer, to my crest,
Then thou art ware of, THOMAS. If thou should'st
Reueale it, but—— CAS. How? I reueale it? KIT. Nay,
I doe not thinke thou would'st; but if thou should'st:
'Twere a great weakenesse. CAS. A great trecherie.
Giue it no other name. KIT. Thou wilt not do't, then?
CAS. Sir, if I doe, mankind disclaime me, euer.
KIT. He will not sweare, he has some reseruation,
Some conceal'd purpose, and close meaning, sure:
Else (being vrg'd so much) how should he choose,
But lend an oath to all this protestation?
H'is no precisian, that I am certaine of.
Nor rigid *Roman*-catholike. Hee'll play,
At *Fayles*, and *Tick-tack*, I haue heard him sweare.
What should I thinke of it? vrge him againe,
And by some other way? I will doe so.

III. iii. 72 have F_2 75 far F_2 78 thing, sits F_2 79 'ware F_2
85 ha's F_2 91 *Tick-tack*] at *Tick-tack* F_3

Well, THOMAS, thou hast sworne not to disclose;
Yes, you did sweare? CAS. Not yet, sir, but I will,
Please you—— KIT. No, THOMAS, I dare take thy word.
But; if thou wilt sweare, doe, as thou think'st good;
I am resolu'd without it; at thy pleasure.
CAS. By my soules safetie then, sir, I protest.
My tongue shall ne're take knowledge of a word,
Deliuer'd me in nature of your trust.
KIT. It's too much, these ceremonies need not,
I know thy faith to be as firme as rock.
THOMAS, come hither, neere: we cannot be
Too priuate, in this businesse. So it is,
(Now, he ha's sworne, I dare the safelier venter)
I haue of late, by diuers obseruations——
(But, whether his oath can bind him, yea, or no;
Being not taken lawfully? ha? say you?
I will aske counsell, ere I doe proceed:)
THOMAS, it will be now too long to stay,
Ile spie some fitter time soone, or to morrow.
CAS. Sir, at your pleasure? KIT. I will thinke. And, THOMAS,
I pray you search the bookes 'gainst my returne,
For the receipts 'twixt me, and TRAPS. CAS. I will, sir,
KIT. And, heare you, if your mistris brother, WEL-BRED,
Chance to bring hither any gentlemen,
Ere I come backe; let one straight bring me word.
CAS. Very well, sir. KIT. To the Exchange; doe you heare?
Or here in *Colman*-street, to Iustice CLEMENTS.
Forget it not, nor be not out of the way.

III. iii. 106 venter] ventuer F_3 108 no; F_2: no', F_1

CAS. I will not, sir. KIT. I pray you haue a care on't.
Or whether he come, or no, if any other,
Stranger, or else, faile not to send me word.
CAS. I shall not, sir. KIT. Be't your speciall businesse
Now, to remember it. CAS. Sir. I warrant you.
KIT. But, THOMAS, this is not the secret, THOMAS,
I told you of. CAS. No, sir. I doe suppose it.
KIT. Beleeue me, it is not. CAS. Sir. I doe beleeue you.
KIT. By heauen, it is not, that's enough. But, THOMAS,
I would not, you should vtter it, doe you see?
To any creature liuing, yet, I care not.
Well, I must hence. THOMAS, conceiue thus much.
It was a tryall of you, when I meant
So deepe a secret to you, I meane not this,
But that I haue to tell you, this is nothing, this.
But, THOMAS, keepe this from my wife, I charge you,
Lock'd vp in silence, mid-night, buried here.
No greater hell, then to be slaue to feare.
CAS. Lock'd vp in silence, mid-night, buried here.
Whence should this floud of passion (trow) take head? ha?
Best, dreame no longer of this running humour,
For feare I sinke! the violence of the streame
Alreadie hath transported me so farre,
That I can feele no ground at all! but soft,
Oh, 'tis our water-bearer: somewhat ha's crost him, now.

III. iii. 126, 129 Sir, F_2 130 But F_2 132 living; F_2 136 you; F_2

Act III. *Scene* IIII.

Cob, Cash.

FAsting dayes? what tell you me of fasting dayes? S'lid, would they were all on a light fire for me: They say, the whole world shall bee consum'd with fire one day, but would I had these ember-weekes, and villanous fridayes burnt, in the meane time, and then——

Cas. Why, how now Cob, what moues thee to this choller? ha?

Cob. Collar, master Thomas? I scorne your collar, I sir, I [redacted] none o' your cart-horse, though I carry, and draw water. An' you offer to ride me, with your collar, or halter either, I may hap shew you a jades trick, sir.

Cas. O, you'll slip your head out of the collar? why, good-man Cob, you mistake me.

Cob. Nay, I haue my rewme, & I can be angrie as well as another, sir.

Cas. Thy rewme, Cob? thy humour, thy humour? thou mistak'st.

Cob. Humour? mack, I thinke it be so, indeed: what is that humour? some rare thing, I warrant.

Cas. Mary, Ile tell thee, Cob: It is a gentleman-like monster, bred, in the speciall gallantrie of our time, by affectation; and fed by folly.

Cob. How? must it be fed?

Cas. Oh I, humour is nothing, if it bee not fed. Didst thou neuer heare that? it's a common phrase, *Feed my humour.*

III.] III F_1 iv. 6 Cob? F_2 18 so F_2

COB. Ile none on it: Humour, auant, I know you not, be gone. Let who will make hungrie meales for your monster-ship, it shall not bee I. Feed you, quoth he? S'lid, I ha' much adoe, to feed my selfe; especially, on these leane rascally dayes, too; and't had beene any other day, but a fasting-day (a plague on them all for mee) by this light, one might haue done the common-wealth good seruice, and haue drown'd them all i' the floud, two or three hundred thousand yeeres agoe. O, I doe stomack them hugely! I haue a maw now, and't were for Sr BEVIS his horse, against 'hem.

CAS. I pray thee, good COB, what makes thee so out of loue with fasting-dayes?

COB. Mary that, which will make any man out of loue with 'hem, I thinke: their bad conditions, and you will needs know. First, they are of a *Flemmish* breed, I am sure on't, for they rauen vp more butter, then all the dayes of the weeke, beside; next, they stinke of fish, and leeke-porridge miserably: thirdly, they'le keepe a man deuoutly hungrie, all day, and at night send him supperlesse to bed.

CAS. Indeed, these are faults, COB.

COB. Nay, and this were all, 'twere something, but they are the only knowne enemies, to my generation. A fasting-day, no sooner comes, but my lineage goes to racke, poore cobs they smoke for it, they are made martyrs o' the gridiron, they melt in passion: and your maides too know this, and yet would haue me turne HANNIBAL, and eate my owne fish, and bloud: My princely couz, fear nothing; I haue not the hart to deuoure you, & I might be made as rich as King COPHETVA. O, that I had roome for my teares, I could weepe salt-water enough, now, to preserue the liues of ten thousand of my kin. But, I may curse none but these

He pulls out a red herring.

III. iv. 39 and] an' F_2 41 beside: F_2 47 enemies F_2 48 linage F_2 (cf. I. iv. 8) cobs, F_2 51 fish] Flesh F_3 52 &] an' F_2

filthie *Almanacks*, for an't were not for them, these dayes of persecution would ne're be knowne. Ile bee hang'd, an' some Fish-mongers sonne doe not make of 'hem; and puts in more fasting-dayes then he should doe, because hee would vtter his fathers dryed stock-fish, and stinking conger.

CAS. S'light, peace, thou'lt bee beaten like a stock-fish, else: here is Mr. MATTHEW. Now must I looke out for a messenger to my master.

Act III. *Scene* V.

WELL-BRED, ED. KNO'WELL, BRAYNE-WORME, BOBADILL, MATTHEW, STEPHEN, THOMAS, COB.

BEshrew me, but it was an absolute good iest, and exceedingly well carried!

E. KNO. I, and our ignorance maintain'd it as well, did it not?

WEL. Yes faith, but was't possible thou should'st not know him? I forgiue Mr. STEPHEN, for he is stupiditie it selfe!

E. KN. 'Fore god, not I, and I might haue been ioyn'd patten with one of the seuen wise masters, for knowing him. He had so writhen himselfe, into the habit of one of your poore *Infanterie*, your decay'd, ruinous, worme-eaten gentlemen of the round: such as haue vowed to sit on the skirts of the citie, let your Prouost, and his halfe-dozen of halberdeirs doe what they can; and haue translated begging out of the old hackney pace, to a fine easie amble, and made it runne as smooth, of the tongue, as a shoue-

III, iv. 58 'hem F_2: hem F_1 62 here is] here's F_2 III. v. BOBADILL, F_2 5 faith; F_2 7 God, F_2 and] an' F_2 11 let *misprinted* like F_3 12 Halberdiers F_2 14 smooth F_2 of] on F_3

groat shilling. Into the likenesse of one of these *Reformado's* had he moulded himselfe so perfectly, obseruing euery tricke of their action, as varying the accent, swearing with an *emphasis*, indeed all, with so speciall, and exquisite a grace, that (hadst thou seene him) thou would'st haue sworne, he might haue beene Serieant-*Maior*, if not Lieutenant-*Coronell* to the regiment.

WEL. Why, BRAYNE-WORME, who would haue thought thou hadst beene such an artificer?

E. KN. An artificer! An architect! except a man had studied begging all his life-time, and beene a weauer of language, from his infancie, for the clothing of it! I neuer saw his riuall.

WEL. Where got'st thou this coat, I mar'le?

BRAY. Of a *Hounds-ditch* man, sir. One of the deuil's neere kinsmen, a broker.

WEL. That cannot be, if the prouerbe hold; for, a craftie knaue needs no broker.

BRAY. True sir, but I did need a broker, *Ergo*.

WEL. (Well put off) no craftie knaue, you'll say.

E. KN. Tut, he ha's more of these shifts.

BRAY. And yet where I haue one, the broker ha's ten, sir.

THO. FRANCIS, MARTIN, ne're a one to be found, now? what a spite's this?

WEL. How now, THOMAS? is my brother KITELY, within?

THO. No sir, my master went forth eene now: but master DOWNE-RIGHT is within. COB, what COB? is he gone too?

WEL. Whither went your master? THOMAS, canst thou tell?

THO. I know not, to Iustice CLEMENTS, I thinke, sir. COB.

III. v. 17 as, F_2 19 wouldst] woulst F_2 20 Lieutenant-*Collonell* F_2 26 mar'le F_2: marl'e F_1 28 kinsmen] kinsman F_2 34 has F_2 sir. F_2: sir, F_1 42 not; F_2

E. Kn. Iustice Clement, what's he?

Wel. Why, doest thou not know him? he is a citie-magistrate, a Iustice here, an excellent good Lawyer, and a great scholler: but the onely mad, merrie, old fellow in *Europe!* I shew'd him you, the other day.

E. Kn. Oh, is that he? I remember him now. Good faith, and he ha's ▪ very strange presence, mee thinkes; it shewes as if hee stood out of the ranke, from other men: I haue heard many of his iests i'⟨the⟩ *vniuersitie.* They say, he will commit a man, for taking the wall, of his horse.

Wel. I, or wearing his cloke of one shoulder, or seruing of god: anything indeed, if it come in the way of his humour.

Cas. Gasper, Martin, Cob: 'heart, where should they be, trow? *Cash goes in and out calling.*

Bob. Master Kitely's man, 'pray thee vouchsafe vs the lighting of this match.

Cas. Fire on your match, no time but now to vouchsafe? Francis. Cob.

Bob. Bodie of me! here's the remainder of seuen pound, since yesterday was seuen-night. 'Tis your right *Trinidado!* did you neuer take any, master Stephen?

Step. No truely, sir; but I'le learne to take it now, since you commend it, so.

Bob. Sir, beleeue mee (vpon my relation) for what I tell you, the world shal not reproue. I have been in the *Indies* (where this herb growes) where neither my selfe, nor a dozen gentlemen more (of my knowledge) haue receiued the tast of any other nutriment, in the world, for the space of one and twentie weekes, but the fume of this simple onely. Therefore, it cannot be, but

III. v. 50 has F_2 52 the F_2 54 of one] on one F_3 55 God: F_2 56 s. d. *out,* F_2 58 pray F_2 61 Francis, F_2 65 sir; F_2: sir? F_1

'tis most diuine! Further, take it in the nature, in the true kind so, it makes ▪▪ *antidote*, that (had you taken the most deadly poysonous plant in all *Italy*) it should expell it, and clarifie you, with as much ease, ▪▪ I speake. And, for your greene wound, your *Balsamum*, and your S^t^. IOHN'S *woort* are all mere gulleries, and trash to it, especially your *Trinidado*: your *Nicotian* is good too. I could say what I know of the vertue of it, for the expulsion of rhewmes, raw humours, crudities, obstructions, with ▪ thousand of this kind; but I professe my selfe no *quack-saluer*. Only, thus much, by HERCVLES, I doe hold it, and will affirme it (before any Prince in *Europe*) to be the most soueraigne, and precious weede, that euer the earth tendred to the vse of man.

E. KN. This speech would ha' done decently in a *tabacco*-traders mouth!

CAS. At Iustice CLEMENTS, hee is: in the middle of *Colman*-street.

COB. O, oh?

BOB. Where's the match I gaue thee? Master KITELIES man?

CAS. Would his match, and he, and pipe, and all were at SANCTO DOMINGO! I had forgot it.

COB. By gods mee, I marle, what pleasure, or felicitie they haue in taking this roguish *tabacco*! it's good for nothing, but to choke a man, and fill him full of smoke, and embers: there were foure dyed out of one house, last weeke, with taking of it, and two more the bell went for, yester-night; one of them (they say) will ne're scape it: he voided a bushell of soot yester-day, vpward, and downeward. By the stocks, an' there were no wiser men then I, I'ld haue it present whipping, man, or woman, that should

III. v. 74 that had F_2 75 *Italy*, Ff 77 *Balsamum* F_2
S^t^. JOHN'S-*woort* F_2 78 especially, F_2 88 *Coleman*-street. F_2
94 mar'le F_1 96 smoke F_2

but deale with a *tabacco*-pipe; why, it will stifle them all in the end, as many as vse it; it's little better then rats-bane, or rosaker.

ALL. Oh, good Captayne, hold, hold.

BOB. You base cullion, you. *Bobadil beates him with a cudgell.*

CAS. Sir, here's your match: come, thou must needs be talking, too, tho'art well inough seru'd.

COB. Nay, he will not meddle with his match, I warrant you: well it shall be a deare beating, and I liue.

BOB. Doe you prate? Doe you murmure?

E. KN. Nay, good Captayne, will you regard the humour of a foole? away, knaue.

WEL. THOMAS, get him away.

BOB. A horson filthie slaue, a dung-worme, an excrement! Body o' CAESAR, but that I scorne to let forth so meane a spirit, I'ld ha' stab'd him, to the earth.

WEL. Mary, the law forbid, sir.

BOB. By PHAROAHS foot, I would haue done it.

STEP. Oh, he sweares admirably! (by PHAROAHS foot) (body of CAESAR) I shall neuer doe it, sure (vpon mine honor, and by Saint GEORGE) no, I ha' not the right grace.

MAT. Master STEPHEN, will you any? By this aire, the most diuine *tabacco*, that euer I drunke!

STEP. None, I thanke you, sir. O, this gentleman do's it, rarely too! but nothing like the other. By this aire, as I am a gentleman: by——

BRAY. Master, glance, glance! Master WELL-BRED! *Master Stephen is practising, to the post.*

STEP. As I haue somewhat to be saued, I protest——

WEL. You are a foole: It needes no *affidauit*.

E. KN. Cousin, will you any *tabacco*?

III. v. 103 rats-bane F_2: rats bane F_1 110 well, F_2 and] an' F_2
117 him F_2 120 admirably] most admirably F_2

STEP. I sir! vpon my reputation——

E. KN. How now, cousin!

STEP. I protest, as I am a gentleman, but no souldier, indeed——

WEL. No, Master STEPHEN? as I remember your name is entred in the artillerie garden?

STEP. I sir, that's true: Cousin, may I swear, as I am a souldier, by that?

E. KN. Oh yes, that you may. It's all you haue for your money.

STEP. Then, as I am a gentleman, and a souldier, it is diuine *tabacco!*

WEL. But soft, where's Mr. MATTHEW? gone?

BRAY. No, sir, they went in here.

WEL. O, let's follow them: master MATTHEW is gone to salute his mistris, in verse. Wee shall ha' the happinesse, to heare some of his poetrie, now. Hee neuer comes vnfurnish'd. BRAYNE-WORME?

STEP. BRAYNE-WORME? Where? Is this BRAYNE-WORME?

E. KN. I, cousin, no wordes of it, vpon your gentilitie.

STEP. Not I, body of me, by this aire, S. GEORGE, and the foot of PHAROAH.

WEL. Rare! your cousins discourse is simply drawn out with oathes.

E. KN. 'Tis larded with 'hem. A kind of french dressing, if you loue it.

III. v. 136 remember, F_2 157 French F_2

Act III. *Scene* VI.

KITELY, COB.

HA? how many are there, sayest thou?

COB. Mary sir, your brother, master WELL-BRED——

KIT. Tut, beside him: what strangers are there, man?

COB. Strangers? let me see, one, two; masse I know not well, there are so many.

KIT. How? so many?

COB. I, there's some fiue, or sixe of them, at the most.

KIT. A swarme, a swarme,
Spight of the deuill, how they sting my head
With forked stings, thus wide, and large! But, COB,
How long hast thou beene comming hither, COB?

COB. A little while, sir.

KIT. Did'st thou come running?

COB. No, sir.

KIT. Nay, then I am familiar with thy haste!
Bane to my fortunes: what meant I to marry?
I, that before was rankt in such content,
My mind at rest too, in so soft a peace,
Being free master of mine owne free thoughts,
And now become a slaue? What? neuer sigh,
Be of good cheere, man: for thou art a cuckold,
'Tis done, 'tis done! nay, when such flowing store,
Plentie it selfe, falls in my wiues lap,
The *Cornu-copiæ* will be mine, I know. But, COB,
What entertaynement had they? I am sure

III. vi.] Scene III.—Colman Street. A Room in Justice Clement's House. *G*

My sister, and my wife, would bid them welcome! ha?

Cob. Like inough, sir, yet, I heard not a word of it.

Kit. No: their lips were seal'd with kisses, and the voyce
Drown'd in a floud of ioy, at their arriuall,
Had lost her motion, state, and facultie.
Cob, which of them was't, that first kist my wife?
(My sister, I should say) my wife, alas,
I feare not her: ha? who was it, say'st thou?

Cob. By my troth, sir, will you haue the truth of it?

Kit. Oh I, good Cob: I pray thee, heartily.

Cob. Then, I am a vagabond, and fitter for *Bride-well*, then your worships companie, if I saw any bodie to be kist, vnlesse they would haue kist the post, in the middle of the ware-house; for there I left them all, at their *tabacco*, with a poxe.

Kit. How? were they not gone in, then, e're thou cam'st?

Cob. Oh no sir.

Kit. Spite of the deuill! what doe I stay here, then? Cob, follow me.

Cob. Nay, soft and faire, I haue egges on the spit; I cannot goe yet, sir. Now [illegible] I for some fiue and fiftie reasons hammering, hammering reuenge: oh, for three or foure gallons of vineger, to sharpen my wits. Reuenge, vineger reuenge: vineger, and mustard reuenge: nay, and hee had not lyen in my house, 't would neuer haue grieu'd me, but being my guest, one, that Ile be sworne, my wife ha's lent him her smock off her back, while his one shirt ha's beene at washing; pawn'd her neckerchers for cleane bands for him; sold almost all my platters, to buy him *tabacco*; and he to turne monster of ingratitude, and strike his lawfull host! well, I hope to raise vp an host of furie for't: here comes Iustice Clement.

III. vi. 35 truth] troth F_2 36 thee F_2 42 O, F_2 48 and] an' F_2 51, 52 has F_2 52 one] own W (*from* Q)

Act III. *Scene* VII.

CLEMENT, KNO'WELL, FORMALL, COB.

WHat's master KITELY gone? ROGER?

FOR. I, sir.

CLEM. 'Hart of me! what made him leaue vs so abruptly! How now, sirra? what make you here? what would you haue, ha?

COB. And't please your worship, I am a poore neighbour of your worships———

CLEM. A poore neighbour of mine? why, speake poore neighbour.

COB. I dwell, sir, at the signe of the water-tankerd, hard by the greene lattice: I haue paid scot, and lot there, any time this eighteene yeeres.

CLEM. To the greene lattice?

COB. No, sir, to the parish: mary, I haue seldome scap't scot-free, at the lattice.

CLEM. O, well! what businesse ha's my poore neighbour with me?

COB. And't like your worship, I [illegible] come, to craue the peace of your worship.

CLEM. Of mee knaue? peace of mee, knaue? did I e're [illegible] hurt thee? or threaten thee? or wrong thee? ha?

COB. No, sir, but your worships warrant, for one that ha's wrong'd me, sir: his armes are at too much libertie, I would

III. vii. 6, 18 And't] An't F_2 14 scap'd F_2 16, 22 has F_2 20 Of mee, F_2 e're] ever F_2

faine haue them bound to a treatie of peace, an' my credit could compasse it, with your worship.

CLEM. Thou goest farre inough about for't, I'am sure.

KNO. Why, doest thou goe in danger of thy life for him? friend?

COB. No sir; but I goe in danger of my death, euery houre, by his meanes: an' I die, within a twelue-moneth and a day, I may sweare, by the law of the land, that he kill'd me.

CLEM. How? how knaue? sweare he kill'd thee? and by the law? what pretence? what colour hast thou for that?

COB. Mary, and't please your worship, both black, and blew colour inough, I warrant you. I haue it here, to shew your worship.

CLEM. What is he, that gaue you this, sirra?

COB. A gentleman, and a souldier, he saies he is, o' the citie here.

CLEM. A souldier o' the citie? What call you him?

COB. Captayne BOBADIL.

CLEM. BOBADIL? And why did he bob, and beate you, sirrah? How began the quarrell betwixt you: ha? speake truely knaue, I aduise you.

COB. Mary, indeed, and please your worship, onely because I spake against their vagrant *tabacco*, as I came by 'hem, when they were taking on't, for nothing else.

CLEM. Ha? you speake against *tabacco*? FORMALL, his name.

FORM. What's your name, sirra?

COB. OLIVER, sir, OLIVER COB, sir.

CLEM. Tell OLIVER COB, he shall goe to the iayle, FORMALL.

III. vii. 26 I am F_2 29 No, F_2 31 swear F_2 34 and't] an't F_2 43 you: ha? F_2: you? ha: F_1 45 and] an't F_2 47 on't; F_2

FORM. OLIVER COB, my master, Iustice CLEMENT, saies, you shall goe to the iayle.

COB. O, I beseech your worship, for gods sake, deare master Iustice.

CLEM. Nay, gods pretious: and such drunkards, and tankards, as you are, come to dispute of *tabacco* once; I haue done! away with him.

COB. O, good master Iustice, sweet old gentleman.

KNO. Sweet OLIVER, would I could doe thee any good: Iustice CLEMENT, let me intreat you, sir.

CLEM. What? a thred-bare rascall! a begger! a slaue that neuer drunke out of better then pisse-pot mettle in his life! and he to depraue, and abuse the vertue of an herbe, so generally receiu'd in the courts of princes, the chambers of nobles, the bowers of sweet ladies, the cabbins of souldiers! ROGER, away with him, by gods pretious——I say, goe too.

COB. Deare master Iustice; Let mee bee beaten againe, I haue deseru'd it: but not the prison, I beseech you.

KNO. Alas, poore OLIVER!

CLEM. ROGER, make him a warrant (hee shall not goe) I but feare the knaue.

FORM. Doe not stinke, sweet OLIVER, you shall not goe, my master will giue you a warrant.

COB. O, the Lord maintayne his worship, his worthy worship.

CLEM. Away, dispatch him. How now, master KNO'WEL! In dumps? In dumps? Come, this becomes not.

KNO. Sir, would I could not feele my cares———

CLEM. Your cares are nothing! they are like my cap, soone put on, and as soone put off. What? your sonne is old inough, to gouerne himselfe: let him runne his course, it's the onely way

III. vii. 56 Gods F_2 58 and] an' F_2 62 good. F_2 75 stink F_2

to make him ▪ stay'd man. If he were an vnthrift, a ruffian, a drunkard, or a licentious liuer, then you had reason; you had reason to take care: but, being none of these, mirth's my witnesse, an' I had twise so many cares, as you haue, I'ld drowne them all in ▪ cup of sacke. Come, come, let's trie it: I muse, your parcell of ▪ souldier returnes not all this while.

Act IIII. *Scene* I.

Downe-right, Dame Kitely.

WEll sister, I tell you true: and you'll finde it so, in the end.

Dame. Alas brother, what would you haue mee to doe? I cannot helpe it: you see, my brother brings 'hem in, here, they are his friends.

Dow. His friends? his fiends. S'lud, they doe nothing but hant him, vp and downe, like a sort of vnluckie sprites, and tempt him to all manner of villanie, that can be thought of. Well, by this light, a little thing would make me play the deuill with some of 'hem; and 't were not more for your husbands sake, then any thing else, I'ld make the house too hot for the best on 'hem: they should say, and sweare, hell were broken loose, e're they went hence. But, by gods will, 'tis no bodies fault, but yours: for, an' you had done, ▪▪ you might haue done, they should haue beene perboyl'd, and bak'd too, euery mothers sonne, e're they should ha' come in, e're a one of 'hem.

Dame. God's my life! did you euer heare the like? what ▪

IV. i.] Scene I.—A Room in Kiteley's House. *G* 1 so F_2 5 here; F_2 7 haunt F_2 11 'hem F_2: hem F_1 15 perboyl'd] parboil'd F_3 16 in F_2

strange man is this! Could I keepe out all them, thinke you? I should put my selfe, against halfe a dozen men? should I? Good faith, you'ld mad the patient'st body in the world, to heare you talke so, without any sense, or reason!

Act IIII. *Scene* II.

Mrs. Bridget, Mr. Matthew, Dame Kitely, Downe-right, Wel-bred, Stephen, Ed. Kno'well, Bobadil, Brayne-worme, Cash.

SEruant (in troth) you are too prodigall
Of your wits treasure, thus to powre it forth,
Vpon so meane a subiect, as my worth?

Mat. You say well, mistris; and I meane, as well.

Down. Hoy-day, here is stuffe!

Well. O, now stand close: pray heauen, shee can get him to reade: He should doe it, of his owne naturall impudencie.

Brid. Seruant, what is this same, I pray you?

Matt. Mary, an *Elegie*, an *Elegie*, an odde toy——

Down. To mock an ape withall. O, I could sow vp his mouth, now.

Dame. Sister, I pray you let's heare it.

Down. Are you rime-giuen, too?

Matt. Mistris, Ile reade it, if you please.

Brid. Pray you doe, seruant.

Down. O, here's no fopperie! Death, I can endure the stocks, better.

E. Kn. What ayles thy brother? can he not hold his water, at reading of a ballad?

IV. ii. 10 sow] sew F_3

WELL. O, no: ▪ rime to him, is worse then cheese, or ▪ bag-pipe. But, marke, you loose the protestation.

MATT. Faith, I did it in an humour; I know not how it is: but, please you come neere, sir. This gentleman ha's iudgement, hee knowes how to censure of a——pray you sir, you can iudge.

STEP. Not I, sir: vpon my reputation, and, by the foot of PHAROAH.

WELL. O, chide your cossen, for swearing.

E. KN. Not I, so long as he do's not forsweare himselfe.

BOB. Master MATTHEW, you abuse the expectation of your deare mistris, and her faire sister: Fie, while you liue, auoid this prolixitie.

MATT. I shall, sir: well, *Incipere dulce.*

E. KN. How! *Insipere dulce?* a sweet thing to be a foole, indeed.

WELL. What, doe you take *Incipere*, in that sense?

E. KN. You doe not? you? This was your villanie, to gull him with a *motte.*

WELL. O, the Benchers phrase: *pauca verba, pauca verba.*

MATT. *Rare creature, let me speake without offence,*
Would god my rude wordes had the influence,
To rule thy thoughts, as thy faire lookes doe mine,
Then should'st thou be his prisoner, who is thine.

E. KN. This is in HERO and LEANDER?

WELL. O, I! peace, we shall haue more of this.

MATT. *Be not vnkinde, and faire, mishapen stuffe*
Is of behauiour boysterous, and rough:

Master Stephen answeres with shaking his head.

WELL. How like you that, sir?

E. KN. S'light, he shakes his head like a bottle, to feele and there be any braine in it!

IV. ii. 21 lose F_2 22 an] a F_2 35 *Incipere* G: *Insipere* Ff 44 I F_2 45 *faire*; F_2 46 *rough.* F_2

MATT. But obserue the *catastrophe*, now,
And I in dutie will exceede all other,
As you in beautie doe excell loues mother.

E. KN. Well, Ile haue him free of the wit-brokers, for hee vtters nothing, but stolne remnants.

WEL. O, forgiue it him.

E. KN. A filtching rogue? hang him. And, from the dead? it's worse then sacrilege.

WEL. Sister, what ha' you here? verses? pray you, lets see. Who made these verses? they are excellent good!

MAT. O, master WEL-BRED, 'tis your disposition to say so, sir. They were good i' the morning, I made 'hem, *extempore*, this morning.

WEL. How? *extempore?*

MAT. I, would I might bee hang'd else; aske Captayne BOBADILL. He saw me write them, at the——(poxe on it) the starre, yonder.

BRAY. Can he find, in his heart, to curse the starres, so?

E. KN. Faith, his are euen with him: they ha' curst him ynough alreadie.

STEP. Cosen, how doe you like this gentlemans verses?

E. KN. O, admirable! the best that euer I heard, cousse!

STEP. Body o' CAESAR! they are admirable!
The best, that euer I heard, as I am a souldier.

DOW. I am vext, I can hold ne're a bone of mee still! Heart, I thinke, they meane to build, and breed here!

WEL. Sister, you haue a simple seruant, here, that crownes your beautie, with such *encomions*, and deuises: you may see, what it is to be the mistris of ▪ wit! that can make your perfections so transparent, that euery bleare eye may looke through them, and see

IV. ii. 61, 63 *ex tempore* F_2 66 Starre, F_2 67 curse] course F_2 76 servant F_2

him drown'd ouer head, and eares, in the deepe well of desire. Sister KITELY, I maruaile, you get you not a seruant, that can rime, and doe tricks, too.

DOWN. Oh monster! impudence it selfe! tricks?

DAME. Tricks, brother? what tricks?

BRID. Nay, speake, I pray you, what tricks?

DAME. I, neuer spare any body here: but say, what tricks?

BRID. Passion of my heart! doe tricks?

WEL. S'light, here's a trick vyed, and reuyed! why, you munkies, you? what a catter-waling doe you keepe? ha's hee not giuen you rimes, and verses, and tricks?

DOW. O, the fiend!

WEL. Nay, you, lampe of virginitie, that take it in snuffe so! come, and cherish this tame *poeticall furie*, in your seruant, you'll be begg'd else, shortly, for a concealement: goe to, reward his muse. You cannot giue him lesse then a shilling, in conscience, for the booke, he had it out of, cost him a teston, at least. How now, gallants? Mr. MATTHEW? Captayne? What? all sonnes of silence? no spirit?

DOW. Come, you might practise your ruffian-tricks somewhere else, and not here, I wusse; this is no tauerne, nor drinking-schole, to vent your exploits in.

WEL. How now! whose cow ha's calu'd?

DOW. Mary, that ha's mine, sir. Nay, Boy, neuer looke askance at me, for the matter; Ile tell you of it, I, sir, you, and your companions, mend your selues, when I ha' done?

WEL. My companions?

DOW. Yes sir, your companions, so I say, I am not afraid of you, nor them neither: your hang-byes here. You must haue your Poets, and your potlings, your *soldado's*, and *foolado's*, to follow you vp and downe the citie, and here they must come to

IV. ii. 107 your] you F_1 *originally* 109 *foolado's* F_2

domineere, and swagger. Sirrha, you, ballad-singer, and slops, your fellow there, get you out; get you home: or (by this steele) Ile cut off your eares, and that, presently.

WEL. S'light, stay, let's see what he dare doe: cut off his eares? cut a whetstone. You are an asse, doe you see? touch any man here, and by this hand, Ile runne my rapier to the hilts in you.

They all draw, and they of the house make out to part them.

DOW. Yea, that would I faine see, boy.

DAME. O Iesu! murder. THOMAS, GASPAR!

BRID. Helpe, helpe, THOMAS.

E. KN. Gentlemen, forbeare, I pray you.

BOB. Well, sirrah, you, HOLOFERNES: by my hand, I will 'pinck your flesh, full of holes, with my rapier for this; I will, by this good heauen: Nay, let him come, let him come, gentlemen, by the body of Saint GEORGE, Ile not kill him.

They offer to fight againe, and are parted.

CASH. Hold, hold, good gentlemen.

DOW. You whorson, bragging coystrill!

Act IIII. *Scene* III.

KITELY. *To them.*

WHy, how now? what's the matter? what's the stirre here?
Whence springs the quarrell? THOMAS! where is he?
Put vp your weapons, and put off this rage.
My wife and sister, they are cause of this,
What, THOMAS? where is this knaue?

CASH. Here, sir.

IV. ii. 113 that F_2 118 Yea F_2

WEL. Come, let's goe: this is one of my brothers ancient humours, this

STEP. I am glad, no body was hurt by his ancient humour.

KITE. Why, how now, brother, who enforst this brawle?

DOW. A sort of lewd rake-hells, that care neither for god, nor the deuill! And, they must come here to reade ballads, and rogery, and trash! Ile marre the knot of 'hem ere I sleepe, perhaps: especially BOB, there: he that's all manner of shapes! and *Songs, and sonnets*, his fellow.

BRID. Brother, indeed, you are too violent,
To sudden, in your humour: and, you know
My brother WEL-BREDS temper will not beare
Anie reproofe, chiefly in such a presence,
Where euery slight disgrace, he should receiue,
Might wound him in opinion, and respect.

DOWN. Respect? what talke you of respect 'mong such,
As ha' nor sparke of manhood, nor good manners?
'Sdeynes I am asham'd, to heare you! respect?

BRID. Yes, there was one a ciuill gentleman,
And very worthily demean'd himselfe!

KITE. O, that was some loue of yours, sister!

BRID. A loue of mine? I would it were no worse, brother!
You'lld pay my portion sooner, then you thinke for.

DAME. Indeed, he seem'd to be a gentleman of an exceeding faire disposition, and of verie excellent good parts!

KITE. Her loue, by heauen! my wifes minion!
Faire disposition? excellent good parts?
Death, these phrases are intollerable!
Good parts? how should shee know his parts?
His parts? Well, well, well, well, well, well!

IV. iii. 11 God, F_2 13 trash *some copies of* F_2 19 repoofe F_2 32 wifes] Wives F_3

It is too plaine, too cleere: THOMAS, come hither.
What, are they gone? CASH. I, sir, they went in.
My mistris, and your sister——
KITE. Are any of the gallants within!
CASH. No, sir, they are all gone.
KITE. Art thou sure of it?
CASH. I can assure you, sir.
KITE. What gentleman was that they prais'd so, THOMAS?
CASH. One, they call him master KNO'WELL, a handsome yong gentleman, sir.
KITE. I, I thought so: my mind gaue me as much.
Ile die, but they haue hid him i' the house,
Somewhere; Ile goe and search: goe with me, THOMAS.
Be true to me, and thou shalt find me a master.

Act IIII. *Scene* IIII.

COB, TIB.

WHat TIB, TIB, I say.
TIB. How now, what cuckold is that knocks so hard? O, husband, ist you? what's the newes?
COB. Nay, you haue stonn'd me, Ifaith! you ha' giu'n me a knock o' the forehead, will stick by me! cuckold? 'Slid, cuckold?
TIB. Away, you foole, did I know it was you, that knockt? Come, come, you may call me as bad, when you list.
COB. May I? TIB, you are a whore.
TIB. You lye in your throte, husband.
COB. How, the lye? and in my throte too? doe you long to bee stab'd, ha?

IV. iv.] Scene II.—The Lane before Cob's House. *G* 4 Nay F_2
5 forehead F_2 8 Come *a new line in Ff*

TIB. Why, you are no souldier, I hope?

COB. O, must you be stab'd by a souldier? Masse, that's true! when was BOBADILL here? your Captayne? that rogue, that foist, that fencing *Burgullian*? Ile tickle him, ifaith.

TIB. Why, what's the matter? trow!

COB. O, he has basted me, rarely, sumptiously! but I haue it here in black and white; for his black, and blew: shall pay him. O, the Iustice! the honestest old braue *Troian* in *London*! I doe honour the very flea of his dog. A plague on him though, he put me once in a villanous filthy feare; mary, it vanisht away, like the smoke of *tabacco*; but I was smok't soundly first. I thanke the deuill, and his good angell, my guest. Well, wife, or TIB (which you will) get you in, and lock the doore, I charge you, let no body in to you; wife, no body in, to you: those are my wordes. Not Captayne BOB himselfe, nor the fiend, in his likenesse; you are a woman; you haue flesh and bloud enough in you, to be tempted: therefore, keepe the doore, shut, vpon all commers.

TIB. I warrant you, there shall no body enter here, without my consent.

COB. Nor, with your consent, sweet TIB, and so I leaue you.

TIB. It's more, then you know, whether you leaue me so.

COB. How?

TIB. Why, sweet.

COB. Tut, sweet, or sowre, thou art a flowre,
Keepe close thy dore, I aske no more.

IV. iv. 18 sumptuously! F_2 honestest] honest F_3

Act IIII. *Scene* V.

Ed. Kno'well, Well-bred, Stephen, Brayne-worme.

WEll Brayne-worme, performe this businesse, happily, and thou makest a purchase of my loue, for-euer.

Wel. Ifaith, now let thy spirits vse their best faculties. But, at any hand, remember the message, to my brother: for, there's no other meanes, to start him.

Bray. I warrant you, sir, feare nothing: I haue a nimble soule ha's wakt all forces of my phant'sie, by this time, and put 'hem in true motion. What you haue possest mee withall, Ile discharge it amply, sir. Make it no question.

Wel. Forth, and prosper, Brayne-worme. Faith, Ned, how dost thou approue of my abilities in this deuise?

E. Kn. Troth, well, howsoeuer: but, it will come excellent, if it take.

Wel. Take, man? why, it cannot choose but take, if the circumstances miscarrie not: but, tell me, ingenuously, dost thou affect my sister Bridget, as thou pretend'st?

E. Kn. Friend, am I worth beliefe?

Wel. Come, doe not protest. In faith, shee is a maid of good ornament, and much modestie: and, except I conceiu'd very worthily of her, thou shouldest not haue her.

E. Kn. Nay, that I am afraid will bee a question yet, whether I shall haue her, or no?

Wel. Slid, thou shalt haue her; by this light, thou shalt.

IV. v.] Scene III.—A Room in the Windmill Tavern. *G.* BRAYNE-WORME, F_2 ‖ and] And *Ff, beginning a new line.* 3 for ever. F_2: for-euer, F_1 4 But F_2: but F_1 22 that, F_2 afraid, F_2

E. Kn. Nay, doe not sweare.

Wel. By this hand, thou shalt haue her: Ile goe fetch her, presently. Point, but where to meet, and as I am an honest man, I'll bring her.

E. Kn. Hold, hold, be temperate.

Wel. Why, by——what shall I sweare by? thou shalt haue her, as I am——

E. Kn. 'Pray thee, be at peace, I am satisfied: and doe beleeue, thou wilt omit no offered occasion, to make my desires compleat.

Wel. Thou shalt see, and know, I will not.

Act IIII. *Scene* VI.

Formall, Kno'well, Brayne-worme.

WAs your man a souldier, sir?

Kno. I, a knaue, I tooke him begging o' the way,
This morning, as I came ouer *More*-fields!
O, here he is! yo' haue made faire speed, beleeue me:
Where, i' the name of sloth, could you be thus——

Bray. Mary, peace be my comfort, where I thought I should haue had little comfort of your worships seruice.

Kno. How so?

Bray. O, sir! your comming to the citie, your entertainment of me, and your sending me to watch——indeed, all the circumstances either of your charge, or my imployment, are as open to your sonne, as to your selfe!

Kno. How should that be! vnlesse that villaine, Brayne-worme,

IV. vi.] Scene IV.—The Old Jewry. *G*: Scene VI.—A Street. *H. B. Wheatley* 3 *Moore*-fields! F_2 5 thus?——F_2 11 imployment F_2

Haue told him of the letter, and discouer'd
All that I strictly charg'd him to conceale? 'tis so!

BRAY. I am, partly, o' the faith, 'tis so indeed.

KNO. But, how should he know thee to be my man?

BRAY. Nay, sir, I cannot tell; vnlesse it bee by the black art! Is not your sonne a scholler, sir?

KNO. Yes, but I hope his soule is not allied
Vnto such hellish practise: if it were,
I had iust cause to weepe my part in him,
And curse the time of his creation.
But, where didst thou find them, FITZ-SWORD?

BRAY. You should rather aske, where they found me, sir, for, Ile bee sworne I was going along in the street, thinking nothing, when (of a suddain) a voice calls, Mr. KNO-WEL'S man; another cries, souldier: and thus, halfe a dosen of 'hem, till they had cal'd me within a house where I was sooner came, but they seem'd men, and out flue al their rapiers at my bosome, with some three or foure score oathes to accompanie 'hem, & al to tel me, I was but a dead man, if I did not confesse where you were, and how I was imployed, and about what; which, when they could not get out of me (as I protest, they must ha' dissected, and made an *Anatomie* o' me, first, and so I told 'hem) they lockt mee vp into a roome i' the top of a high house, whence, by great miracle (hauing a light heart) I slid downe, by a bottom of pack-thred, into the street, and so scapt. But, sir, thus much I can assure you, for I heard it, while I was lockt vp, there were a great many rich merchants, and braue citizens wiues with 'hem at a feast, and your sonne, Mr. EDWARD, with-drew with one of 'hem, and has pointed to meet her anon, at one COBS house, a

IV. vi. 16 am F_2 25 sir; F_2 26 sworne, F_2 27 calls F_2 KNO'WEL'S F_2 29 house, F_2 30 they F_2: thy F_1 men] mad-men *W. conj.* 41 feast: F_2

water-bearer, that dwells by the wall. Now, there, your worship shall be sure to take him, for there he preyes, and faile he will not.

KNO. Nor, will I faile, to breake his match, I doubt not. Goe thou, along with Iustice CLEMENT'S man,
And stay there for me. At one COBS house, sai'st thou?

BRAY. I sir, there you shall haue him. Yes? Inuisible? Much wench, or much sonne! 'Slight, when hee has staid there, three or foure houres, trauelling with the expectation of wonders, and at length be deliuer'd of aire: ô, the sport, that I should then take, to looke on him, if I durst! But, now, I meane to appeare no more afore him in this shape. I haue another trick, to act, yet. O, that I were so happy, as to light on a nupson, now, of this Iustices nouice. Sir, I make you stay somewhat long.

FORM. Not a whit, sir. 'Pray you, what doe you meane? sir?

BRAY. I was putting vp some papers————

FORM. You ha' beene lately in the warres, sir, it seemes.

BRAY. Mary haue I, sir; to my losse: and expence of all, almost————

FORM. Troth sir, I would be glad to bestow a pottle of wine o' you, if it please you to accept it————

BRAY. O, sir————

FORM. But, to heare the manner of your seruices, and your deuices in the warres, they say they be very strange, and not like those a man reades in the *Romane* histories, or sees, at *Mile-end.*

BRAY. No, I assure you, sir, why, at any time when it please you, I shall be readie to discourse to you, all I know: and more too, somewhat.

FORM. No better time, then now, sir; wee'll goe to the

IV. vi. 43 there F_2 44 preyes] presy F_2 48 invisible? F_2 51 sport F_2 57 Pray F_2 meane, F_2 69 sir; F_2

wind-mill: there we shall haue a cup of neate grist, wee call it. I pray you, sir, let mee request you, to the wind-mill.

BRAY. Ile follow you, sir, and make grist o' you, if I haue good lucke.

Act IIII. *Scene* VII.

MATTHEW, ED. KNO'WELL, BOBADILL, STEPHEN, DOWNE-RIGHT. *To them.*

SIr, did your eyes euer tast the like clowne of him, where we were to day, Mr. WEL-BRED'S halfe brother? I thinke, the whole earth cannot shew his paralell, by this day-light.

E. KN. We were now speaking of him: Captayne BOBADIL tells me, he is fall'n foule o' you, too.

MAT. O, I, sir, he threatned me, with the bastinado.

BOB. I, but I thinke, I taught you preuention, this morning, for that—— You shall kill him, beyond question: if you be so generously minded.

MAT. Indeed, it is a most excellent trick!

BOB. O, you doe not giue spirit enough, to your motion, you are too tardie, too heauie! ô, it must be done like lightning, hay? *He practises at a post.*

MAT. Rare Captaine!

BOB. Tut, 'tis nothing, and 't be not done in a——*punto*!

E. KN. Captaine, did you euer proue your selfe, vpon any of our masters of defence, here?

MAT. O, good sir! yes, I hope, he has.

IV. vi. 73, 74 Wind-mill F_2 74 you to F_2 IV. vii.] Scene V.—Moorfields. *G*: Scene VI.—A Street. *H. B. Wheatley.* *Ff arrange the characters in two lines*, MATTHEW, . . . BOBADILL, | STEPHEN, DOWNE-RIGHT. F_1 *prints 'To them' parallel with the first line,* F_2 *with the second.* 16 and 't] an 't F_2 17 selfe F_2 18 defence F_2 19 hope F_2

BOB. I will tell you, sir. Vpon my first comming to the citie, after my long trauaile, for knowledge (in that mysterie only) there came three, or foure of 'hem to me, at a gentlemans house, where it was my chance to be resident, at that time, to intreat my presence at their scholes, and with-all so much importun'd me, that (I protest to you as I am a gentleman) I was asham'd of their rude demeanor, out of all measure: well, I told 'hem, that to come to a publike schoole, they should pardon me, it was opposite (in *diameter*) to my humour, but, if so they would giue their attendance at my lodging, I protested to doe them what right or fauour I could, as I was a gentleman, and so forth.

E. KN. So, sir, then you tried their skill?

BOB. Alas, soone tried! you shall heare sir. Within two or three daies after, they came; and, by honestie, faire sir, beleeue mee, I grac't them exceedingly, shew'd them some two or three tricks of preuention, haue purchas'd 'hem, since, a credit, to admiration! they cannot denie this: and yet now, they hate mee, and why? because I am excellent, and for no other vile reason on the earth.

E. KN. This is strange, and barbarous! as euer I heard!

BOB. Nay, for a more instance of their preposterous natures, but note, sir. They haue assaulted me some three, foure, fiue, sixe of them together, as I haue walkt alone, in diuers skirts i' the towne, as *Turne-bull*, *White-chappell*, *Shore-ditch*, which were then my quarters, and since vpon the *Exchange*, at my lodging, and at my ordinarie: where I haue driuen them afore me, the whole length of a street, in the open view of all our gallants, pittying to hurt them, beleeue me. Yet, all this lenitie will not ore-come their spleene: they will be doing with the pismier, raysing a hill, a man may spurne abroad, with his foot, at pleasure.

IV. vii 25 you, F_2 26 demeanour, F_2 that, F_2 28 so] so be F_2 34 grac'd F_2 44 quarters; F_2 47 Yet F_2

By my selfe, I could haue slaine them all, but I delight not in murder. I ▬ loth to beare any other then this bastinado for 'hem: yet, I hold it good politie, not to goe disarm'd, for though I bee skilfull, I may bee oppress'd with multitudes.

E. K N. I, beleeue me, may you sir: and (in my conceit) our whole nation should sustaine the losse by it, if it were so.

B O B. Alas, no: what's a peculiar man, to a nation? not seene.

E. K N. O, but your skill, sir!

B O B. Indeed, that might be some losse; but, who respects it? I will tell you, sir, by the way of priuate, and vnder seale; I am ▪ gentleman, and liue here obscure, and to my selfe: but, were I knowne to her Maiestie, and the Lords (obserue mee) I would vnder-take (vpon this poore head, and life) for the publique benefit of the state, not only to spare the intire liues of her subiects in generall, but to saue the one halfe, nay, three parts of her yeerely charge, in holding warre, and against what enemie soeuer. And, how would I doe it, thinke you?

E. K N. Nay, I know not, nor can I conceiue.

B O B. Why thus, sir. I would select nineteene, more, to my selfe, throughout the land; gentlemen they should bee of good spirit, strong, and able constitution, I would choose them by an instinct, ▪ character, that I haue: and I would teach these nineteene, the speciall rules, as your *Punto*, your *Reuerso*, your *Stoccata*, your *Imbroccata*, your *Passada*, your *Montanto*: till they could all play very neare, or altogether as well as my selfe. This done, say the enemie were fortie thousand strong, we twentie would come into the field, the tenth of *March*, or thereabouts; and wee would challenge twentie of the enemie; they could not, in their honour, refuse vs, well, wee would kill them: challenge

IV. vii. 52 yet F_2 58 sir. F_2 60 under-seale; F_2 66, 76, 78 enimy F_2 79 us; F_2

twentie more, kill them; twentie more, kill them; twentie more, kill them too; and thus, would wee kill, euery man, his twentie a day, that's twentie score; twentie score, that's two hundreth; two hundreth a day, fiue dayes a thousand; fortie thousand; fortie times fiue, fiue times fortie, two hundreth dayes kills them all vp, by computation. And this, will I venture my poore gentleman-like carcasse, to performe (prouided, there bee no treason practis'd vpon vs) by faire, and discreet manhood, that is, ciuilly by the sword.

E. Kn. Why, are you so sure of your hand, Captaine, at all times?

Bob. Tut, neuer misse thrust, vpon my reputation with you.

E. Kn. I would not stand in Downe-right's state, then, an' you meet him, for the wealth of any one street in *London*.

Bob. Why, sir, you mistake me! if he were here now, by this welkin, I would not draw my weapon on him! let this gentleman doe his mind: but, I will bastinado him (by the bright sunne) where-euer I meet him.

Mat. Faith, and Ile haue a fling at him, at my distance.

E. Kn. Gods so', looke, where he is: yonder he goes.

Downe-right walkes ouer the stage.

Dow. What peeuish luck haue I, I cannot meet with these bragging raskalls?

Bob. It's not he? is it?

E. Kn. Yes faith, it is he.

Mat. Ile be hang'd, then, if that were he.

E. Kn. Sir, keepe your hanging good, for some greater matter, for I assure you, that was he.

Step. Vpon my reputation, it was hee.

Bob. Had I thought it had beene he, he must not haue gone so: but I can hardly be induc'd, to beleeue, it was he, yet.

E. Kn. That I thinke, sir. But see, he is come againe!

IV. vii. 99 so, F_2 102–3 *One line in* F_2 103 he? *Ff*

DOW. O, PHAROAHS foot, haue I found you? Come, draw, to your tooles: draw, gipsie, or Ile thresh you

BOB. Gentleman of valour, I doe beleeue in thee, heare me——

DOW. Draw your weapon, then.

BOB. Tall man, I neuer thought on it, till now (body of me) I had ▪ warrant of the peace, serued on me, euen now, as I came along, by ▪ water-bearer; this gentleman saw it, Mr. MATTHEW.

DOW. 'Sdeath, you will not draw, then?

BOB. Hold, hold, vnder thy fauour, forbeare.

He beates him, and disarmes him: Matthew runnes away.

DOW. Prate againe, as you like this, you whoreson foist, you. You'le controll the point, you? Your consort is gone? had he staid, he had shar'd with you, sir.

BOB. Well, gentlemen, beare witnesse, I was bound to the peace, by this good day.

E. KN. No faith, it's ▬ ill day, Captaine, neuer reckon it other: but, say you were bound to the peace, the law allowes you, to defend your selfe: that'll proue but a poore excuse.

BOB. I cannot tell, sir. I desire good construction, in faire sort. I neuer sustain'd the like disgrace (by heauen) sure I was strooke with a plannet thence, for I had no power to touch my weapon.

E. KN. I, like inough, I haue heard of many that haue beene beaten vnder a plannet: goe, get you to a surgean. 'Slid, an' these be your tricks, your *passada's*, and your *mountanto's*, Ile none of them. O, manners! that this age should bring forth such creatures! that Nature should bee at leisure to make 'hem! Come, cousse.

STEP. Masse, Ile ha' this cloke.

IV. vii. 112 gipsie; F_2 132 strooke] struck F_2 136 *passadaes*, F_2 *mountantoes*, F_2 138 'hem F_2: hem F_1

E. Kn. Gods will, 'tis Downe-right's.

Step. Nay, it's mine now, another might haue tane vp, aswell as I: Ile weare it, so I will.

E. Kn. How, an' he see it? hee'll challenge it, assure your selfe.

Step. I, but he shall not ha' it; Ile say, I bought it.

E. Kn. Take heed, you buy it not, too deare, cousse.

Act IIII. *Scene* VIII.

Kitely, Wel-bred, Dame Kit. Bridget, Brayne-worme, Cash.

NOw, trust me brother, you were much to blame,
T'incense his anger, and disturbe the peace,
Of my poore house, where there are sentinells,
That euery minute watch, to giue alarmes,
Of ciuill warre, without adiection
Of your assistance, or occasion.

Well. No harme done, brother, I warrant you: since there is no harme done. Anger costs a man nothing: and a tall man is neuer his owne man, till he be angrie. To keepe his valure in obscuritie, is to keepe himselfe, as it were, in a cloke-bag. What's a musitian, vnlesse he play? what's a tall man, vnlesse he fight? For, indeed, all this, my wise brother stands vpon, absolutely: and, that made me fall in with him, so resolutely.

Dame. I, but what harme might haue come of it, brother?

Well. Might, sister? so, might the good warme clothes, your husband weares, be poyson'd, for any thing he knowes: or the wholesome wine he drunke, euen now, at the table——

IV. vii. 142 tane] tane't F_2 144 an'] an F_2 IV. viii.] Scene VI.—A Room in Kitely's House. *G* 8 done, *Q*, *G* 9 valure] valour F_2 10 himself; F_2 12 For F_2 13 and F_2

KITE. Now, god forbid: O me. Now, I remember,
My wife drunke to me, last; and chang'd the cup:
And bade me weare this cursed sute to day.
See, if heau'n suffer murder vndiscour'd!
I feele me ill; giue me some *mithridate*,
Some *mithridate* and oile, good sister, fetch me;
O, I am sicke at heart! I burne, I burne.
If you will saue my life, goe, fetch it me.

WELL. O, strange humour! my verie breath ha's poyson'd him.

BRID. Good brother, be content, what doe you meane?
The strength of these extreme conceits, will kill you.

DAME. Beshrew your heart-bloud, brother WELL-BRED, now; for putting such a toy into his head.

WELL. Is a fit *simile*, a toy? will he be poyson'd with a *simile?* Brother KITELY, what a strange, and idle imagination is this? For shame, bee wiser. O' my soule, there's no such matter.

KITE. Am I not sicke? how am I, then, not poyson'd? Am I not poyson'd? how am I, then, so sicke?

DAME. If you be sicke, youre owne thoughts make you sicke.

WELL. His iealousie is the poyson, he ha's taken.

BRAY. Mr. KITELY, my master, Iustice CLEMENT, salutes you; and desires to speake with you, with all possible speed. *He comes disguis'd like Justice Clements man.*

KITE. No time, but now? when, I thinke, I am sicke? very sicke! well, I will wait vpon his worship. THOMAS, COB, I must seeke them out, and set 'hem sentinells, till I returne. THOMAS, COB, THOMAS.

IV. viii. 18 God F_2 21 undiscover'd! F_2 30–1 *Verse in Q.* 32 *simile* F_2 34 O F_2 40 has F_2

WELL. This is perfectly rare, BRAYNE-WORME! but how got'st thou this apparell, of the Iustices man?

BRAY. Mary sir, my proper fine pen-man, would needs bestow the grist o' me, at the wind-mil, to hear some martial discourse; where so I marshal'd him, that I made him drunke, with admiration! &, because, too much heat was the cause of his distemper, I stript him starke naked, as he lay along asleepe, and borrowed his sute, to deliuer this counterfeit message in, leauing a rustie armor, and an old browne bill to watch him, till my returne: which shall be, when I ha' pawn'd his apparell, and spent the better part o' the money, perhaps.

WELL. Well, thou art a successefull merry knaue, BRAYNE-WORME, his absence will be a good subiect for more mirth. I pray thee, returne to thy yong master, and will him to meet me, and my sister BRIDGET, at the tower instantly: for, here, tell him, the house is so stor'd with iealousie, there is no roome for loue, to stand vpright in. We must get our fortunes committed to some larger prison, say; and, then the tower, I know no better aire: [illegible] where the libertie of the house may doe vs more present seruice. Away.

KITE. Come hether, THOMAS. Now, my secret's ripe,
And thou shalt haue it: lay to both thine eares.
Harke, what I say to thee. I must goe forth, THOMAS.
Be carefull of thy promise, keepe good watch,
Note euery gallant, and obserue him well,
That enters in my absence, to thy mistris:
If shee would shew him roomes, the iest is stale,
Follow 'hem, THOMAS, or else hang on him,
And let him not goe after; marke their lookes;
Note, if shee offer but to see his band,
Or any other amorous toy, about him;

IV. viii. 68 hether] hither F_2

But praise his legge; or foot; or if shee say,
The day is hot, and bid him feele her hand,
How hot it is; ô, that's a monstrous thing!
Note me all this, good THOMAS, marke their sighes,
And, if they doe but whisper, breake 'hem off:
Ile beare thee out in it. Wilt thou doe this?
Wilt thou be true, my THOMAS? CAS. As truth's selfe, sir.

KITE. Why, I beleeue thee: where is COB, now? COB?

DAME. Hee's euer calling for COB! I wonder, how hee imployes COB, so!

WELL. Indeed, sister, to aske how hee imploies COB, is a necessarie question for you, that are his wife, and a thing not very easie for you to be satisfied in: but this Ile assure you, COBS wife is an excellent bawd, sister, and, often-times, your husband hants her house, mary, to what end, I cannot altogether accuse him, imagine you what you thinke conuenient. But, I haue knowne, faire hides haue foule hearts, e're now, sister.

DAME. Neuer said you truer then that, brother, so much I can tell you for your learning. THOMAS, fetch your cloke, and goe with me, Ile after him presently: I would to fortune, I could take him there, ifaith. Il'd returne him his owne, I warrant him.

WELL. So, let 'hem goe: this may make sport anon. Now, my faire sister in-law, that you knew, but how happie a thing it were to be faire, and beautifull?

BRID. That touches not me, brother.

WELL. That's true; that's euen the fault of it: for, indeede, beautie stands a woman in no stead, vnlesse it procure her touching. But, sister, whether it touch you, or no, it touches your beauties; and, I am sure, they will abide the touch; an' they doe not, a plague of all ceruse, say I: and, it touches mee to in part,

IV. viii. 93 house; F_2 end; F_2 105 for F_2 108 and F_2

though not in the——Well, there's a deare and respected friend of mine, sister, stands very strongly, and worthily affected toward you, and hath vow'd to inflame whole bone-fires of zeale, at his heart, in honor of your perfections. I haue alreadie engag'd my promise to bring you, where you shall heare him confirme much more. NED KNO'WELL is the man, sister. There's no exception against the partie. You are ripe for a husband; and a minutes losse to such an occasion, is a great trespasse in a wise beautie. What say you, sister? On my soule hee loues you. Will you giue him the meeting?

BRID. Faith, I had very little confidence in mine owne constancie, brother, if I durst not meet a man: but this motion of yours, sauours of an old knight-aduenturers seruant, a little too much, me thinkes.

WELL. What's that, sister?

BRID. Mary, of the squire.

WELL. No matter if it did, I would be such an one for my friend, but see! who is return'd to hinder vs?

KITE. What villanie is this? call'd out on a false message? This was some plot! I was not sent for. BRIDGET, Where's your sister? BRID. I thinke shee be gone forth, sir.

KITE. How! is my wife gone forth? whether for gods sake?

BRID. Shee's gone abroad with THOMAS.

KITE. Abroad with THOMAS? oh, that villaine dors me. He hath discouer'd all vnto my wife!
Beast that I was, to trust him: whither, I pray you,
Went shee? BRID. I know not, sir. WELL. Ile tell you, brother,
Whither I suspect shee's gone. KITE. Whither, good brother?

IV. viii. 113 honour F_2 124–5 *One line in* F_2 131 whether] whither F_2 135–7 *Whalley's arrangement*: Beast . . . went shee? | BRID. . . . sir. | WELL. Ile . . . gone. | KITE . . . brother? *Ff*

WELL. To COBS house, I beleeue: but, keepe my counsaile.

KITE. I will, I will: to COBS house? doth shee hant COBS? Shee's gone a' purpose, now, to cuckold me, With that lewd raskall, who, to win her fauour, Hath told her all. WEL. Come, hee's once more gone. Sister, let's loose no time; th'affaire is worth it.

Act IIII. *Scene* IX.

MATTHEW, BOBADIL, BRAYNE-WORME. [*To them.*]

[DOWNE-RIGHT.]

I Wonder, Captayne, what they will say of my going away? ha?

BOB. Why, what should they say? but as of a discreet gentleman? quick, warie, respectfull of natures faire lineaments: and that's all?

MAT. Why, so! but what can they say of your beating?

BOB. A rude part, a touch with soft wood, a kind of grosse batterie vs'd, laid on strongly, borne most paciently: and that's all.

MAT. I, but, would any man haue offered it in *Venice*? as you say?

BOB. Tut, I assure you, no: you shall haue there your *Nobilis*, your *Gentelezza*, come in brauely vpon your *reuerse*, stand you close, stand you firme, stand you faire, saue your *retricato* with his left legge, come to the *assalto* with the right, thrust with braue steele, defie your base wood! But, wherefore doe I awake this remembrance? I was fascinated, by IVPITER: fascinated: but I will be vn-witch'd, and reueng'd, by law.

IV. viii. 138 counsell. F_2 140 a'] a F_2 142 gone, F_2 143 loose] lose F_2 IV. ix.] Scene VII.—A Street. *G* BRAYNE-WORME, *Ff*

MAT. Doe you heare? ist not best to get a warrant, and haue him arrested, and brought before Iustice CLEMENT?

BOB. It were not amisse, would we had it.

MAT. Why, here comes his man, let's speake to him.

BOB. Agreed, doe you speake.

MAT. Saue you, sir.

BRAY. With all my heart, sir.

MAT. Sir, there is one DOWNE-RIGHT, hath abus'd this gentleman, and my selfe, and we determine to make our amends by law; now, if you would doe vs the fauour, to procure a warrant, to bring him afore your master, you shall bee well considered, I assure you, sir.

BRAY. Sir, you know my seruice is my liuing, such fauours as these, gotten of my master, is his only preferment, and therefore, you must consider me, as I may make benefit of my place.

MAT. How is that, sir?

BRAY. Faith sir, the thing is extraordinarie, and the gentleman may be, of great accompt: yet, bee what hee will, if you will lay mee downe a brace of angells, in my hand, you shall haue it, otherwise not.

MAT. How shall we doe, Captayne? he askes a brace of angells, you haue no monie?

BOB. Not a crosse, by fortune.

MAT. Nor I, as I am a gentleman, but two pence, left of my two shillings in the morning for wine, and redish: let's find him some pawne.

BOB. Pawne? we haue none to the value of his demand.

MAT. O, yes. I'll pawne this iewell in my eare, and you may pawne your silke stockings, and pull vp your bootes, they will ne're be mist: It must be done, now.

IV. ix. 22–3 *One line in* F_2 22 'Save F_2 23 sir. F_2: sir? F_1 29 living; F_2 30 master F_2 32 that? sir. *Ff* 41 redish] raddish F_2 45 silke-stockings, F_2

BOB. Well, an' there be no remedie: Ile step aside, and pull 'hem off.

MAT. Doe you heare, sir? wee haue no store of monie at this time, but you shall haue good pawnes: looke you, sir, this iewell, and that gentlemans silke stockings, because we would haue it dispatcht, e're we went to our chambers.

BRAY. I am content, sir; I will get you the warrant presently, what's his name, say you? DOWNE-RIGHT?

MAT. I, I, GEORGE DOWNE-RIGHT.

BRAY. What manner of man is he?

MAT. A tall bigge man, sir; hee goes in a cloke, most commonly, of silke russet, laid about with russet lace.

BRAY. 'Tis very good, sir.

MAT. Here sir, here's my iewell.

BOB. And, here, [illegible] stockings.

BRAY. Well, gentlemen, Ile procure you this warrant presently, but, who will you haue to serue it?

MAT. That's true, Captaine: that must be consider'd.

BOB. Bodie o' me, I know not! 'tis seruice of danger!

BRAY. Why, you were best get one o' the varlets o' the citie, a serieant. Ile appoint you one, if you please.

MAT. Will you, sir? why, we can wish no better.

BOB. Wee'll leaue it to you, sir.

BRAY. This is rare! now, will I goe pawne this cloke of the Iustice's mans, at the brokers, for a varlets sute, and be the varlet my selfe; and get either more pawnes, or more monie of DOWNE-RIGHT, for the arrest.

IV. ix. 51 silke-stockings, F_2 58 silke-russet, F_2 60 iewell? *Ff* 61 stockings] my stockings *W* 62 presently; F_2 65 danger! F_2: danger? F_1 67 serjeant, F_2

Act IIII. *Scene* X.

KNO'WEL, TIB, CASH, DAME KITELY, KITELY, COB.

OH, here it is, I am glad: I haue found it now.
Ho? who is within, here?

TIB. I am within sir, what's your pleasure!

KNO. To know, who is within, besides your selfe.

TIB. Why, sir, you are no constable, I hope?

KNO. O! feare you the constable? then, I doubt not.
You haue some guests within, deserue that feare,
Ile fetch him straight. TIB. O' gods name, sir.

KNO. Goe to. Come, tell me, Is not yong KNO'WEL, here?

TIB. Yong KNO-WEL? I know none such, sir, o' mine honestie!

KNO. Your honestie? dame, it flies too lightly from you:
There is no way, but, fetch the constable.

TIB. The constable? the man is mad, I thinke.

CAS. Ho, who keepes house, here?

KNO. O, this is the female copes-mate of my sonne?
Now shall I meet him straight. DAME. Knock, THOMAS, hard.

CAS. Ho, good wife? TIB. Why, what's the matter with you?

DAME. Why, woman, grieues it you to ope' your doore?
Belike, you get something, to keepe it shut.

IV. X.] Scene VIII.—The Lane before Cob's House. *G.* 6 not, *Q.*
11 KNO'WEL? F_2 21 ope F_2 22 something F_2

TIB. What meane these questions, 'pray yee?
DAME. So strange you make it? is not my husband, here?
KNO. Her husband!
DAME. My tryed husband, master KITELY.
TIB. I hope, he needes not to be tryed, here.
DAME. No, dame: he do's it not for need, but pleasure.
TIB. Neither for need, nor pleasure, is he here.
KNO. This is but a deuice, to balke me withall.
Soft, who is this? 'Tis not my sonne, disguisd?
DAME. O, sir, haue I fore-stald your honest market? *Shee spies her husband come: and runnes to him.*
Found your close walkes? you stand amaz'd, now, doe you?
I faith (I am glad) I have smokt you yet at last!
What is your iewell trow? In: come, lets see her;
(Fetch forth your huswife, dame) if shee be fairer,
In any honest iudgement, then my selfe,
Ile be content with it: but, shee is change,
Shee feedes you fat, shee soothes your appetite,
And you are well? your wife, an honest woman,
Is meat twice sod to you, sir? O, you trecher!
KNO. Shee cannot counterfeit thus palpably.
KITE. Out on thy more then strumpets impudence!
Steal'st thou thus to thy haunts? and, haue I taken
Thy bawd, and thee, and thy companion,
This horie-headed letcher, this old goat, *Pointing to old Kno'well.*
Close at your villanie, and would'st thou 'scuse it,
With this stale harlots iest, accusing me?
O, old incontinent, do'st not thou shame, *To him.*
When all thy powers in chastitie is spent,
To haue a mind so hot? and to entice,
And feede th' enticements of a lustfull woman?
DAME. Out, I defie thee, I, dissembling wretch.

IV. x. 32 stage dir. *come*, F_2 43 strumpets] strumpet F_2 50 is] are *W*

By Thomas.

KITE. Defie me, strumpet? aske thy pandar, here,
Can he denie it? or that wicked elder?
KNO. Why, heare you, sir. KITE. Tut, tut, tut: neuer speake.
Thy guiltie conscience will discouer thee.
KNO. What lunacie is this, that hants this man?
KITE. Well, good-wife BA'D, COBS wife; and you,
That make your husband such a hoddie-doddie;
And you, yong apple-squire; and old cuckold-maker;
Ile ha' you euery one before ▪ Iustice:
Nay, you shall answere it, I charge you goe.
KNO. Marie, with all my heart, sir: I goe willingly.
Though I doe tast this as a trick, put on me,
To punish my impertinent search; and iustly:
And halfe forgiue my sonne, for the deuice.
KITE. Come, will you goe? DAME. Goe? to thy shame, beleeue it.
COB. Why, what's the matter, here? What's here to doe?
KITE. O, COB, art thou come? I haue beene abus'd,
And i' thy house. Neuer was man so, wrong'd!
COB. Slid, in my house? my master KITELY? Who wrongs you in my house?
KITE. Marie, yong lust in old; and old in yong, here:
Thy wife's their bawd, here haue I taken 'hem.

He falls vpon his wife and beates her.

COB. How? bawd? Is my house come to that? Am I prefer'd thether? Did I charge you to keepe your dores shut, ISBEL? and doe you let 'hem lie open for all commers?
KNO. Friend, know some cause, before thou beat'st thy wife,
This 's madnesse, in thee. COB. Why? is there no cause?

IV. x. 58 hants] haunts F_2 59 wife, and F_2 61, 75 young F_2 78 thether] thither F_2 81 madnesse F_2

KITE. Yes, Ile shew cause before the Iustice, COB: Come, let her goe with me. COB. Nay, shee shall goe.

TIB. Nay, I will goe. Ile see, an' you may bee allow'd to make a bundle o' hempe, o' your right and lawfull wife thus, at euery cuckoldly knaues pleasure. Why doe you not goe?

KITE. A bitter queane. Come, wee' ll ha' you tam'd.

Act IIII. *Scene* XI.

BRAYNE-WORME, MATTHEW, BOBADIL, STEPHEN, DOWNE-RIGHT.

WELl, of all my disguises, yet, now am I most like my selfe: being in this Serjeants gowne. A man of my present profession, neuer counterfeits, till hee layes hold vpon a debter, and sayes, he rests him, for then hee brings him to all manner of vnrest. A kinde of little kings wee are, bearing the diminutiue of a mace, made like a yong artichocke, that alwayes carries pepper and salt, in it selfe. Well, I know not what danger I vnder-goe, by this exploit, pray heauen, I come well of.

MAT. See, I thinke, yonder is the varlet, by his gowne.

BOB. Let's goe, in quest of him.

MAT. 'Saue you, friend, are not you here, by appointment of Iustice CLEMENTS man?

BRAY. Yes, an't please you, sir: he told me two gentlemen had will'd him to procure a warrant from his master (which I haue about me) to be seru'd on one DOWNE-RIGHT.

MAT. It is honestly done of you both; and see, where the

IV. xi.] Scene IX.—A Street. *G* 6 young F_2 12 friend; F_2 13 man? F_2: man. F_1

partie comes, you must arrest: serue it vpon him, quickly, afore hee bee aware———

BOB. Beare backe, master MATTHEW.

BRAY. Master DOWNE-RIGHT, I arrest you, i' the queenes name, and must carry you afore a Iustice, by vertue of this warrant.

STEP. Mee, friend? I am no DOWNE-RIGHT, I. I am master STEPHEN, you doe not well, to arrest me, I tell you, truely: I am in nobodies bonds, nor bookes, I, ⟨I⟩ would you should know it. A plague on you heartily, for making mee thus afraid afore my time.

BRAY. Why, now are you deceiued, gentlemen?

BOB. He weares such a cloke, and that deceiued vs: But see, here a comes, indeed! this is he, officer.

DOWN. Why, how now, signior gull! are you turn'd filtcher of late? come, deliuer my cloke.

STEP. Your cloke, sir? I bought it, euen now, in open market.

BRAY. Master DOWNE-RIGHT, I haue a warrant I must serue vpon you, procur'd by these two gentlemen.

DOWN. These gentlemen? these rascals?

BRAY. Keepe the peace, I charge you, in her Maiesties name.

DOWN. I obey thee. What must I doe, officer?

BRAY. Goe before master Iustice CLEMENT, to answere what they can obiect against you, sir. I will vse you kindly, sir.

MATT. Come, let's before, and make the Iustice, Captaine——

BOB. The varlet's a tall man! afore heauen!

DOWN. Gull, you'll gi'me my cloke?

IV. xi. 31 acomes, F_2 39 you F_2 42 before F_2: before, F_1 43 you sir, *some copies of* F_2

STEP. Sir, I bought it, and I'le keepe it.

DOWN. You will.

STEP. I, that I will.

DOWN. Officer, there 's thy fee, arrest him.

BRAY. Master STEPHEN, I must arrest you.

STEP. Arrest mee, I scorne it. There, take your cloke, I'le none on't.

DOWN. Nay, that shall not serue your turne, now, sir. Officer, I'le goe with thee, to the Iustices: bring him along.

STEP. Why, is not here your cloke? what would you haue?

DOWN. I'le ha' you answere it, sir.

BRAY. Sir, I'le take your word; and this gentlemans, too: for his apparance.

DOWN. I'le ha' no words taken. Bring him along.

BRAY. Sir, I may choose, to doe that: I may take bayle.

DOWN. 'Tis true, you may take baile, and choose; at another time: but you shall not, now, varlet. Bring him along, or I'le swinge you.

BRAY. Sir, I pitty the gentlemans case. Here's your money againe.

DOW. 'Sdeynes, tell not me of my money, bring him away, I say.

BRAY. I warrant you he will goe with you of himselfe, sir.

DOW. Yet more adoe?

BRAY. I haue made a faire mash on't.

STEP. Must I goe?

BRAY. I know no remedie, master STEPHEN.

DOWN. Come along, afore mee, here. I doe not loue your hanging looke behind.

IV. xi. 49, 50 *One line in Ff* 53 mee! F_2 61 appearance. F_2

STEP. Why, sir. I hope you cannot hang mee for it. Can hee, fellow?

BRAY. I thinke not, sir. It is but a whipping matter, sure!

STEP. Why, then, let him doe his worst, I am resolute.

Act V. *Scene* I.

CLEMENT, KNO'WEL, KITELY, DAME KITELY, TIB, CASH, COB, SERVANTS.

NAy, but stay, stay, giue me leaue: my chaire, sirrha. You, master KNO'WELL, say you went thither to meet your sonne.

KNO. I, sir.

CLEM. But, who directed you, thither?

KNO. That did mine owne man, sir.

CLEM. Where is he?

KNO. Nay, I know not, now; I left him with your clarke: and appointed him, to stay here for me.

CLEM. My clarke? about what time, was this?

KNO. Mary, betweene one and two, as I take it.

CLEM. And, what time came my man with the false message to you, master KITELY?

KITE. After two, sir.

CLEM. Very good: but, mistris KITELY, how that you were at COBS? ha?

DAME. An' please you, sir, Ile tell you: my brother, WEL-BRED, told me, that COBS house, was a suspected placc——

v. i.] Colman Street.—A Hall in Justice Clement's House. *G.* 9 And *Ff*: *in* F_1 *beginning a new line, as if verse.* 15 how] how chance F_2 18 house. F_2

CLEM. So it appeares, me thinkes: but, on.

DAME. And that my husband vs'd thither, daily.

CLEM. No matter, so he vs'd himselfe well, mistris.

DAME. True sir, but you know, what growes, by such hants, often-times.

CLEM. I see, ranke fruits of ▪ iealous braine, mistris KITELY: but, did you find your husband there, in that case, as you suspected?

KITE. I found her there, sir.

CLEM. Did you so? that alters the case. Who gaue you knowledge, of your wiues being there?

KITE. Marie, that did my brother WEL-BRED.

CLEM. How? WEL-BRED first tell her? then tell you, after? where is WEL-BRED?

KITE. Gone with my sister, sir, I know not whither.

CLEM. Why, this is ▪ meere trick, a deuice; you are gull'd in this most grosly, all! alas, poore wench, wert thou beaten for this?

TIB. Yes, most pittifully, and 't please you.

COB. And worthily, I hope: if it shall proue so.

CLEM. I, that's like, and a piece of a sentence. How now, sir? what's the matter?

SER. Sir, there's a gentleman, i 'the court without, desires to speake with your worship.

CLEM. A gentleman? what's he?

SER. A souldier, sir, he saies.

CLEM. A souldier? take downe my armor, my sword, quickly: a souldier speake with me! why, when knaues? come on, come on, hold my cap there, so; giue me my gorget, my sword: stand by, I will end your matters, anon——Let the souldier enter, now, sir, what ha' you to say to me?

He armes himselfe.

v. i. 45 armuor, F_2 46 s. d. *himselfe*, F_2 48 enter; F_2

⟨*To them.*⟩

Act V. *Scene* II.

BOBADILL, MATTHEW.

BY your worships fauour——

CLEM. Nay, keepe out, sir, I know not your pretence, you send me word, sir, you are a souldier: why, sir, you shall bee answer'd, here, here be them haue beene amongst souldiers. Sir, your pleasure.

BOB. Faith, sir, so it is, this gentleman, and my selfe, haue beene most vnciuilly wrong'd, and beaten, by one DOWNE-RIGHT, a course fellow, about the towne, here, and for mine owne part, I protest, being a man, in no sort, giuen to this filthie humour of quarrelling, he hath assaulted mee in the way of my peace; dispoil'd mee of mine honor; dis-arm'd mee of my weapons; and rudely, laid me along, in the open streets: when, I not so much as once offer'd to resist him.

CLEM. O, gods precious! is this the souldier? here, take my armour of quickly, 'twill make him swoune, I feare; hee is not fit to looke on't, that will put vp a blow.

MATT. An't please your worship, he was bound to the peace.

CLEM. Why, and he were, sir, his hands were not bound, were they?

SER. There's one of the varlets of the citie, sir, ha's brought two gentlemen, here, one, vpon your worships warrant.

CLEM. My warrant!

SER. Yes, sir. The officer say's, procur'd by these two.

CLEM. Bid him, come in. Set by this picture. What, Mr. DOWNE-RIGHT! are you brought at Mr. FRESH-WATERS suite, here!

v. ii. *To them.* F_2 6 selfe F_2 9 man F_2 sort F_2 15 of] off F_2 21 here; F_2 22 warrant? F_2

Act v. *Scene* iii.

DOWNE-RIGHT, STEPHEN, BRAYNE-WORME. ⟨*To them.*⟩

IFaith, sir. And here's another brought at my suite.

CLEM. What are you, sir?

STEP. A gentleman, sir. ô, vncle!

CLEM. Vncle? who? master KNO'WELL?

KNO. I, sir! this is a wise kinsman of mine.

STEP. God's my witnesse, vncle, I am wrong'd here monstrously, hee charges me with stealing of his cloke, and would I might neuer stirre, if I did not find it in the street, by chance.

DOW. O, did you find it, now? you said, you bought it, erewhile.

STEP. And, you said, I stole it; nay, now my vncle is here, I'll doe well inough, with you.

CLEM. Well, let this breath a while; you, that haue cause to complaine, there, stand forth: had you my warrant for this gentlemans apprehension?

BOB. I, an't please your worship.

CLEM. Nay, doe not speake in passion so: where had you it?

BOB. Of your clarke, sir.

CLEM. That's well! an' my clarke can make warrants, and my hand not at'hem! Where is the warrant? Officer, haue you it?

BRAY. No, sir, your worship's man, master FORMAL, bid mee doe it, for these gentlemen, and he would be my discharge.

CLEM. Why, master DOWNE-RIGHT, are you such a nouice, to bee seru'd, and neuer see the warrant?

v. iii. *To them.* F_2 3 sir? *Ff* 6 here, F_2 9 find it F_2 said F_2 13 awhile; F_2 16 I F_2 18 sir. F_2: sir? F_1

DOW. Sir. He did not serue it on me.

CLEM. No? how then?

DOW. Mary, sir, hee came to mee, and said, hee must serue it, and hee would vse me kindly, and so——

CLEM. O, gods pittie, was it so, sir? he must serue it? giue me my long-sword there, and helpe me of; so. Come on, sir varlet, I must cut off your legs, sirrha: nay, stand vp, Ile vse you kindly; I must cut off your legs, I say.

He flourishes ouer him with his long-sword.

BRAY. O, good sir, I beseech you; nay, good master Iustice.

CLEM. I must doe it; there is no remedie. I must cut off your legs, sirrha, I must cut off your eares, you rascall, I must doe it; I must cut off your nose, I must cut off your head.

BRAY. O, good your worship.

CLEM. Well, rise, how doest thou doe, now? doest thou feele thy selfe well? hast thou no harme?

BRAY. No, I thanke your good worship, sir.

CLEM. Why, so! I said, I must cut off thy legs, and I must cut off thy armes, and I must cut off thy head; but, I did not doe it: so, you said, you must serue this gentleman, with my warrant, but, you did not serue him. You knaue, you slaue, you rogue, doe you say you must? sirrha, away with him, to the iayle, Ile teach you a trick, for your *must*, sir.

BRAY. Good, sir, I beseech you, be good to me.

CLEM. Tell him he shall to the iayle, away with him, I say.

BRAY. Nay, sir, if you will commit mee, it shall bee for committing more then this: I will not loose, by my trauaile, any graine of my fame certaine.

CLEM. How is this!

KNO. My man, BRAYNE-WORME!

v. iii. 30 long sword F_2 of] off F_2 31 st. dir. *not in some copies of* F_2 33 beseech] heseech F_1 46 *must* F_2 50 loose] lose F_2 51 fame] fame, F_3 52, 53 *One line in* F_2

STEP. O yes, vncle. BRAYNE-WORME ha's beene with my cossen EDWARD, and I, all this day.

CLEM. I told you all, there was some deuice!

BRAY. Nay, excellent Iustice, since I haue laid my selfe thus open to you; now, stand strong for mee: both with your sword, and your ballance.

CLEM. Bodie o' me, a merry knaue! Giue me a bowle of sack: If hee belong to you, master KNO'WELL, I bespeake your patience.

BRAY. That is it, I haue most need of. Sir, if you'll pardon me, only; I'll glorie in all the rest, of my exploits.

KNO. Sir, you know, I loue not to haue my fauours come hard, from me. You haue your pardon: though I suspect you shrewdly for being of counsell with my sonne, against me.

BRAY. Yes, faith, I haue, sir; though you retain'd me doubly this morning, for your selfe: first, as BRAYNE-WORME; after, FITZ-SWORD. I was your reform'd souldier, sir. 'Twas I sent you to COBS, vpon the errand, without end.

KNO. Is it possible! or that thou should'st disguise thy language so, as I should not know thee?

BRAY. O, sir, this ha's beene the day of my *metamorphosis*! It is not that shape alone, that I haue runne through, to day. I brought this gentleman, master KITELY, a message too, in the forme of master Iustices man, here, to draw him out o' the way, as well as your worship: while master WELL-BRED might make a conueiance of mistris BRIDGET, to my yong master.

KITE. How! my sister stolne away?

KNO. My sonne is not married, I hope!

BRAY. Faith, sir, they are both as sure as loue, a priest, and three thousand pound (which is her portion) can make 'hem: and

v. iii. 67 councell F_2 71 errand F_2 74 metamorphosis! F_1 *originally; corrected to italic, and so in* F_2

by this time are readie to bespeake their wedding supper at the wind-mill, except some friend, here, preuent 'hem, and inuite 'hem home.

CLEM. Marie, that will I (I thanke thee, for putting me in mind on't.) Sirrah, goe you, and fetch 'hem hither, vpon my warrant. Neithers friends haue cause to be sorrie, if I know the yong couple, aright. Here, I drinke to thee, for thy good newes. But, I pray thee, what hast thou done with my man FORMALL?

BRAY. Faith, sir, after some ceremonie past, as making him drunke, first with storie, and then with wine (but all in kindnesse) and stripping him to his shirt: I left him in that coole vaine, departed, sold your worships warrant to these two, pawn'd his liuerie for that varlets gowne, to serue it in; and thus haue brought my selfe, by my actiuitie, to your worships consideration.

CLEM. And I will consider thee, in another cup of sack. Here's to thee, which hauing drunke of, this is my sentence. Pledge me. Thou hast done, or assisted to nothing, in my iudgement, but deserues to bee pardon'd for the wit o' the offence. If thy master, or anie man, here, be angrie with thee, I shall suspect his ingine, while I know him for't. How now? what noise is that!

SER. Sir, it is ROGER is come home.

CLEM. Bring him in, bring him in. What! drunke in armes, against me? Your reason, your reason for this.

v. iii. 87 thee F_2 91 FORMALL. *Ff* 103 now! F_2 104 that? F_2

Act v. *Scene* iiii.

FORMALL. *To them.*

I Beseech your worship to pardon me: I happen'd into ill companie by chance, that cast me into a sleepe, and stript me of all my clothes——

CLEM. Well, tell him, I am Iustice CLEMENT, and doe pardon him: but, what is this to your armour! what may that signifie?

FORM. And't please you, sir, it hung vp i' the roome, where I was stript; and I borrow'd it of one o' the drawers, to come home in, because I was loth, to doe penance through the street, i' my shirt.

CLEM. Well, stand by a while. Who be these? O, the yong companie, welcome, welcome. Gi' you ioy. Nay, mistris BRIDGET, blush not; you are not so fresh a bride, but the newes of it is come hither afore you. Master Bridegroome, I ha' made your peace, giue mee your hand: so will I for all the rest, ere you forsake my roofe.

Act. v. *Scene* v.

ED. KNO'WEL, WEL-BRED, BRIDGET. *To them*

WE are the more bound to your humanitie, sir.

CLEM. Only these two, haue so little of man in 'hem, they are no part of my care.

WELL. Yes, sir, let mee pray you for this gentleman, hee belongs, to my sister, the bride.

v. iv. 7 And't] An't F_2 12 young F_2 v. v. (*margin*) *Them* F_2

CLEM. In what place, sir?

WELL. Of her delight, sir, below the staires, and in publike: her *poet*, sir.

CLEM. A *poet*? I will challenge him my selfe, presently, at *extempore*.

Mount vp thy Phlegon muse, and testifie,
How SATVRNE, *sitting in an ebon cloud,*
Disrob'd his podex white as iuorie,
And, through the welkin, thundred all aloud.

WELL. Hee is not for *extempore*, sir. Hee is all for the pocket-*muse*, please you command a sight of it.

CLEM. Yes, yes, search him for a tast of his veine.

WEL. You must not denie the Queenes Iustice, Sir, vnder a writ o' rebellion.

CLEM. What! all this verse? Bodie o' me, he carries a whole realme, a common-wealth of paper, in's hose! let's see some of his subiects!

Vnto the boundlesse Ocean of thy face,
Runnes this poore riuer charg'd with streames of eyes.

How? this is stolne!

E. KN. A *Parodie*! a *parodie*! with a kind of miraculous gift, to make it absurder then it was.

CLEM. Is all the rest, of this batch? Bring me a torch; lay it together, and giue fire. Clense the aire. Here was enough to haue infected, the whole citie, if it had not beene taken in time! See, see, how our *Poets* glorie shines! brighter, and brighter! still it increases! ô, now, it's at the highest: and, now, it declines as fast. You may see. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

KNO. There's an *embleme* for you, sonne, and your studies!

V. v. 10, 15 *ex tempore* F_2 14 *And* F_2 21 realme F_2 32 and,] & F_2 34 There's, F_2

CLEM. Nay, no speech, or act of mine be drawne against such, as professe it worthily. They are not borne euerie yeere, as an Alderman. There goes more to the making of a good *Poet*, then a Sheriffe, Mr. KITELY. You looke vpon me! though, I liue i'the citie here, amongst you, I will doe more reuerence, to him, when I meet him, then I will to the Major, out of his yeere. But, these paper-pedlers! these inke-dablers! They cannot expect reprehension, or reproch. They haue it with the fact.

E. KN. Sir, you haue sau'd me the labour of a defence.

CLEM. It shall be discourse for supper; betweene your father and me, if he dare vnder-take me. But, to dispatch away these, you signe o'the Souldier, and picture o'the *Poet* (but, both so false, I will not ha' you hang'd out at my dore till midnight) while we are at supper, you two shal penitently fast it out in my court, without; and, if you will, you may pray there, that we may be so merrie within, as to forgiue, or forget you, when we come out. Here's a third, because, we tender your safetie, shall watch you, he is prouided for the purpose. Looke to your charge, sir.

STEP. And what shall I doe?

CLEM. O! I had lost a sheepe, an he had not bleated! Why, sir, you shall giue Mr. DOWNE-RIGHT his cloke: and I will intreat him to take it. A trencher, and a napkin, you shall haue, i'the buttrie, and keepe COB, and his wife companie, here; whom, I will intreat first to bee reconcil'd: and you to endeuour with your wit, to keepe 'hem so.

STEP. Ile doe my best.

COB. Why, now I see thou art honest, TIB, I receiue thee as my deare, and mortall wife, againe.

TIB. And, I you, as my louing, and obedient husband.

CLEM. Good complement! It will bee their bridale night too.

v. v. 46 you, F_2 *Souldier*, F_2

They are married anew. Come, I coniure the rest, to put of all discontent. You, Mr. DOWNE-RIGHT, your anger; you, master KNO'WELL, your cares; master KITELY, and his wife, their iealousie.

For, I must tell you both, while that is fed,
Hornes i' the mind are worse then o' the head.

KITE. Sir, thus they goe from me, kisse me, sweet heart.

See, what a droue of hornes flye, in the ayre,
Wing'd with my clensed, and my credulous breath!
Watch 'hem, suspicious eyes, watch, where they fall.
See, see! on heads, that thinke th'haue none at all!
O, what a plenteous world of this, will come!
When ayre raynes hornes, all may be sure of some.

I ha' learned so much verse out of a iealous mans part, in a play.

CLEM. 'Tis well, 'tis well! This night wee'll dedicate to friendship, loue, and laughter. Master bride-groome, take your bride, and leade; euery one, a fellow. Here is my mistris. BRAYNE-WORME! to whom all my addresses of courtship shall haue their reference. Whose aduentures, this day, when our grand-children shall heare to be made a fable, I doubt not, but it shall find both spectators, and applause.

THE END.

72 from me; F_2 sweet-heart. F_2 78 *fome.* Q, F_2: *fame.* F_1 82 leade: F_2

This Comoedie was firſt
Acted, in the yeere
1598.

By the then L. CHAMBERLAYNE
his Seruants.

The principall Comœdians were.

WILL. SHAKESPEARE.	RIC. BVRBADGE.
AVG. PHILIPS.	IOH. HEMINGS.
HEN. CONDEL.	THO. POPE.
WILL. SLYE.	CHR. BEESTON.
WILL. KEMPE.	IOH. DVKE.

With the allowance of the Maſter of REVELLS.

F_2 prints this notice on the back of the title-page after 'the Scenes London' *in slightly different form: first,* 'The principall Comedian, were Will. Shakespeare . . . John Duke,' *then* '*First Acted in the yeare 1598, with allowance of the Master of* REVELLS'; *the reference to the* Lord Chamberlayne *is omitted.*

NOTES

Dedication to Camden. In 1601, when Jonson's position as a dramatist was assured by the two Humour plays, he seized an occasion to show his gratitude to Camden. In a gift-copy of the first quarto of *Cynthia's Revels* he inserted a special dedication to his old schoolmaster, speaking of himself as 'Alumnus olim, æternum Amicus'. When he issued his collected works in 1616 he significantly transferred his tribute to the opening play, and he included among the *Epigrams* a further tribute to that 'most reuerend head' (*Epig.* xiv). Camden is also quoted as an authority in the text of the Masque at Lord Haddington's wedding.

On the subject of dedications to plays, see Mr. D. Nichol Smith on 'Authors and Patrons' in *Shakespeare's England*, vol. ii, p. 211. He suggests that Jonson established the practice. All the more significant is the experimental dedication of the gift-copy to Camden.

5. *so solemne a vice.* Cf. *M. L.* II. Chorus, 'the solemne vice of interpretation'.

The Persons.

Downe-right, A plaine Squier. Cf. the old tune 'Downright Squire', mentioned in Clement Robinson's *A Handful of Pleasant Delights*, 1584 (ed. Arber, pp. 7, 30).

Cob, A Water-bearer. Before water was laid on to the houses, it had to be fetched from the conduits. Hired men carried it in 'tankards', or hooped wooden vessels, broad at the bottom and narrow at the top, holding about three gallons; these 'tankards' are depicted in R. Treswell's plan of Westcheap, 1585, grouped round 'ye litle cundit' east of St. Michael's Church at the end of Paternoster Row (reproduced in Furnivall's *Harrison's England*, Part III, Supplement, § 1). In the epilogue to the second part of *The Conquest of Granada*, Dryden instanced 'Cobb's tankard',

along with 'Otter's horse' in *The Silent Woman*, as typical of the 'coarse' and 'mechanic humour' of the drama before the Restoration.

Bobadill, A Paules-man. The name soon came to connote braggart: see Chapman, *The Gentleman Vsher*, v. i (1606, sig. H 2 verso):

> The noble *Medice*, that man, that Bobbadilla,
> That foolish knaue, that hose and dublet stinckard.

Quips vpon Questions, or, A Clownes conceite on occasion offered, 1600, by 'Clunnyco de Curtanio Snuffe', has a reference to the character in the mock-dedication 'To the right worthy Sir Timothie Truncheon: alias Bastinado, euer my part-taking friende, Clunnico de Curtanio sendeth greeting; wishing his welfare but not his meeting'. The passage is, 'I shal . . . like a Burgomaister walke from Stationers shop to Stationers shop, to see what entertainement my Booke hath; and who so disgraces it enuiously, and not iesting at it gently, at the least bastinado them, that bobbadillo like as they censure, so with him they may receiue reward'.

'A Paules-man' meant a lounger in the middle aisle of Paul's, then a fashionable resort and a centre of business: see *E. M. O.* III, scenes i-vi.

The Scene London.

This location appears here in the revised text of *Every Man in his Humour*, in *Epicoene*, 1609, and in *The Alchemist*, 1610, where the Prologue calls attention to the fact:

> Our *Scene* is *London*, 'cause we would make knowne,
> No countries mirth is better then our owne.
> No clime breeds better matter, for your whore,
> Bawd, squire, impostor, many persons more,
> Whose manners, now call'd humors, feed the stage.

This rejection of the Italian convention, accepted in the Quarto version, is a further step in the direction of realism, which reaches a climax in the play of *Bartholmew Fair*. The pointed announcement in *The Alchemist* further suggests that this adoption of an English scene was something of an innovation in 1610; when Jonson had once decided to 'shew an Image' of contem-

porary London, it was characteristic of him to justify the fact in a prologue.

The notices of time in the play.

The action takes place in one day, as Jonson points out with comic pertinacity. The clock ticks audibly in every act. The first scene is early morning, 'A goodly day toward!' (I. i. 1), and Edward Kno'well 'scarse stirring yet' (ib. 29, 30). In the third scene he is just up, and has received Well-bred's letter, but [illegible] hour has passed: 'my father had the full view o' your flourishing stile, some houre before I saw it', he tells Well-bred later (III. i. 42–3). At I. iv. 53 'It's sixe a clocke'; at v. 28 'some halfe houre to seuen'. At II. ii. 42 the bell rings for breakfast at Kitely's house. In III. iii. 45 it is 'Exchange time, sir'. The Quarto version of the corresponding scene (III. i) defines minutely: at the beginning of the scene it is 'New striken ten', and at l. 45 'Past ten'. Kitely calculates that his business will take him two hours: he will then be either at the Exchange or at Justice Clement's (Folio, III. iii. 119, 120). The sixth scene finds him at Clement's, i. e. about noon. In IV. ii. 62 Matthew refers to the verses which he made 'this morning'; in scene vi Kno'well left Brainworn with Formall 'betweene one and two' (v. i. 8). The false message of IV. viii. 128 was delivered 'After two' (v. i. 14). In v. iii. 84 the newly married pair are [illegible] the point of ordering their wedding supper; at the end of the act the entire party sup at Clement's house. Six o'clock was the usual hour with Londoners of that class.

In no other play is the day so elaborately mapped out; Jonson must have worked from [illegible] time-table.

Prologue.

Found only in the Folio: see the Introduction, pp. xxv, xxxv, lii.

7–9. Jonson recurs to this in the first chorus of *The Magnetic Lady*. It is an echo of an old complaint. Whetstone in the dedication to *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578 (sig. A ii verso), had objected to the licence of the English dramatist: 'in three howres ronnes he throwe the worlde: marryes, gets children, makes children men, men to conquer kingdomes...' Cf. Sidney, *Apology*

(*Elizabethan Critical Essays*, i, p. 197), 'Now, of time, they are much more liberall',—i. e. than of place—'for ordinary it is that two young Princes fall in loue. After many trauerces, she is got with childe, deliuered of a faire boy; he is lost, groweth a man, falls in loue, and is ready to get another child; and all this in two hours space.'

Steevens instanced Lyly's *Endimion*, 1588, and Fleay (*Life of Shakespeare*, p. 290) suggested *Vortiger* (acted Dec. 4, 1596) and *Uter Pendragon* (April 29, 1597).

9. *with three rustie swords.* Cf. Sidney (*op. c.*, p. 197) 'while in the meantime two Armies flye in, represented with foure swords and bucklers . . .' and the 'foure or fiue most vile and ragged foyles' of *Henry V*, IV, Chorus, 50.

10. *foot-and-halfe-foote words.* So Jonson renders Horace's *ampullas et sesquipedalia verba* by 'Their bombard-phrase, and foote-and-halfe-foot words' (*A. P.* 138).

11. Probably a fling at the whole group of plays on the Wars of the Roses—*The First Part of King Henry VI*, 'new' in March 1592; *The first part of the Contention betwixt the two famous Houses of Yorke and Lancaster*, licensed in March 1594; *The True Tragedie of Richard, Duke of Yorke*, published in 1595; *The Tragedie of King Richard the second*, licensed in August 1597; *The Tragedy of King Richard the third*, licensed in October 1597; *The First Part of King Henry IV*, licensed in February 1598; *The Second Part*, printed in 1600.

It is difficult to see the point of Jonson's accusation that these plays were characterized by an element of ponderous bombast. Are the 'foot-and-halfe-foote words' to be found in the comic extravagance of 'I am ioyned with no Foot-land-Rakers, no Long-staffe six-penny strikers, none of these mad Mustachio-purple-hu'd-Maltwormes, but with Nobility, and Tranquilitie; Bourgomasters, and great Oneyers' (*1 Henry IV*, II. i. 81-5) or—to quote a later example—the 'beesome Conspectuities' of *Coriolanus*, II. i. 72?

Malone's suggestion that Jonson referred to the compound epithets in *King Richard III*, e. g. 'childish-foolish' (I. iii. 142), 'gallant-springing, brave Plantagenet' (I. iv. 230), 'senseless-obstinate' (III. i. 44), 'beauty-waning widow' (III. vii. 184), 'mortal-staring war' (v. iii. 91), is unconvincing. Jonson himself used such compounds: e. g. 'sordid-base' in II. v. 94.

But Sidney affected the compound adjective in the *Arcadia*, and Hall noticed it as a trick of his style, abused by other writers:

> In Epithets to ioyne two words in one,
> Forsooth for Adiectiues cannot stand alone,
> As a great Poet could of *Bacchus* say,
> That he was *Semele-femori-gena*.
> (*Virgidemiarum*, 1598, Book VI, Sat. 1, p. 93.)

15. So in the induction to *Every Man out of his Humour* Jonson refers to the 'admirable dexteritie' with which the playwrights travel over sea and land. Many contemporary illustrations could be given, in addition to *King Henry V*, of this function of the Chorus; e.g. in Heywood's *The Four Prentises of London*, possibly acted in 1594, the Chorus at the end of Act I wafts the audience to Boulogne, France, Italy, and Ireland by successive stages of description and dumb show.

16. *creaking throne.* Cf. Lodge and Greene, *A Looking Glasse, for London and England*, 1598, sig. B, 'Enters brought in by an Angell *Oseas* the Prophet, and set downe ouer the Stage in a Throne'; and at the end of Greene's *Alphonsus*, 1599, 'Exit Venus; Or if you can conueniently, let a chaire come downe from the top of the Stage and draw her vp.'

17. *nimble squibbe.* In Shirley's *The Doubtful Heir*, 1653, the audience are warned in the prologue that the play has 'No clown, no squibs, no devil in't'.

18. *roul'd bullet.* 'It was the stage practice to make theatrical thunder by rolling a cannon ball along the floor, until the critic Dennis obtained a more satisfactory sound by the shaking of thin sheets of copper. The old plan is still, however, occasionally resorted to.'—*H. B. Wheatley.*

22. *Comœdie.* Similar spellings affected by Jonson are 'Tragœdie', 'æquall', 'idæa', 'præiudice', 'Chimæra', 'æmulation', 'pœnance'.

23. *an Image of the times.* Cf. 'Ciceros definition'—'*Imitatio vitae, Speculum consuetudinis, Imago veritatis*', quoted admiringly in *E. M. O.* III. vi. So Sidney, *Apology* (ed. Gregory Smith, pp. 176–7), . . . 'Comedy is an imitation of the common errors of our life, which he representeth in the most ridiculous and

scornefull sort that may be; so it is impossible that any beholder can be content to be such a one . . . with hearing it we get as it were an experience, what is to be looked for of a nigardly *Demea*, or a crafty *Dauus*, of a flattering *Gnato*, of a vaine glorious *Thraso*, and not onely to know what effects are to be expected, but to know who be such, by the signifying badge giuen them by the Comedian.'

24. *sport with humane follies, not with crimes.* In accordance with the Aristotelian distinction that Comedy is *μίμησις φαυλοτέρων μέν, οὐ μέντοι κατὰ πᾶσαν κακίαν* (*Poetics* v, § 1). *Volpone* is, of course, a marked violation of this law.

I. i.

1. *toward.* Cf. *C. R.* v. x, 'I have a comœdie toward'; *Poet.* iv. v, 'here's a song toward'.

5. *be'at.* The first example in the 1616 Folio of a metrical punctuation used by some poets of the time to indicate a syllable lightly pronounced in scansion. The 1640 Folio omits the apostrophe: cf. II. iii. 69:

> Ah, but what miserie' is it, to know this?

where a printer's attempt at correction in 1640 substitutes 'what mis'rie is it'. Similarly at III. iii. 51 'my' imaginations' becomes 'my 'maginations' in 1640. On the other hand 1640 preserves the right pointing in *Epig.* xxiii. 6:

> And which no' affection praise enough can give.

Here 1616 prints 'no affection'; when reprinted before Donne's *Poems* in 1650, another printer's correction made it 'no'n affection'. This punctuation appears even at a pause:

> Our mother, great AVGVSTA, 'is strooke with time.
> (*Sej.* III. 52.)

Similarly in Donne's *Poems* (ed. Grierson, pp. 20, 21):

> When I had ripp'd me, 'and search'd where hearts did lye (*The Legacie*, l. 14).
> Thy beauty, 'and all parts, which are thee (*A Feaver*, l. 23).

Jonson also employs direct elision, so that he intended by the use of the apostrophe to mark a difference in reading. The principle

is shown by Spenser's line in the 1590 edition of *The Faerie Queene*, I. i:

> The cruell markes of many' a bloody fielde.

11. *in both our vniuersities.* Jonson was honorary M.A. of both Oxford and Cambridge.

17–20. Adapted from *The Spanish Tragedie*, VI. i. 70–3 (Allde's Quarto, sig. I 4):

> When I was yong I gaue my minde,
> And plide my selfe to fruitles poetrie:
> Which though it profite the professor naught,
> Yet is it passing pleasing to the world.

25–8. Dr. Brinsley Nicholson here calls attention to Jonson's habit of interposing lines of rhythmic prose in his verse; in this passage they bridge over the transition to prose pure and simple. Cf. I. ii. 25–6; II. ii. 42–5, iii. 53–4; III. iii. 42; IV. iii. 22–4. Sometimes these loose rhythms are used with dramatic effect, as in the voluble excitement of Lupus, *Poet.* V. iii:

> I pronounce you all traytors, horrible traytors:
> What? Doe you know my affaires?
> I have matter of danger, and state, to impart to CAESAR.

or in the hurried aside of *The Alchemist*, III. iv. 109–10.

28. *doe.* Here and in *E. M. O.* ind. (*ad fin.*), 'he do'not heare me I hope', 1640 corrects this vulgarism, but it suits Stephen; cf. *C. is A.* I. vii, '*Oni.* What, do not this like him neither?' and *E. M. O.* II. iii, 'CARL. He do'not goe bare foot, does he?'

32. *a booke of the sciences of hawking, and hunting.* Gifford notes Gervase Markham's reissue in 1595 of *The Gentlemans Academie, or the Booke of S. Albans: Containing three most exact and excellent Bookes: the first of Hawking* . . . originally put forth by Dame Juliana Berners in 1486. George Turbervile's two adaptations from the French, *The Booke of Faulconrie or Hauking for the onely delight and pleasure of all Noblemen and Gentlemen* and the *Noble Arte of Venerie or Hunting* both appeared in 1574, and William Gryndall's *Hawking, Hunting, Fouling, and Fishing, With the true measures of blowing* . . . *Whereunto is annexed, the maner and order in keeping of Hawkes, their diseases, and cures: and all such speciall poynts, & any wise, appertaine to so Gentlemanlike qualitie* in 1596.

35. *wusse*, certainly. Originally the O.E. adjective 'gewis': in M.E. the neuter form was used adverbially. Finally it came to be regarded as a verb: Jonson has 'I wusse', *T. of T.* I. iv. 3, and 'y'wisse' in *The Masque of Christmas* (F 2, p. 3).

40. *the hawking, and hunting-languages.* One of the affectations of the time: cf. *Und.* xliv. 70–2:

> What need we know?
> More then to praise a Dog? or Horse? or speake
> The Hawking language?

And J. Stephens, *Satyrical Essayes*, etc., 1615, pp. 257–8 (*A Falkoner*), 'Hee hath in his minority conuersed with Kestrils, and yong Hobbies; but growing vp he begins to handle the lure, and look a Faulcon in the face. All his learning makes him but a new linguist: for to haue studied and practised the termes of Hawkes Dictionary, is enough to excuse his wit, manners, and humanity.' Jonson's appreciation of the 'science' itself is recorded in *Epigram* lxxxv.

44. *scroyles*, scoundrels. Cf. *Poet.* IV. iii, 'I crie thee mercy (my good scroile)'; *King John*, II. i. 373, 'these scroyles of Angiers'.

46. *Hogsden*, Hoxton, which Stow notes as 'a large streete with houses on both sides' (*Survey*, ed. Kingsford, ii, p. 74). It was in Hoxton fields that Jonson killed the actor Gabriel Spencer in a duel fought on September 20, 1598, not long after the first performance of *Every Man in his Humour*.

47. *the archers of Finsburie.* Stow in his *Survey*, 1603, p. 430, notes that 'In the yeare 1498 all the Gardens which had continued time out of mind without Moregate, to witte, aboute and beyonde the Lordship of Finsbery, were destroyed. And of them was made a playne field for Archers to shoote in.' In Jonson's day, when archery was valueless in war, the practice continued as a sport, especially by the Society of Archers, with Arthur's Show and the Duke of Shoreditch.

47–8. *a ducking to Islington ponds.* A favourite sport of citizens: cf. Middleton and Dekker, *The Roaring Girle*, II. i (1611, sig. D 4), where gallants enter 'with water Spaniels and a ducke': 'we're going all to Hogsden . . . Push, let your boy lead his water Spaniel along, and weele show you the brauest sport at

parlous pond'; and Brome, *The Damoiselle*, II. i (1653, sig. C 3): '*Amp.* And know of him what Gamesters came to the Ponds now adayes, and what good dogs . . . And ask him—Dost thou heare? If he ha'not done away his own dog yet, *Blackswan* with the white foot? If I can but purchase him, and my own whelp prove right, I will be Duke of the Ducking-pond.' Perilous Pond was enclosed in 1743, converted into a bathing-place, and renamed 'Peerless Pool'. The site is in Baldwin Street, City Road.

48. *mun.* Cf. *Alch.* v. v. 130, 'Death, mun' you marry?'

60. *on it.* Gifford printed 'on't', but the line is probably an Alexandrine: see the note on II. i. 82.

65. *bable.* The old form, found also in *Volp.* I. ii. 73.

77. *like an vnsauorie snuffe.* Jonson is fond of this metaphor: cf. *Epig.* lix, and *Und.* xliii. 187–8.

85. *and none of yours.* Cf. in a similar context Seneca, *Ep.* xliv. 5 'Nemo in nostram gloriam vixit, nec quod ante nos fuit nostrum est'.

I. ii.

2. *do' not.* The apostrophe indicates the slurred pronunciation from which 'don't' originated.

6. *as simple as I stand here.* Cf. *The Merry Wives*, I. i. 226; Sidney, *Arcadia*, 1590, p. 163, 'I, simple though I sit here, thought once my pennie as good siluer, as some of you do'; *The Returne from Pernassus*, II. iv, 'I am . . . his father Sir, simple as I stand here.'

9. *In good time.* In Jonson a formula of polite acquiescence, like *à la bonne heure.* But it could be ironical or incredulous, as in *The Taming of the Shrew*, II. i. 196.

14. *here bee them.* Cf. v. ii. 4.

27. *for shame.* Compare Bobadill's aristocratic reluctance, III. v. 116–17. It apes the etiquette of the knights of romance:

> For loth he was his noble hands t'embrew
> In the base blood of such a rascall crew.
> (*The Faerie Queene*, v. ii, st. 52.)

28. *peremptorie*, absolute. Cf. I. v. 77, 82.

46–9. *pray you remember your court'sie . . . pray you be couer'd.* Cf. the etiquette in *Love's Lab. Lost*, v. i. 105–7 (Armado

to the Pedant), 'I doe beseech thee remember thy curtesie. I beseech thee apparell thy head.'

68. *the old Iewrie.* The name at this date was a historical survival; the Jews who returned to England under Cromwell settled in Aldgate (*Wheatley*).

69. *fripperie*, old-clothes shop. Cf. *Epig.* lvi. 2, 'the fripperie of wit'.

77. *our Turkie companie* received its charter in 1581 for trade in the Levant. Records of presents to the Sultan are in Hakluyt's *Voyages*, 1599, ii, p. 171—a present from Elizabeth in March, 1583, and again (ib. ii. 306) in October, 1593: the latter was '12 goodly pieces of gilt plate, 36 garments of fine English cloth of al colors, 20 garments of cloth of gold, 10 garments of sattin, 6 pieces of fine Holland, and certaine other things of good value; al which were carried round about the court, each man taking a piece, being in number very neere 100 parcels, and so 2 and 2 going round that all might see it, to the greater glory of the present, and of him to whom it was giuen'; as a present to the Sultana, 'a iewel of her maiesties picture, set with some rubies and diamants, 3 great pieces of gilt plate, 10 garments of cloth of gold, a very fine case of glasse bottles silver & gilt, with 2 pieces of fine Holland'; there were also presents to viziers and court officials. In 1605 the Levant Company was reconstituted; to help them out of their difficulties the King made them a grant of £5,322 'for a present to the Grand Seignior'. (*State Papers, Domestic*, 1605, Dec. 13, xvii. 35, and 1606 (April ?), xx. 27.) Dekker in *The Wonderfull yeare*, 1603, sig. B, speaks of new-year's gifts 'more in number, and more worth then those that are giuen to the great Turke, or the Emperour of *Persia*'.

79, *batch*, strictly the quantity of bread baked at once. For the combination with 'leuin' cf. *Cat.* iv. iii. 163, 'Except he were of the same meale, and batch.'

84. *as vnconscionable, as any Guild-hall verdict.* Repeated in *D. is A.* i. i. 20–3 ('a *Middlesex* Jury') and *M. L.* iii. iv. 55–7 ('*London*-Iury'). 'A London jury would find Abel guilty of the murder of Cain' was, according to Gifford on the last passage, the saying of a Tudor bishop of London; the source of this is Hall's Chronicle of *The triumphant reigne of Kyng Henry the .viii.* (ed. 1550, Sig. L iii verso). Richard Hun, a merchant

tailor, committed to 'Lollers tower' in St. Paul's, had been found dead in his cell; at the inquest on December 5 and 6, 1514, the jury found the Chancellor of the diocese and his servants guilty of murdering Hun. The bishop, Richard Fitz-James, wrote to Wolsey in their favour, saying, 'If my Chaunceller be tryed by any .xii. men in London, they be ▪▪ maliciously set *In fauorem heretice prauitatis*, that they wyl cast and condempne any clerke though he were as innocent as Abell.'

Later complaints are frequent. Cf. Middleton, *A Trick to Catch the Old One*, 1608, IV. v. 176–80 (Bullen), 'Why, thou great Lucifer's little vicar! I ▪▪ not so weak but I know ▪ knave at first sight: thou inconscionable rascal! thou that goest upon Middlesex juries, and wilt make haste to give up thy verdict because thou wilt not lose thy dinner'; and Nabbes, *Tottenham Court*, 1638, I. iv, 'Why let but an honest Iury (which is a kind of wonder in *Middlesex*) finde you not guilty of any thing that may make compassion deafe'—.

86. *the wind-mill.* Originally a Jewish synagogue 'at the north Corner of the old Iury'; then assigned to the Friars of the Sack as their chapel; then ▪ private house. '*Robert Large* Mercer, Mayor in the yeare 1439. kept his Mayoralty in this house, and dwelled there vntill his dying day. This house standeth and is of two parrishes, as opening into Lothberie, of S. *Margarets* parrish, and opening into the Old Iury of S. Olaues parrish. . . . *Hugh Clopton* Mercer, Mayor 1492. dwelled in this house, and kept his Mayoralty there: it is now a Tauerne, and hath to signe ▪ Windmill.'—Stow, *Survey*, 1603, p. 280.

87. *Burdello*, brothel.

88. *Spittle*, hospital, especially for foul diseases. Cf. *Alch.* I. iv. 22, 'Searching the spittle, to make old bawdes yong'; *Henry V*, v. i. 86–7, 'my *Doll* is dead i'th Spittle of ▪ malady of France.'

Pict-hatch. A notorious haunt of prostitutes at the back of a turning called Rotten Row, opposite the Charterhouse wall in Goswell Road.

90. *the times hath.* In Elizabethan writers this Northern plural in *th* survived chiefly in the forms 'hath' and 'doth'. Cf. *Henry V*, prol. 9, 'The flat vnraysed Spirits, that hath dar'd . . .' and Fletcher, *The Faithfull Shepheardesse*, II. iii. 70–3, 'By it doth growe . . . all hearbs which witches vse, All simples . . . All sweetes . . .'

94. *guifts*, a frequent spelling in Jonson, to mark the hard *g*.

100. *I'had thought* (1640 ignores the apostrophe). Whalley, whom Gifford followed, tried to eke out the line by printing 'I had thought you', but they overlooked the slow deliberate rhythm which lengthens it sufficiently in delivery.

101. *T'had.* So Jonson prints 'Th'art': cf. Gill, *Logonomia*, 1619, p. 128, 'in *Ðou*' (i. e. Thou) 'ante *art* diphthongus sæpe deficit'.

103. *geering.* So spelt *B.F.* v. iii (F 2, p. 75), *D. is A.* I. vi. 99.

124–9. Whalley quoted Terence, *Adelphoe*, 57–8, 69–75:

> Pudore et liberalitate liberos
> retinere satius esse credo quam metu. . . .
> Malo coactus qui suom officium facit,
> dum id rescitum iri credit, tantisper pavet;
> si sperat fore clam, rursum ad ingenium redit.
> Ille quem beneficio adiungas ex animo facit,
> studet par referre, praesens absensque idem erit.
> Hoc patriumst, potius consuefacere filium
> sua sponte recte facere quam alieno metu.

I. iii.

13. *a what-sha'-call-him doublet.* Cf. *Poet.* III. iv, 'the t'other fellow there, hee in the—what sha' call him—'.

22. *horson scander-bag rogue.* Cf. Tucca's greeting in Dekker's *Satiro-mastix*, 1602, sig. H verso, 'away, flie Scanderbag flie'; and *The Shomakers Holiday*, 1600, III, 'no, we haue beene bargaining with Skellum Skanderbag,' where 'Skellum' ='scoundrel'. 'Scanderbag' (properly Iskander-beg, 'Prince Alexander') was the Turkish name of George Castriot (1414–67), the patriot chief who won the freedom of Albania in twenty-two battles. In 1562 there appeared *Two very notable Commentaries the one of the Originall of the Turcks and Empire of the house of Ottomanno, written by Andrewe Cambine, and thother of the warres of the Turcke against George Scanderbeg, prince of Epiro, and of the great victories obteyned by the sayd George, aswell against the Emperour of Turkie, as other princes, and of his other rare force and vertues, worthye of memorye, translated oute of Italian into Englishe by John Shute*; and in 1596, *The Historie of George Castriot*

Surnamed Scanderbeg, King of Albanie. Containing his famous actes, his noble deedes of Armes, and memorable victories against the Turkes, for the Faith of Christ. . . . By Iaques de Lavardin. . . . Newly translated out of French into English by Z. I., Gentleman, published by W. Ponsonby: Spenser, in a prefatory sonnet, described Castriot as 'matchable to the greatest' of the ancient heroes. A play was entered for Allde on the Stationers' Register on July 3, 1601, 'the true historye of George Scanderbarge as yt was lately playd by the right honourable the Earle of Oxenford his servantes' (Arber, *Transcript*, iii. 187).

27. *wispe of hay.* Cf. *T. of T.* I. iv. 1–5:

> Che lighted, I, but now i' the yard:
> Puppy ha' scarce unswadled my legges yet.
> *Tur.* What? wispes o' your wedding day, zonne? . . .
> I would ha' had bootes o' this day, zure, zonne *Iohn.*

30. *trusse*, tie the 'points' or tagged laces which fastened the breeches to the doublet. This clumsy substitute for buttons often necessitated assistance: Tucca, in *Poet.* III. iv, calls his pages 'my little point-trussers'. Brainworm in his reply quibbles on 'truss'd' in the sense of beaten.

37. *the woollen stocking.* Whalley quotes R. Tailor, *The Hogge hath lost his Pearle*, I. i (1614, sig. B 2), 'Good parts without any abilements of gallantry, are no more set by in these times, than a good legge in a woollen stocken.' Cf. II. i. 105 below.

42. *in a silke-hose.* Similarly Sir Andrew Aguecheek fancied the look of his own leg in a 'colour'd stocke' (*Tw. Night*, I. iii. 146). Cf. *C. R.* II. iii, 'He treades nicely, . . . especially the first *sunday* of his silke-stockings.' Stow records in his *Annales* (ed. Howes, p. 867) that in 1561 Queen Elizabeth was presented with a pair of black silk stockings by her silk-woman, Mrs. Montague, and gave up cloth hose from that time. This appears to have set the fashion.

56. *Costar'-monger.* So spelt *Alch.* IV. i. 57, *B. F.* IV. ii; 'costard-monger', *S. W.* I. i, and *B. F.* passim.

familiar Epistles. The use of italics in the Folios suggests a title, as in the letters of Cicero or Pliny, or the *Familiar Epistles of Sir Anthonie of Gueuara*, 1574.

58. *Mr. Iohn Trundle, yonder*, bookseller from 1603 to 1626,

and in 1613 at the sign of Nobody in Barbican. In co-operation with Nicholas Ling he published the First Quarto of *Hamlet* in 1603, but he was specially a publisher of ballads and light literature. Alexander Gill, in his splenetic verses on *The Magnetic Lady*, tells Jonson,

> As for the press, if thy play must come to't,
> Let Thomas Purfoot or John Trundell do't.

65. *messe*, a set of four (originally one of the groups into which the company at a banquet were divided). Cf. *Love's Lab. Lost*, IV. iii. 205–7, 'confesse . . . That you three fooles, lackt me foole, to make vp the messe'.

71. *melancholy*'. So spelt here and at III. i. 90 in F_1; and at *B. F.* III. iv, 'How melancholi' Mistresse *Grace* is yonder!' in F_2 (page 38). Jonson supposed that the adjective 'melancholy' was abbreviated from 'melancholic'.

86. *More-gate.* Then a postern gate in the City wall near Colman Street.

90, 91. *protest.* An affectation, as Whalley notes: cf. *Rom. and Jul.* II. iv. 183–92, where the Nurse considers that Romeo's 'I protest' is 'a gentleman-like offer', and the incessant use of it by Lampatho in Marston's *What You Will*, II. i. 37 foll. (Bullen), and in *Sir Gyles Goosecappe*, v. v (1606, sig. I4, but acted *c.* 1601): '*Wil.* . . . I protest she does most abhominablie miscarrie her selfe. *Ia:* Protest you sawcie Iack you, I shood doe my countrie and courteshippe good seruice to beate thy coalts teeth out of thy head, for suffering such a reuerend worde to passe their guarde; why, the oldest courtier in the world man, can doe noe more then protest. *Bul.* Indeede page if you were in Fraunce, you wood be broken vpon a wheele for it, there is not the best *Dukes* Sonne in Fraunce dares saie I protest, till hee bee one and thirtie yeere old at least, for the inheritance of that worde is not to bee possest before.'

92. *By my fackins.* Cf. *Alch.* I. ii. 131, 'Sweare by your fac?'

98. *sort*, rank.

107. *a Millaners wife.* A milliner was originally an importer, then a vendor, of Milan goods. Cf. *A Warning for Faire Women*, 1599, sig. C 2:

> *Man.* She told me sir the Draper would be here,
> And George the Milliner with other things.

And *The Winter's Tale*, IV. iii. 192–3, 'No Milliner can so fit his customers with Gloues.'

109. *cypresse*, 'a light transparent material resembling cobweb lawn or crape' (*N. E. D.*). For the contrast with lawn, cf. *Epig.* lxxiii. 14, and *The Winter's Tale*, IV. iii. 220–1, 'Lawne as white as driven Snow, | Cypresse blacke as ere was Crow'.

110. *Drakes old ship, at Detford.* The *Golden Hind*, laid up at Deptford by order of Queen Elizabeth; she visited it on April 4, 1581, and knighted Drake on board. It became a holiday resort: cf. *E. H.* III. ii, iii, and Peacham's verses prefixed to Coryat's *Crudities*, 1611, sig. k4 verso.

113. *Idea* (italicized in Ff), in the Platonic sense of 'archetype' or 'perfect pattern'.

118. *melancholy, and gentleman-like.* It was a fashionable trait of the contemporary gallant to be 'as sad as night Onely for wantonnisse' (*King John*, IV. i. 15, 16). In *The Life and Death of the Lord Cromwell*, III. ii (ed. 1602, sig. C4 verso), Hodge, disguised as the Earl of Bedford, says: 'How do I feele my selfe, why, as a Noble man should do, O how I feele honor come creeping on, My Nobilitie is wonderfull melancholie: Is it not most Gentleman like to be melancholie.'

125. *goe before*, 'Serving-man-like' (*T. of T.* IV. iv. 9).

I. iv.

6. *linage.* 'The spelling *lineage*, which appears late in the seventeenth century, is probably due to association with *line*.'—*N. E. D.*

11. *Herring the King of fish.* See *Nashes Lenten Stuffe . . . With a new Play neuer played before, of the praise of the Red Herring*, 1599, which tells 'howe the Herring scrambled vp to be King of all fishes' (Nashe's *Works*, iii, pp. 201–4, ed. McKerrow). Taylor, *Jacke-a-Lent* (*Works*, 1630, p. 116), also speaks of 'The maiesticall king of Fishes, the heroicall most magnificent *Herring*'.

15. *Harrot*, herald. Cf. *C. is A.* IV. ix, 'some harrot of armes'.

Cob, the head of a herring. Cf. Dekker, *The Second Part of Honest Whore*, 1630, sig. G2 verso, 'he can come bragging hither with foure white Herrings . . . but I may starue ere he giue me so much as a cob'.

27–9. *Roger Bacon . . . broyl'd o' the coles?* Cob knew his history (cf. l. 59) probably from a chapbook, which may have had him burnt as a necromancer.

30. *vpsolue*, clear up. A vulgarism?

47. *cast*, a quibble on the sense 'to vomit'. Cf. Porter, *The Two Angry Women of Abington*, 1599, sig. E 2, (of a drunkard) 'he were good Now to play at dice, for he castes excellent well'.

51. *swallow'd a tauerne-token.* T. Heywood in *Philocothonista, Or, The drunkard, Opened, Dissected, and Anatomised*, 1635, p. 60, gives as one of the euphemisms for drunkenness, 'He hath swallowed an *Haire* or a *Taverne-Token*'. Halfpenny and farthing tokens were issued by victuallers and tradesmen generally, for use as small change: with the exception of the 'Haringtons' (*D. is A.* II. i. 83) no royal issue of farthings was made till 1672. Jonson's most frequent mention of them is, as might be expected, in *Barthol'mew Fair* (I. ii, II. iv, III. iv).

53. *God b'w'you, sir.* Cf. *Love's Lab. Lost*, III. i. 158, 'God be wy you', and *Henry V*, IV. iii. 6, 'God buy' you Princes all'.

54. *carried two turnes.* Cf. R. W., *The three Lordes and three Ladies of London*, 1590, sig. C 2 verso:

> Enter painfull *Penurie*, attired like a waterbearing woman with her Tankard.
> . . . you may see poore painful *penury*
> Is faine to carry three Tankards for a penie, . . .
> I shall loose my draught at *Conduit*, and therefore Ile away.

57. *hauings.* Cf. *C. R.* v. iv, (a man) 'of goodly hauings'; *D. is A.* III. iii. 133, 'A man of meanes and havings'.

59. *the Brasen-head.* An allusion to the legend of Roger Bacon. See the old romance *The famous Historie of Fryer Bacon*, 1627, ch. v, 'How Fryer Bacon made a Brasen head to speake, by the which hee would haue walled England about with Brasse'. Jonson has a further allusion in *C. R.* IV. ii, 'Who answeres the brazen head? it spoke to some bodie'.

60. *Mo fooles yet.* The traditional words of the Brazen Head are 'Time is', 'Time was', 'Time will be' (quoted *C. is A.*

IV. iii). But cf. *Vlysses vpon Aiax*, 1596, sig. C verso, 'I could tell you more as hee hath done (out of that most learned author the booke of merrie tales from whence his best iestes are deriued) but that as the olde *Manciple* of *Brasennoze* Colledge in *Oxforde* was wont to say; There are more fooles to meete with'.

62. *worshipfull fish-monger*, i. e. a member of the city company.

71. *poyetrie*. Cob's broad pronunciation is a survival of an older form: cf. 'Plato þe Poyete' in Langland, *Piers Plowman*, A text, xi. 129 (1362), and 'poyet' in Tindale's version of Titus I 12 (1526).

74. *There's an oath*. The gallant of the period made a study of oaths. Cf. *Euerie Woman in her Humor*, 1609, sig. B verso, where Servulus, learning to become a gentleman, swears 'By this bright horizon'—'no common oath', as his follower remarks: he replies, 'Were it common, it past not these doores: Sir, I shift my oathes as I wash my hands, twice in the artificial day'. The variant then is 'By this illuminate welkin'.

77. *sweare the legiblest*. Cf. *C. is A.* v. vi, 'Speak legibly'.

81. *at's tonnels*, through his nostrils (lit. tunnels). For the practice see *E. M. O.* IV. iii, 'there wee might see SOGLIARDO sit in a chaire, holding his snowt vp like a sow vnder an apple-tree, while th' other open'd his nostrils with a poking-sticke, to giue the smoke a more free deliuerie'.

84. *the next Action*. Bobadill, like Shift in *E. M. O.* ('Characters') and Captain Hungry in *Epig.* cvii, 'way-layes the reports of seruices', and gets meals and money by them.

84–5. *Helter . . . hang-man*. So in Dekker, Chettle, and Haughton's *Patent Grissill* (acted 1599), ed. 1603, sig. H 4, a beggar says 'Make him a cuckolde Madame, and vpon that I drinke to you: helter skelter here roagues, top and top gallant, pell mell, huftie tuftie, hem, God saue the Duke and a fig for the hangman'.

84. *care'll kill a cat*. Ray in his *Proverbs*, 1670, p. 67, comments 'And yet a cat is said to have nine lives. *Cura facit canos.*'

85. *vp-tailes all*, the refrain of an old song, the tune of which is in Queen Elizabeth's *Virginal Book* and in *The Dancing*

Master, 1650: see Chappell's *Popular Music in the Olden Time*, 1893, i, p. 149. Gifford quotes Sharpham, *The Fleire*, 1607, sig. F verso, 'she euerie day sings *Iohn for the King*, and at *Vp tailes all*, shees perfect'.

I. v.

Stage dir. *Bobad. is discouered* by drawing the curtain covering the central space at the back of the stage. Compare the opening stage-directions of *The Case is Alter'd*, 1609, '*Sound: after a flourish*, Iuniper, *a Cobler is discouered, sitting at worke in his shoppe and singing*', and *Eastward Hoe*, 1609, '*At the middle dore, Enter Golding, discouering a Goldsmith's shoppe*'.

19. *sort*, company. Cf. *T. of T.* II. ii. 87–8, 'were set upon By a sort of country fellowes'.

31. *possesse*. Cf. IV. v. 9, *D. is A.* V. v. 44.

34. *Cabbin*. Bobadill speaks modestly, but he may be thinking of the military use for 'tent', as in III. vii. 68.

42. *I resolue so*. For this affectation compare *S. W.* III. ii, 'Mrs. Ot. But he departed straight, I can resolue you. Dav. What an excellent choice phrase, this lady expresses in!'

45. *Goe by, Hieronymo!* i. e. Kyd's *The Spanish Tragedie*, which Bobadill identifies by a stock quotation at sig. G 4 in Allde's undated quarto (III. xii. 27–31, ed. Boas):

> *Hiero.* Iustice, o iustice to *Hieronimo*.
> *Lor.* Back, seest thou not the King is busie?
> *Hiero.* O, is he so.
> *King.* Who is he that interrupts our busines?
> *Hiero.* Not I, *Hieronimo* beware, goe by, goe by.

'Perhaps no single passage in Elizabethan drama became so notorious as this. It is quoted over and over again, as the stock phrase to imply impatience of anything disagreeable, inconvenient, or old-fashioned.'—Boas: who gives passages in *The Taming of the Shrew*, Dekker, Middleton, Deloney, and Taylor. Jonson has the words again in *The New Inn*, II. v. 82.

47–8. For similar ignorance on the part of a gallant, Mr. Baskerville (*English Elements*, p. 126) compares Davies, *Epigram* 22, on 'the fine youth *Ciprius*' and his fashions:

> Yet this new fangled youth, made for these times,
> Doth aboue all praise old George *Gascoines* rimes.

51. *againe* rounds off a clause or sentence with a cry of impatience: cf. II. ii. 32.

53. *O eyes.* From *The Spanish Tragedie*, III. ii. 1–4 (sig. E verso in Allde's quarto). Cf. *The Wandering-Jew, Telling Fortunes to Englishmen*, 1640, sig. G 2, where a lover enters to the fortune-teller: 'Young-man, you are welcome, What ayle your eyes? have you bin crying? Crying (said he) O eyes! no eyes but fountains full of Teares. A line in *Ieronimo* (cryed the Boy) . . . I Confesse it, said the Lover, 'tis in *Ieronimo*, and I am *Ieronimo*; for I have a son murdred; the sonne of my mother is made away by the cruelty of a Maid; I am *Iphis*, She *Anaxarete*.'

60–5. Matthew 'vtters nothing, but stolne remnants' (IV. ii. 54), but this blend of his pilfering has not been traced. It opens with a suggestion of the style of Daniel.

65. *Hast made the wast.* Cf. *Iohn Heywoodes woorkes*, 1562, Pt. I, ch. ii, sig. A iij,

> Some things that prouoke young men to wed in haste,
> Show after weddyng, that hast maketh waste.

And Harrison, *A Description of England*, 1587, II. v (i, p. 136), of scamped work, 'whereby the buier is often sore defrauded, and findeth to his cost, that hast maketh wast, according to the prouerbe'.

66. Stage dir. *making him ready*, dressing. Cf. *T. of T.* I. i. 70, Stage dir., 'Hilts *enters, and walkes by, making himselfe ready*.'

76. *hanger*, the loop or strap in a sword-belt from which the weapon was hung. A fashionable gallant had embroidered hangers, the 'liberal-conceited carriages' of Osric's eulogy (*Hamlet*, v. ii. 157 ff.). Gifford, on *Poet.* III. iv, quoted John Cooke's *Greene's Tu Quoque* (Flesher's ed., sig. G 4), where Joyce tells her brother, 'since you came to th' Inn's a Court', she had wrought him 'a faire payre of Hangers'; and the song *Jockie is grown a gentleman*:

> The belt that was made of a white leather thonge,
> Which thou and thy father wore so longe,
> Is turned to hangers of velvet stronge,
> With gold and pearle embroydered amonge.

77. *peremptory-beautifull.* Cf. I. ii. 28.

83. *rooke*, gull, simpleton. Cf. *C. is A.* II. vii, 'such rookes as these should be asham'd to iudge'.

90. *prouerbes*. Nicholas Proverbs in Henry Porter's *The two angry women of Abington*, acted in 1598, is a kindred spirit to Downright.

104. *chartel*. 'Challenge' in *Q*.

105. *dependance*, a duellist's ground of quarrel. Cf. *D. is A.* III. iii. 62 ff., *Vision of Delight*, 94 (F 2, p. 18).

106. *Caranza*. Jeronimo de Carranza, author of *De la Filosofia de las Armas*, first published in 1569, the pioneer of a long series of Spanish treatises on fencing: in *The New Inn*, II. v. 87, IV. iv. 83, he is spoken of as superseded. In Fletcher's *Love's Pilgrimage*, v. ii (Folio text, 1647), Sanchio tells the Governor, who demands his sword from him in a street riot:

> Stay heare me. Hast thou ever read *Curanza*?
> Understandest thou honour, Noble Governour?

When the Governor afterwards orders all weapons to be restored, he stands out stiffly:

> It seems thou hast not read *Curanza*, fellow.
> I must have reparation of honour,
> As well as this: I finde that wounded.
> *Gov.* Sir,
> I did not know your quality, if I had
> Tis like I should have done you more respects.
> *Sanch.* It is sufficient, by *Caranza's* rule.

108. *stoccata*, thrust. Cf. *Vincentio Saviolo his Practise*, 1595, sig. H verso, 'if your enemie bee cunning and skilfull, neuer stand about giuing any foine or imbroccata, but this thrust or stoccata alone'; Mercutio agreed—'*Alla stucatho* carries it away' (*Rom. and Jul.* III. i. 79). A rival school of theosts favoured the cut.

113. *vn-in-one-breath-vtter-able*. Cf. *D. is A.* III. iii. 51, 'an ore vn-to-be-melted'; *N. I.* v. iv. 24–5, 'a neglect Vn-to-be-pardon'd'; and Chapman, *May-day*, III. v (1611, p. 53), 'of an vn-cole-carrying spirit'.

117. With *accommodate* as a 'worde of Action', cf. of course 2 *Henry IV*, III. ii. 84–5, 'a Souldier-like Word, and a Word of

exceeding good Command'. Jonson brands it as an affectation in *Disc.* (Folio, p. 124), 'You are not to cast a Ring for the perfumed termes of the time, as *Accommodation*, *Complement*, *Spirit*, &c.'

118. *bed-staffe.* Bed-staves were of various sizes and had various uses; but here the bedroom has only one ('*another* bed-staffe', says Bobadill), and it is the right length for fencing. This was the kind used for beating up the bed in making it. See a picture in the series of nineteen plates depicting home life designed by the French artist Abraham Bosse and engraved by J. le Blond and M. Tavernier, Paris, 1633: the bedroom scene 'La Nourrice', engraved by Tavernier, shows a bed in the corner, which a servant is just making; she reaches over it and smoothes the coverlet with a stick.

130. *passe vpon you.* Matthew is confused by the unfavourable senses of the term—(1) to pass sentence upon (*Measure for Measure*, II. i. 19, 23), (2) to impose upon (*Tw. Night*, v. i. 364).

133. *carreere*, lunge.

134. *passada*, a forward thrust while the fencer advances one foot, the 'immortal passado' of Mercutio. Cf. Saviolo, op. cit., sig. H3, 'If your enemy be first to strike at you, and if at that instant you would make him a passata or remoue, it behoueth you to be very ready with your feet and hand'.

140. *venue.* The French term was out of fashion: cf. *Hamlet*, v. ii. 172, 'in a dozen passes', where the corresponding reference in the First Quarto (sc. xv. 18) reads 'in twelue venies'.

154. *'Tis somewhat with the least.* Cf. *N. I.* II. i. 2, 'It was a great deale with the biggest for me'; and Chaucer, *Troilus and Criseyde*, I. 281, 'She n'as nat with the leste of her stature'.

155. *redish . . . to tast our wine.* Cf. the admonition to two needy poets in Randolph, *The Jealous Lovers*, 1632, III. v:

> I will not have you henceforth sneak to Taverns,
> And peep like fidlers into Gentlemens rooms,
> To shark for wine and radishes.

157. *the Coridon.* Cf. Dekker and Webster, *West-ward Hoe*, 1607, sig. H 4, 'Will you then turne *Coridons* because you are among clowns? shal it be said you haue no braines being in *Brainford*?'

II. i.

6. *with th' pieces.* So III. iii. 42–3, 'with th' bonds', but in *Epig.* cxxxiii. 153, 'with' the'. This is only Jonson's meticulous way of writing 'wi' the'. Cf. W. Goddard, *A Mastif Whelp*, [Dort? 1615?] sig. B 4 (of a woman repeating like an echo the last words of her lover), 'Quoth shee [entwind] thus loue with' last words dus shee binde'; and 'This's' (*T. of T.* II. ii. 52), which is common in Jonson and found in other writers.

pieces of eight. The Spanish silver *peso* or piece of eight reales value (*pieza de á ocho*). Cf. *Alch.* III. iii. 15.

9. *grogran*, or grogram, 'a coarse fabric of silk, of mohair and wool, or of these mixed with silk; often stiffened with gum' (*N. E. D.*). Cf. *C. R.* III. ii, 'poore grogran-rascall'; *M. L.* IV. i. 6, 'A new silke-Grogoran Gowne'.

17. *the Hospitall*, Christ's Hospital, which in addition to the 'children of the house', the sons of City freemen, educated foundlings and other children admitted from the City parishes. Cf. *N. I.*, IV. ii. 7–9:

> He had no Father, I warrant him, that durst own him;
> Some foundling in a stall, or the Church porch;
> Brought vp i' the *Hospitall*; and so bound Prentise.

And Middleton, *The Widdow*, II. i (1652, sig. D 2 verso):

> I ha' no charge at all, no child of mine own,
> But two I got once of a scowring woman,
> And they'r both well provided for, they'r i' th' Hospitall.

57. Cf. *Julius Caesar*, I. ii. 72–4:

> Were I a common Laughter, or did vse
> To stale with ordinary Oathes my loue
> To euery new Protester.

66. *'Sdeynes*, a shortened form of 'God's deynes' or 'God's dines' (in Porter's *Two angry women of Abington*, 1599, ll. 1804 and 2342, Malone Society's reprint). The *N. E. D.* doubtfully suggests a corruption of 'dignesse', so that the phrase is 'by God's dignity'. Cf. 'Gods dentie' in W. Bullein, *A Dialogue*, &c., 1573, p. 91.

67. *a crackt three-farthings.* Silver pieces coined by Elizabeth,

thin and liable to crack: behind the Queen's head was a rose: cf. *King John*, I. i. 141–3.

68. *It will neuer . . . bone.* Cf. *Iohn Heywoodes woorkes*, 1562, Pt. II, ch. viii, sig. I iv verso:

> This prouerbe prophecied many yeres agone.
> It will not out of the fleshe that is bred in the bone.

70. *a shoulder . . . horse.* Cf. E. Gosynhill, *The Schole house of women*, 1540 (misprinted 1560), sig. A ii verso:

> As handsome for a man, is a womans corse
> As a shulder of mutton, for a sycke horse.

And *Iohn Heywoodes woorkes*, 1562, Pt. I, ch. vii, sig. I iij:

> Thou art, to be plaine, and not to flatter thee,
> As holsome a morsell for my comely cors
> As a shoulder of mutton for a sicke hors.

71. *for*, 'fore. So in II. ii. 32. Cf. *E. M. O.* II. iii, 'Some ten or eleuen pound would doe it all, and suit me *for the heauens*'—Folio, 1616, p. 108, where the Folio of 1640 reads '*fore the heauens*'.

74. *the Counters.* The two City prisons, each under the control of a sheriff. At this date one was in Wood Street, Cheapside; the prisoners from an older Counter in Bread Street were first lodged in it in 1555. It is described by William Fenner in *The Compters Commonwealth*, 1617, p. 9. The other was in the Poultry near St. Mildred's church. Cf. Middleton, *The Phoenix*, IV. iii. 18–22 (Bullen):—'in that notable city called London stand two most famous universities Poultry and Wood-street, where some are of twenty years' standing, and have took all their degrees, from the Master's side down to the Mistress' side, the Hole'; *E. H.* II. iii. 59–61, 'Let 'hem take their choice, eyther the *Kings Benche*, or the *Fleete*, or which of the two *Counters* they like best'. The plays of *Every Man out of his Humour* and *Eastward Ho* both end in one of the Counters.

has the wrong sow by the eare. The proverb is in *Iohn Heywoodes woorkes*, 1562, Pt. II, ch. ix, sig. K ij. Contrast *E. H.* II. iii. 76, 'You haue the Sowe by the right eare, Sir'.

75. *claps his dish at the wrong mans dore.* In Ray's *Proverbs*, 2nd ed., 1678, p. 239, 'at a wrong man's door'. Beggars carried a wooden dish with a cover which they clapped to attract notice

and collect alms. Cf. Heywood, *King Edward IV*, Part II, 1605, sig. V4, 'Enter M⟨istress⟩ Blage very poorely a begging, with her basket and clap-dish'; *The History of the tryall of Cheualry*, 1605, sig. B 2 verso, 'I know him as well as the Begger knowes his dish'.

75–6. *I'le lay my hand o' my halfe-peny.* In Ray, 1678, p. 250. Cf. *Iohn Heywoodes woorkes*, 1562, Pt. I, ch. vi, sig. B ij:

> I perfectly feele euen at my fyngers ende.
> So harde is your hande set on your halfpeny,
> That my reasonyng your reason setteth nought by.

79, 80. *eate . . . anger.* Cf. III. i. 164.

82. Jonson's verse admits an occasional Alexandrine: that it was intentional is shown by the fact that the Quarto in this passage reads 'disswade me', and in *Poetaster*, I. ii (F 1, p. 283), 'O sacred *poesie*, thou spirit of *Romane artes*', where 'Romane' is an insertion of the Folio in the Quarto text, and in *Alchemist*, III. iv. 5, 'He neuer heard her *Highnesse* dote, till now (he sayes)' where 'he sayes' is a similar addition. Occasionally the line has a middle pause which makes it effective: 'Safe from the wolues black iaw, and the dull asses hoofe' (*Poet.* Apol. Dial. 227).

99. *blow the eares.* Cf. *Poet.* I. ii, 'They wrong mee, Sir, . . . that blow your eares with these vntrue reports'.

105. *flat cap.* Stow in his *Survay*, 1603, p. 545, relates how in the reign of Henry VIII 'The youthfull Citizens also tuke them to the new fashion of flatte caps, knit of woollen yearne blacke, but so light that they were forced to tye them vnder their chins, for else the wind would be maister ouer them'. When the fashion changed at court, 'flat-cap' became a term of derision for a citizen: cf. *E. H.* I. i, 'Mary fough, goodman flat-cap'.

shining shooes, i. e. blackened shoes. Cf. Mayne, *The City Match*, 1639, I. iv:

> *New.* But for thee, Franck, O Transmutation!
> Of Satin chang'd to Kerseyhose I sing.
> Slid his shooes shine too. *Br.* They have the Gresham dye.
> Dost thou not dresse thy selfe by 'em? I can see
> My face in them.

Gifford quoted Massinger, *The Guardian*, II. iii (*Three New*

Playes, 1655, p. 32), where 'owners of dark shops' are identified,

> If they walk on foot, by their Rat-colour'd stockings,
> And shining shooes. If Horsmen, by short Boots,
> And riding furniture of several Counties.

And Shirley, *The Doubtfull Heir*, 1652, II. ii (*Six New Playes*, 1653, p. 16):

> *Capt.* Will you to your Shops agen?
> *Ant.* I have no mind to Woosted Stockings agen,
> And Shoos that Shine, I would were colours still.

113–14. *quarrell'd My brother.* For the transitive use cf. *Gram.* I. iv, 'we are not now to quarrell *Orthographie*'.

118–19. *Like . . . quack-saluers . . . set the bills vp.* Cf. *Alch.* v. i. 12, 13:

> You saw no Bills set vp, that promis'd cure
> Of agues, or the tooth-ach?

II. ii.

8. *to night*, last night, like 'hac nocte' in Plautus, *Captivi* 127, *Amphitryo* 731. So III. i. 2, *D. is A.* IV. i. 18.

18. (*god forgiue me I should sweare*). Cf. Fallace in *E. M. O.* IV. i, 'By the faith of a Gentlewoman, (beast that I am to say it)'. The qualifying clause is added to preserve middle-class respectability: cf. Hotspur's contempt for the 'Sunday-citizens' ' mild oaths in 1 *Henry IV*, III. ii. 250–60.

20. *draw my sword in . . . Fleet-street.* Lodge, *Wits Miserie*, 1596, p. 63, describes the fiend of Brawling-contention: 'In a fray in Fleetstreet you shall daily see him foremost, for but in fighting, chiding, and scolding, hee hath no countenance'. Cf. Sir W. Cornwallis, *Essays*, 1600, sig. N 4, 'I can remember no sight more offensiue to me then a variable old man, that can speake of nothing but the fashions of his Time, the wench then in price, how many hacks he hath had in his Buckler in a Fleet-streete fray, or the friskes of the Italian Tumblers.'

21. *Madge-howlet.* 'Madge-Owle', *S. S.* II. iii. 8. 'Madge' was a popular name for the owl: 'Also there is Vlula; and

this is that which we call the Howlet, or the Madge.'—Swan, *Speculum Mundi*, 1643, p. 397.

23. *tumbrell-slop.* Cf. *C. is A.* IV. viii, 'Stay let me see these drums, these kilderkins, these bombard slops'.

24. *Garagantua.* Rabelais began to publish his *Gargantua and Pantagruel* in parts in 1535. It must have reached England in the form of chapbooks. The earliest reference is in Edward Dering's letter prefixed to *A Briefe and necessary Instruction*, 1572. In the Stationers' Register 'Gargantua his prophesie' was entered on April 6, 1592, and 'A booke entituled the historie of Gargantua' on December 4, 1594 (Arber, *Transcript*, ii. 607, 667). Shakespeare's reference in *As You Like It*, III. ii. 239, to 'Gargantua's mouth' is closely contemporary with Jonson's here.

29. *ging*, company. Cf. *Alch.* v. i. 21, *N. I.* I. v. 46.

II. iii.

Margin [*To them*]. Jonson usually heads a new scene with the full list of characters who take part in it. But when new characters enter to those already on the stage and Jonson marks a new scene with their entrance, he usually gives a list of the newcomers only and adds a note in the margin '*To them*', as in IV. iii. Here and in IV. vii and ix this is wrongly done, and in the fifth act this stage-direction is given inconsistently in the 1616 Folio, which omits it for scenes ii and iii.

9, 10. Kitely's consummate fatuity is sustained in minor touches throughout the play: cf. ll. 22–4, III. iii. 80–2, IV. viii. 36, 37, 44.

34. *rose-water.* Mr. Wheatley quotes Venner's *Via Recta ad Vitam longam*, 1620, p. 129, to show that fruit was frequently eaten with rose-water: 'Raspis or Framboise being ripe, . . . may bee eaten by themselues . . . or if there be neede of cooling with Rose, or Violet-water and Sugar'.

38. *Musse*, mouse. Cf. *Hamlet*, III. iv. 183, 'Pinch Wanton on your cheeke, call you his Mouse'. Edward Alleyn begins a letter to his wife 'My good sweett harte and loving mouse' (*Henslowe Papers*, ed. Greg, p. 34).

46. *this new disease.* The title seems to have included forms

of fever which were imperfectly diagnosed. Cf. G. Wapull, *The Tyde taryeth no Man*, 1576, sig. G iij:

> Yes truely he dyed in a great madnesse,
> And went with the Tyde boate straight into hell . . .
> And some sayd he dyed of the new sicknesse.

And Sir C. Cornwallis, *The Life and Death of Henry, Prince of Wales*, 1641, p. 29, 'the Feaver, (called for the strange diversitie) *The new Disease*'. Prince Henry died of it (typhoid fever probably in his case).

47. *come in, out of the aire.* The medical science of Jonson's day thought fresh air bad for an invalid: cf. *B. F.* v. vi, 'Get your wife out o' the ayre, it wil make her worse else'; and *Hamlet*, II. ii. 212, where Polonius, thinking Hamlet to be ill, suggests that he should 'walk out of the air'. Night-air was even worse: see *Julius Caesar*, II. i. 263–7.

53. *shee has me i' the wind.* Cf. *Sej.* II (F 1, p. 383), 'They haue vs in the wind'. A hunting metaphor: cf. Turbervile, *The Noble Arte of Venerie*, 1575, p. 242, 'When he', i.e. the hart, 'smelleth or venteth anye thing, then we saye he *hath* (*this or that*) *in the winde*'. The game was intercepted on the windward side to force it into the toils laid in the opposite direction.

56–68. Quoted in R. Allot's anthology, *Englands Parnassus: Or The choysest Flowers of our Moderne Poets*, 1600, p. 143, under the heading '*Iealousie*'.

59. *the houses of the braine.* The old anatomists divided the brain into three houses or cells or ventricles: imagination was the foremost, reason the middle, and memory the hindmost cell. See Vicary, *The Anatomie of the Bodie of Man*, 1548, E. E. T. S., Extr. Ser. 53, p. 31. 'The substance of the braine is diuided into three partes or ventrikles. . . . First, in the foremost Ventrikle God hath founded and set the . . . fyue Wittes. . . . And also there is one part of this Ventrikle, the vertue that is called Fantasie. . . . In the other parte of the same Ventrikle is ordeyned and founded the imaginatiue vertue. . . . In the middest sel or ventrikle there is founded and ordeyned the Cogitatiue or estimatiue vertue. . . . In the thirde Ventrikle, and last, there is founded and ordeyned the vertue Memoratiue. . . .' And *The whole worke of that famous Chirurgion Maister Iohn*

Vigo, 1586, fol. 6 *b*, 'The braine is a substance full of marrowe diuided into three ventricles, of which there is one in the fore part which is greater then the other three. The second is in the middest. The third hath his residence in the hinder part. And therefore, after *Galens* iudgement, it is the foundation of imagination, and of deuising, and of remembrance.' The ventricles are elaborately described foll. 6–8. Gregory Reisch's *Margarita Philosophica*, 1503, X, ch. xxi, gives a diagram of the head, showing the formation of the ventricles.

59, 60. *it begins . . . vpon the phantasie.* The medical theories of Jonson's time always made this the starting-point of any form of brain trouble. Cf. Burton, *Anatomy*, 1621, pp. 121–2, 'So that the first steppe and fountaine of all our grieuances in this kinde', [viz. melancholy or choler] 'is *læsa Imaginatio*, which misinforming the Heart, causeth all these distemperatures, alteration and confusion of spirits and humors'; he explains apparitions and noises in the head (p. 267): 'The Organs corrupt by a corrupt phantasie, as *Lemnius lib. i. cap.* 16 well quotes. *cause a great agitation of spirits, and humors, which wander too and fro in all the creekes of the braine, and cause such apparitions before their eyes*'.

66. *sensiue.* Cf. *Sej.* v (F 1, p. 434), where the line 'As if his statues now were sensitiue' appears in some copies of the Folio 'now were sensiue grown'.

II. iv.

4. *the lye.* Cf. IV. iv. 11–14; and *Othello*, III. iv. 1–6, '*Des.* Do you know, Sirrah, where Lieutenant *Cassio* lyes? *Clo.* I dare not say he lies anywhere. *Des.* Why man? *Clo.* He's a Soldier, and for me to say a Souldier lyes, 'tis stabbing.'

5. *the Fico.* 'To give the fico' was to thrust the thumb between the forefingers or swell out the cheek by putting it into the mouth: cf. 2 *Henry IV*, v. iii. 120–3:

> I speake the truth
> When Pistoll lyes, do this, and figg-me, like
> The bragging Spaniard.

At the words 'do this' he makes the gesture. So Lodge in *Wits Miserie*, 1596, p. 23, 'Behold next I see *Contempt* march-

ing forth, giuing mee the Fico with this (*sic*) thombe in his mouth'. It is to this form of insult that Brain-worm alludes, not to the poisoned fig of Italy and Spain.

8. *drie foot*, by the mere scent. Later Brain-worm varies the metaphor: 'he has follow'd you ouer the field's, by the foot, as you would doe a hare i' the snow' (III. ii. 44, 45).

11. *blew-waiters*. Serving-men were dressed in blue. Cf. *C. is A.* I. vii, 'euer since I belongd to the blew order'; and J. Cooke, *Greenes Tu Quoque*, 1614, sig. D2 (of a serving-man), 'and for his colours, they are according to the season, in the Summer hee is apparrelled (for the most part) like the heauens, in blew, in the winter, like the earth, in freeze'.

12. *motley*, the fool's coat. Cf. *Epig.* liii. 9.

18. *true garb*. Cf. an excized passage of the Quarto text, v. iii, where Brain-worm describes himself as 'begging . . . in the most accomplisht and true garbe (as they tearme it)'. Moorfields was a noted haunt of soldier-beggars: cf. *E. H.* I, 'mee thinkes I see thee already walking in Moore fields without a Cloake, with halfe a Hatte, without a band, a Doublet with three Buttons, without a girdle, a hose with one point and no Garter, with a cudgell vnder thine arme' (cf. l. 83 below) 'borrowing and begging three pence'; and Field, *A Woman is a Weather-cocke*, IV. ii (1612, sig. G 4), 'God a mercy, zoones methinkes I see my selfe in Moore-fields, vpon a woaden leg, begging three pence'. Robert Anton in *The Philosophers Satyrs*, 1616, p. 20, notes among the characters that haunt Moorfields:

> *lymping Souldiers*, and *wild trauellers*,
> That sit a Sunning vnder some *greene tree*,
> Wondring what *riches* are, or *rich men* be.

19. *Lance-knights*, mercenary footsoldiers, especially those armed with a lance or pike. The word is an adaptation of the German *Lanzknecht*.

32. *iet ring*. Cf. *M. Gipsies* (F 2, p. 68), 'They have robb'd me too of . . . a jet-ring I had, to draw Jacke straw hether a holydayes'. Jet was a favourite material for cheap rings owing to its electrical attraction: cf. III. iii. 25, *N. I.* I. iii. 142. Mr. Thorn-Drury comments, 'When jet rings had posies in them were they lined

with silver? Cf. *Manningham's Diary*, p. 83, "Posies for a jet ring lined with sylver."'

33. *the poesie.* Cf. *C. R.* IV. v, 'please you, sir, to accept this poore ruby, in a ring, sir. The *poesie* is of my owne deuice. *Let this blush for me*, sir.'

39. *the deeper, the sweeter.* A drinking proverb. Cf. Cooke, *Greene's Tu Quoque*, 1614, sig. D 2, 'And againe the Prouerbe sayes, The deeper the sweeter: There has the seruing-man the vantage againe, for he drinks still in the bottome of the pot'; S. S., *The Honest Lawyer*, 1616, sig. H4, Gripe, giving drink, says, 'So, off with't bottome and all: the deeper the sweeter'.

45 foll. Compare Shirley's burlesque in *The Schoole of Complement*, IV. v (1651, p. 56):

'*Gorg.* Good your worship bestow a small piece of siluer vpon a poore souldier, new-come out of the Low-Countries, that haue beene in many hot seruices, against the Spaniard, the French, and great Turke. I haue beene shot seuen times thorow the body; my eyes blowne vp with gun-powder, halfe my skull seard off with a Canon, and had my throat cut twice in the open field: good your worship, take compassion vpon the caterwaking [sic] fortunes of a forlorne Gentleman, that haue lost the vse of my veines: good your generous nature take compassion vpon me, I haue but foure fingers and a thumbe vpon one hand: can worke, and woonnot: one small piece of gratefull siluer, to ⟨pay⟩ for my lodging, I beseech you venerable sir.'

54–5. *Bohemia, Hungaria, Dalmatia.* Ferdinand (afterwards the Emperor Ferdinand I) was crowned king of Hungary in 1527, but he only nominally ruled it. He had to fight a rival John Zapolya, who was a vassal of Selim II; Zapolya died in 1540, and next year the country passed under Turkish rule for nearly a hundred and fifty years, and became a battle-ground.

58. *Alepo*, taken by Selim I in 1516; the capture added Syria to his empire.

Vienna, relieved in 1529.

59. *the Adriatique gulfe.* Perhaps suggested by the battle of Lepanto, 1571.

71, 78. *veluet scabberd . . . siluer hilt.* Cf. Stubbes, *The Anatomie of Abuses*, 1583, ed. Furnivall, i, p. 62: 'To these haue they their Rapiers, Swoords and Daggers, gilt twise or thrise

ouer the hilts, with good Angell golde, or els argented ouer with siluer both within and without, and if it be true as I heare say it is, there be some hiltes made all of pure siluer itself, and couered with golde. Othersome at the least are Damasked, Vernished, and ingrauen marueilous goodly: and least any thyng should be wantyng to set forthe their pride, their scaberds and sheathes of Veluet or the like; for leather, though it be more proffitable and as seemely, yet wil it not carie such ▪ porte or countenance like the other.' Fynes Moryson in his *Itinerary*, 1617, Part III, IV. ii, comments on the use of the velvet scabbard as a 'peculiar fashion, which I neuer obserued in any other part', of the French and the English.

82. *there's another shilling*. Like Sir Andrew Aguecheek in *Twelfth-Night*, II. iii. 34–7.

83. *Higgin-Bottom*. Not certainly identified. Gifford referred to the correspondence in Lodge's *Illustrations*, ii, pp. 215–18, about the dispute which the Earl of Shrewsbury had with his tenants in May, 1579. One of these, Otwell Higgenbotham, was examined before the Privy Council. Elizabeth interested herself in the case, and the tenants seem to have won it.

II. V.

8, 9. From Ovid, *Fasti* v. 57, 69–70:

> Magna fuit quondam capitis reverentia cani . . .
> verba quis auderet coram sene digna rubore
> dicere? censuram longa senecta dabat.

8. *buffon*. The usual form in Jonson (*C. R.* III. iv. 42; *Poet.* v. iii, Apol. Dial. 177; *Volp.* ded., *Entertainment at Althorpe*), but 'buffoon' came in later: see *M. L.* I. iv. 42, and Drayton, *The Moone-Calfe*, 1627, p. 163, 'Him to associate some Buffoon doth get'.

14–34. From Quintilian, i. 2. 6–8 'Utinam liberorum nostrorum mores non ipsi perderemus! infantiam statim deliciis solvimus. mollis illa educatio, quam indulgentiam vocamus, nervos omnes mentis et corporis frangit. quid non adultus concupiscet, qui in purpuris repit? nondum prima verba exprimit, iam coccum intellegit, iam conchylium poscit. ante palatum eorum quam os instituimus . . . gaudemus, si quid licentius dixerint: verba ne Alexandrinis quidem permittenda deliciis risu et osculo excipimus. nec mirum:

nos docuimus, ex nobis audiunt, nostras amicas, nostros concubinos vident, omne convivium obscaenis canticis strepit, pudenda dictu spectantur. fit ex his consuetudo, inde natura.'

22. *dearling.* This spelling is found here and in *Volp.* I. ii. 71 in the 1616 Folio; in *Alch.* III. iv. 3 in the Quarto and both Folios; in *D. is A.* v. vi. 74 and *Gram.* I. xi. in the 1640 Folio.

24. *mother'her selfe.* See II. i. 6 n.

40. *to seale.* Cf. *Alch.* II. i. 12, *Und.* xlvii. 15.

46. *the Venetian cortezans.* Coryat in his *Crudities*, 1611, devotes a chapter to them; in Day's *Humour out of breath*, 1608, II. i, Venice is described as 'the best flesh-shambles in *Italie*'.

49, 50. From Horace, *Epist.* I. i. 53, 65, 66:

> O cives, cives, quaerenda pecunia primum est . . .
> rem facias, rem,
> si possis recte, si non, quocumque modo rem.

51–6. From Juvenal, *Sat.* xiv. 7–10, 13–14:

> . . . iuvenis, qui radere tubera terrae,
> boletum condire et eodem iure natantis
> mergere ficedulas didicit nebulone parente
> et cana monstrante gula . . .
> cupiet lauto cenare paratu
> semper et a magna non degenerare culina.

59, 60. Ibid. 31–3:

> velocius et citius nos
> corrumpunt vitiorum exempla domestica, magnis
> cum subeunt animos auctoribus.

Similarly the language in ll. 61, 62 is suggested by Juvenal 59–69.

64. *leystalls*, dung-heaps: 'lay-stall', *Und.* xxi. 8.

79. *the price of two cannes of beere*, twopence. Cf. E. S., *The Discouerie of The Knights of the Poste*, 1597, sig. A3 verso, 'I tolde you of as much money as filde a quart, which God wot was but one penny for the which I had a quart of ale at *Colbrooke*'; Lodge and Greene, *A Looking Glasse*, &c., 1598, sig. D2 verso, '*Clowne.* I will not do a stroake of worke to day, for the ale is good ale, and you can aske but a peny for a pot, no more by the statute.'

87. *not . . . giuen in the course of time*, i. e. you will one day be repaid: 'Cast your bread upon the waters'.

94. *sordid-base.* Cf. *Sej.* III (F 1, p. 390), 'with sordide-base desire of gaine'.

106. *mettall* or mettle, spelling and sense being interchangeable. Cf. *Julius Caesar*, I. ii. 314–15:

> Thy Honorable Mettle may be wrought
> From that it is dispos'd.

110. *thou insist's.* A euphonic form of the second person singular, also found in *M. L.* IV. viii. 21, 'Envious Sir *Moath*, that eates on that which feeds thee'; *Epig.* lviii. 5, 'And so my sharpnesse thou no lesse dis-ioynts'; and even in the prose *Discoveries* (Folio, p. 91), 'which because thou canst not arrive at, thou impotently despaires to imitate'. There is an interesting recognition of the idiom in P. G.'s (? P. Greenwood's) *Grammatica Anglicana*, 1594, p. 15, '*De Verbo.* Contractionibus fere utimur in Carmine. Praesens 1. *Hate.* 2. *Hatest.* 3. *Hateth.* . . . Contract 2. *Hates*, 3. *Hates.*'

114. *I.* For the extra syllable prefixed to the line cf. III. vi. 29, IV. vi. 2.

117. *purchast*, acquired.

140. *cassock*, a soldier's cloak or loose outer coat—the original sense of the word.

musket-rest. Cf. *E. M. O.* IV. iv, 'he walkes vp and downe like a charg'd musket, no man dares encounter him: that's his rest there. PVNT. His rest? why has he a forked head?' A support was needed for the old unwieldy musket; it consisted of a pole of tough wood, with an iron spike at the end for fixing in the ground, and a semicircular piece of iron at the top to rest the musket on. The soldier carried it on his right shoulder by strings fastened below the head. The firelock, which did away with the necessity of a rest, was invented in France about 1635 and was generally used in the Civil War.

141. *Mile-end.* Then a common on the main eastern road out of London, used as a training-ground for the City bands. Thus Stow, *A Summarie of the Chronicles of England*, 1604, p. 420, records that on August 27, 1599, '3000 Citizens householders and subsidy men, shewed on the Miles end, where they trained all that day, and other vntill the fourth of September.' Cf. IV. vi. 69, and Barnaby Rich, *The Fruites of long Experience*, 1604,

p. 33, in which Captain Skill argues with Captain Pill: 'God blesse me, my Countrey and friendes, from his direction that hath no better *Experience* then what he hath atteyned vnto at the fetching home of a Maye-pole, at ▪ Midsomer fighte, or from a trayning at *Milende-Greene*.' Beaumont has a burlesque of the muster in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, v. ii.

142–3. *counterfeit . . . slip.* A 'slip' was a counterfeit coin: cf. Greene, *A Disputation, Betweene a Hee Conny-catcher, and a Shee Conny-catcher*, 1592, sig. E 4, 'and therefore he went & got him a certaine slips, which are counterfeyt peeces of mony being brasse, & couered ouer with siluer, which the common people call slips.' The play on words recurs *M. L.* III. vii. 26–8, *Und.* xlv. 17: cf. *Romeo and Juliet*, II. iv. 49–54.

III. i.

12. *faces about.* Cf. *S. of N.* IV. iv. 51:

> *Faces about to the right hand*, the *left*,
> Now, *as you were.*

19. *quos . . . Iupiter.* From Virgil, *Aeneid* vi. 129.

24. *Thespian girles.* In Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, v. 310, the Muses are 'Thespiades deae'.

31. *Symmachus*, a scholar, statesman, and orator, consul in A.D. 391, whose collected letters were published in ten books after his death; he modelled his style on that of Pliny.

33. *camell.* Cf. *Sej.* 1 (Folio, p. 373), 'Auoid mine eye, dull camell'.

83. *vtters.* A quibble on the commercial sense, 'to put into circulation': cf. IV. ii. 54.

84–5. *out of measure . . . in measure.* Cf. *The Triall of Treasure*, 1567, sig. D iii (Lust to Lady Treasure), 'Ah lady, I loue thee in faith out of measure'. Inclination, in an aside, 'It is out of measure in deede as you saie'. Jonson repeated the quibble in *C. R.* II. iv, 'PHI. And did I not dance mouingly the last night? MOR. Mouingly? out of measure (in troth) sweet *charge*. MER. A happy commendation, to dance out of measure.'

85. *I faith*='Ay, faith'—not, as Gifford and later editors print, 'I' faith'.

103. *Strigonium*, Graan in Hungary, which was retaken from the Turks in the year 1595, after having been in their possession

nearly half a century. 'It should be observed, that the inroads which the Turks made into the Emperor's dominions, had made it fashionable to go a volunteering in his service; and we find that Thomas Lord Arundel of Wardour was created at this very time a Count of the Empire, as a reward of his signal valour; and because in forcing the water tower near Strigonium, he took a banner from the Turks with his own hand.'—*Whalley.*

127. *demi-culuerings*, cannon of about four and a half inches bore.

129. *linstock*, 'a staff about three feet long, having a pointed foot to stick in the deck or ground, and a forked head to hold a lighted match.'—*N. E. D.*

131. *petrionel*, a large pistol or carbine. The common form is 'petronel', but 'petrionel' is found in *E. M. O.* v. v, and 'peitronell'—probably a misprint for this—in *S. W.* v. v. The Quarto spells 'Petrinell'.

139. *Morglay*, the sword of Bevis of Southampton. Selden refers to it in a note on Drayton's *Polyolbion*, 1613, Song II, p. 37: 'His sword is kept as a relique in *Arundell* Castle, not equalling in length (as it is now worne) that of *Edward the Third's* at *Westminster*'.

140. *Excalibur* was the sword of Arthur, and *Durindana*, the sword of Orlando, with which he is fabled to have cleft the Pyrenees. Cf. Harington's *Orlando Furioso*, 1591, xiv, st. 57:

> Durindan, a blade of temper rare,
> That *Hector* erst, and now *Orlando* bare.

149. *guilder*, a Dutch silver coin worth about 1*s.* 8*d.*

155. *prouant*, supplied by the government stores, and therefore inferior. Gifford quotes Massinger, *The Maid of Honour*, 1632, I. i, sig. B 2 verso:

> A knave with halfe a britch there,
> And no shirt, . . . if you beare not
> Your selves both in, and upright, with a provant sword
> Will slash your skarlets, and your plush a new way.

163. *connie-catching*, swindling. Cf. *The Merry Wives*, I. i. 128–9, 'your cony-catching Rascalls, *Bardolph*, *Nym*, and *Pistoll*'.

165. *ostrich stomack.* The ostrich is attracted by bright metal, such as tin or a silver spoon, swallows it, and even digests it owing to the extreme acidity of its stomach. For the quibble cf. III. iv. 33–5.

III. ii.

12. *and you had not confest it.* Cf. Sir T. More, *Epigrammata*, 1563, 'Ridiculum, in Minacem':

Thrasonis uxorem bubulcus rusticus
Absente eo uitiauerat.
Domum reuersus miles ut rem comperit
Armatus & ferus insilit.
Tandem assecutus solum in agris rusticum,
Heus clamat heus heus furcifer.
Restat bubulcus, saxaq; in sinum legit.
Ille ense stricto clamitat,
Tu coniugem meam attigisti carnifex?
Respondit imperterritus,
Feci. fateris, inquit? At ego omnes Deos
Deasq; testor ô scelus,
In pectus hunc ensem tibi capulo tenus,
Ni fassus esses, abderem.

17. *by his leaue . . . vnder his fauour.* Repeated *D. is A.* I. iii. 26–7:

Nay, now, you ly:
Vnder your fauour, friend, for, I'll not quarrell.

The virtue of a qualifying phrase is also shown in Randolph, *The Jealous Lovers*, 1632, I. vi:

Tyn. Good impertinent.
Asot. Impertinent? Impertinent in thy face.
Danger accrues upon the word Impertinent!
Tutour, draw forth thy fatall steel, and slash
Till he devoure the word Impertinent.
Ball. The word Impertinent will not beare a quarrell:
The Epithite of Good hath nullified it.
Asot. We are appeas'd - - - Be safe - - I say - - Be safe.

28. *conceipted*, pleasant, witty. Cf. *Sej.* I (F 1, p. 366), 'your lordship is conceited'.

49. *Colman-street*, 'the Bond Street of the period'.—*Wheatley.* It has won literary fame from the sharking colonel of Cowley's comedy, *Cutter of Coleman Street*, published in 1663.

65–6. *Thames-street . . . the car-men.* In Fletcher and

Shirley's *The Night-walker*, IV (*Beaumont and Fletcher*, vol. vii, p. 361, ed. Waller), a carman making a clumsy attempt to ring bells is told:

> You think you are in *Thames-street*
> Justling the Carts.

III. iii.

13. *oportunitie.* Cf. Shakespeare, *The Rape of Lucrece*, 876, 886:

> O opportunity thy guilt is great, . . .
> Thou fowle abettor, thou notorious bawd.

And Warner, *Albions England*, 1589, p. 154 (of Aeneas and Dido), 'Being there all alone, vnknowne of and vnsought for of their Seruaunts, Oportunitie the chiefe Actresse in al attempts, gaue the Plaudiat in Loue his Comedie.'

19, 20. Milton has the same image in *Comus*, 393–7. For the artificial contrast of 'golden tree' and 'leaden sleepe' cf. *Poet.* III. v. 13–14, 'golden sleepe' and 'siluer *Tyber*'—a translation from Horace in which Jonson has inserted the epithets.

22. *caract*, carat. But Jonson confused the word with 'charact', a sign or mark. It is clear from the *Grammar*, I. iv, that he preferred to spell it 'charact' from the Greek χαρακτήρ, as he does *Disc.*, Folio, pp. 89, 124; but it is 'caract' in *Volp.* I. v. 14, *D. is A.* I. vi. 88, *M. L.* I. i. 44, *F. I.* (F 2, p. 136), and 'carract' in *M. L.* I. vii. 38, *Und.* lxxv. 100, lxxxiii. 27.

36. *little caps.* They were of velvet and fashionable in the City: cf. *B. F.* I. i, 'Now you looke finely indeed, *Win!* this Cap do's conuince! youl'd not ha' worne it, *Win*, nor ha' had it veluet, but a rough countrey Beauer, with a copper-band. . . . Sweete *Win*, let me kisse it!' Gifford quotes *The Taming of the Shrew*, IV. iii. 64–70 (a passage expanded from the older play printed in 1594).

38. *three-pild akornes.* 'Three-pile' was velvet of the richest and strongest quality. But there is a further quibble: Turbervile in *The Noble Art of Venerie*, 1575, p. 242, says of the hart's horns: 'His heade when it commeth first out, hath a russet pyll vpon it, the whiche is called *Veluet*, and his heade is called then, *a veluet head.*'

40, 51. *Carry' in . . . my' imaginations.* Cf. I. i. 5 n.

45. *Exchange time.* 'Past ten' in the Quarto, and the time-

table in the contemporary play, *A Warning for Faire Women*, 1599, sig. C verso, agrees with this:

> . . . in the morning, til twas nine a clocke,
> I watcht at *Sanders* doore til he came forth,
> Then folowed him to Cornhil, where he staied
> An hower talking in a marchants warehouse,
> From thence he went directly to the Burse,
> And there he walkt another hower at least,
> And I at 's heeles. By this it strooke eleuen,
> Home then he comes to dinner.

But eleven is given as the opening hour for business on the Exchange in Nashe, *The Returne of Pasquill*, 1589, sig. D 2 verso, and Haughton, *English Men for my Money*, 1616, sig. B, 'tis past aleauen, Exchange time full'.

60. *to*, to be compared with.

62. *haue a chinke in him.* In the Quarto 'if he should prooue, *Rimarum plenus*', a quotation from Terence, *Eunuchus*, 105.

77. *my priuate.* Cf. *Cat.* III (F 1, p. 717), 'Nor must I be vnmindfull of my priuate.'

89. *precisian*, Puritan.

91. *Fayles*, 'a very old table-game, and one of the numerous varieties of backgammon that were formerly used in this country. It was played with three dice and the usual number of men or pieces. The peculiarity of the game depended on the mode of first placing the men on the points. If one of the players threw some particular throw of the dice he was disabled from bearing off any of his men, and therefore *fayled* in winning the game, and hence the appellation of it.'—F. Douce in Gifford.

Tick-tack, or tric-trac, was also a variety of backgammon. It was played on a board with holes along the edge, in which pegs were placed for scoring. The rules are given in *The Compleat Gamester*, 2nd ed., 1680, p. 112.

97. *But ; if.* A good instance of the dramatic value of the old punctuation.

109. *not taken lawfully.* A point in casuistry, for which Gifford quotes 3 *Henry VI*, I. ii. 22–4:

> An Oath is no moment, being not tooke
> Before a true and lawfull Magistrate,
> That hath authoritie ouer him that sweares.

139. Quoted in *Bel-vedère or The Garden of the Muses*, 1600, p. 145, under the heading '*Of Feare, Doubt, &c.*'

III. iv.

1. *Fasting dayes.* An Act of 1548, 2 & 3 Edward VI, c. 19, appointed Fridays, Saturdays, Ember days, vigils and Lent as fasting days for the benefit of the fishing trade, 'and that by eating of fish much flesh shall be saved and increased'. In 1562 *An Acte, towching certayne Politique Constitutions made for the maintenance of the Navye*, 5 Elizabeth, c. 5, section xii, added Wednesdays. The penalty for a breach of the Act was a fine of £3 or three months' close imprisonment. In 1585 an Act, 27 Elizabeth, c. 11, repealed the Wednesday fast, and in 1593, 35 Elizabeth, c. 7, the penalties were lessened. For the underlying principle, see *A brief note of the benefits that grow to this Realme by the obseruation of Fish Days*, issued by the Privy Council in 1594 (reprinted in Arber's *Garner*, i. 299).

2. *on a light fire*, ablaze. A common expression from the sixteenth to the eighteenth centuries (*N.E.D.*).

6 foll. *choller . . . collar . . . slip your head out.* The same quibble as in *Rom. and Jul.* I. i. 4–6.

14. *rewme.* Cf. Lyly, *Midas*, 1592, III. ii. 56–8 (ed. Bond), '*Motto.* I did but rub his gummes, and presentlie the rewme euaporated. *Licio. Deus bone*, is that worde come into the Barbers bason?'; ibid. v. ii. 105–9, 'If thou encroach vpon our courtly tearmes, weele trounce thee: belike if thou shouldst spit often, thou wouldst call it the rewme. *Motto*, in men of reputation & credit it is the rewme; in such mechanicall mushrumpes, it is a catarre, a pose, the water euill'; and *E. H.* v. iii, 'Pity is a Rheume, that I am subiect too'. But 'rewme' as an affectation had had its day; it was now superseded by 'humour'.

18. *mack*, a distortion of 'mass'. Cf. *Sir John Oldcastle*, 1600, sig. C 4, 'Now by the macke, a prettie wench indeed'.

25. *Feed my humour.* Found in Lyly, *Euphues and his England*, 1580, 'To the Ladies', *ad fin.*, *The Faerie Queene*, 1590, III. ii, st. 12, v. v, st. 55; Lodge and Greene, *A Looking Glasse*, 1598, sig. B; *Richard III* (first published 1597), IV. i. 64.

34. *S^r Bevis his horse*, also celebrated in *Und.* liii. 9, 10:

> Or what we heare our home-borne Legend tell,
> Of bold Sir *Bevis*, and his *Arundell.*

The 'Legend' was first printed by Pynson; a copy is in the Bodleian. Editions are entered on the Stationers' Register in 1558, 1560–1, and 1568–9.

40. *Flemmish ... rauen vp more butter.* Jonson alludes to this habit of the Dutch or the Flemings again in *Volp.* I. i. 42, and *B. F.* II. v. There is Alva's historic boast on entering the Netherlands, 'I have tamed men of iron in my day, I shall know how to deal with these men of butter'. Fynes Moryson in his *Itinerary*, 1617, Pt. III, II, ch. iv, p. 97, says of them: 'Touching this peoples diet, Butter is the first and last dish at the Table, whereof they make all sawces, especially for fish, and thereupon by strangers they are merrily called Butter-mouths . . . the Bawers . . ., passing in boates from City to City for trade, carry with them cheese, and boxes of butter for their foode, whereupon in like sort strangers call them Butter boxes, and nothing is more ordinary then for Citizens of good accompt and wealth to sit at their dores, (euen dwelling in the market place) holding in their hands, and eating a great lumpe of bread and butter with a lunchen of cheese.'

51. *Hannibal.* Pistol reverses the blunder in 2 *Henry IV*, II. iv. 179–80, 'with *Caesar*, and with Caniballs, and Troian Greekes', and Elbow addresses Pompey as 'thou wicked *Hanniball*' in *Measure for Measure*, II. i. 187, 192.

fish. F 3's humourless substitution of 'Flesh' looks like a compositor's attempt at a correction; it is accepted by modern editors, though completely unauthorized.

53. *rich as ... Cophetua.* Two versions of a ballad *King Cophetua and the Beggar-maid* are extant—one in Richard Johnson's *Crown Garland of Goulden Roses*, 1612, 'A Song of a Beggar and a King,' which Percy reprinted in the *Reliques*; the other in *A Collection of Old Ballads*, 1723, pp. 138–44, 'Cupid's Revenge, or, An Account of a King who slighted all Women, and at length was constrain'd to marry a Beggar, who prov'd a Fair and Virtuous Queen'. As for his wealth he was a king of Africa, and Pistol in 2 *Henry IV*, v. iii. 99, in which there seems to be either a quotation from or a close allusion to the story of Cophetua, has 'I speake of Affrica, and Golden ioyes', which may be a hint on the subject.

61. *beaten like a stock-fish.* 'Stock-fish' was dried cod, which was beaten before it was boiled. Cf. Cotgrave, s.v. Carillon: '*Je*

te frotteray à double carillon, I will beate thee like a stockfish, I will swinge thee while I may stand ouer thee'.

III. v.

(Heading) THOMAS. Cash is so designated in this scene only.

7. *ioyn'd patten*, lit. of sharing by letters patent in a privilege or office. *N. E. D.* quotes Huloet, *Abcedarium Anglo-Latinum*, 1552, 'Ioynt patent with another, as where, ii. men haue one office ioyntly, *duumuir*'.

10. *gentlemen of the round*, 'a watch under the command of an officer, which goes round a camp, the ramparts of a fortress, &c., to see that the sentinels are vigilant, or which parades the streets of a town to preserve good order; a military patrol.'—*N. E. D.*, quoting Blandy, *The Castle, or picture of pollicy*, 1581, 18 b, 'Corporall, gentleman in a company or of the Rounde, Launce passado'.

11. *to sit on the skirts*, to press hard upon, to punish severely. Cf. *Iohn Heywoodes woorkes*, 1562, Prouerbes, Pt. I, ch. v, sig. B verso:

> And also I shall to reueng former hurts,
> Hold their noses to grinstone, and syt on theyr skurts,
> That erst sate on mine.

And Puttenham, *The Arte of English Poesie*, 1589, pp. 252–3, 'to speake faire to a mans face, and foule behinde his backe, to set him at his trencher and yet sit on his skirts for so we vse to say by a fayned friend'.

14. *a shoue-groat shilling*. A shilling used in the game of shovel-board (for which see Strutt, *Sports and Pastimes*). It was slid across the board by a stroke with the palm of the hand and aimed at one of the nine numbered spaces on the board; it needed to be smooth, in order to slip easily. Cf. 2 *Henry IV*, II. iv. 205–6, 'Quoit him downe (*Bardolph*) like a shoue-groat shilling'; and John Taylor, *A Shilling, Or, The Trauailes of Twelue-pence*, 1622?, sig. B 2:

> For why with me the vnthrifts euery day,
> With my face downewards do at shoue-boord play,

where Taylor has a marginal note '* Edw. shillings for the most part are vsed at shooue-bord'; one of these is figured in the frontispiece.

15. *Reformado's*, officers of a 're-formed' or disbanded company. Cf. *S. W.* v. ii, 'Knights *reformados*'.

20. *Serieant-Maior.* In the seventeenth century a field officer, next in rank to the lieutenant-colonel, and corresponding partly to the 'major' and partly to the 'adjutant' of the modern army. (*N.E.D.*)

Coronell. The original form from the French *coronel*, but 'colonel' appears *circa* 1580. See the interesting discussion in the *N.E.D.* The two forms were used indifferently; 'coronel' disappeared in writing *circa* 1650, but still survives in pronunciation.

27. *Hounds-ditch man.* Cf. S. Rowlands, *The Letting of Humours Blood in the Head-vaine*, 1600, sig. D 2 verso:

> . . . into *Hounds-ditch*, to the Brokers row:
> Or any place where that trade doth remaine,
> Whether of *Holborne Conduit*, or *Long-lane*;

and W. Parkes, *The Curtaine-Drawer Of the World*, 1612, p. 4 (of the age of primaeval innocence), '. . . not one Broker had all *Hounds-ditch*, which now is able to make ten Juries, and cloath all the naked Sauadges in *Virginia*, with the skins or cases that the vnwily serpents of our age haue cast, or rather haue beene puld from, and stript, by creeping into too narrow Angles and corners'; Dekker, *The Seuen deadlie Sinnes of London*, 1606, '. . . spying the Brokers of *Hownsditch* shuffling themselues so long together (like a false paire of Cards) till the Knaues be vppermost'.

One of the deuil's neere kinsmen. In *D. is A.* I. i. 143, Satan acknowledges the relationship—'Or let our tribe of Brokers furnish you'; cf. *Merry Conceited Jests of George Peele* (Peele's *Works*, ed. Bullen, ii, p. 376), 'at Beelzebub's brother the broker's'.

29. *a craftie knaue needs no broker.* Cf. *S. of N.* II. v. 8–42, and 2 *Henry VI*, I. ii. 100–3:

> They say, A craftie Knaue do's need no Broker,
> Yet am I *Suffolke* and the Cardinalls Broker.
> *Hume*, if you take not heed, you shall goe neere
> To call them both a payre of craftie Knaues;

A Knacke to knowe a Knaue, 1594, sig. C 2 verso (Honesty, alluding to Conicatcher and Broker):

> . . . some wil say,
> A crafty knaue needs no broker,
> But here is a craftie knaue and a broker to:
> Then imagin there wants not a knaue.

32. *Well put off.* For this form of retort cf. *Richard III*, I. ii. 70–2.

54. *seruing of god.* Not unlike Dogberry's notion in *Much Ado*, IV. ii. 18–23.

63. *Trinidado*, the best tobacco, according to Heylin, *Cosmographie*, 1652, iv, p. 173, 'TRINIDADO . . . abundantly well stored with such commodities as are of the natural growth of *America*, viz. *Maize*, . . . and the best kind of *Tobacco*, much celebrated formerly by the name of a *Pipe of Trinidado*'.

68–72. For tobacco as a substitute for food, see the account of Hawkins's second voyage in Hakluyt, *The Principall Nauigations*, &c., 1589, p. 541, 'The *Floridians* when they trauell haue a kinde of herbe dryed, which with a cane, and an earthen cup in the end, with fire, and the dried herbs put together, do sucke thorow the cane the smoke thereof, which smoke satisfieth their hunger, and therewith they liue foure or fiue dayes without meat or drinke, and this all the Frenchmen vsed for this purpose: yet do they holde opinion withall, that it causeth water and fleame to void from their stomacks'; and W. Lithgow, *The Totall Discourse, Of the Rare Aduentures, . . . of long nineteene Yeares Trauayles . . . in Europe, Asia, and Affrica*, 1632, p. 375, where he says that in seven days' wanderings in the Libyan desert 'our victuals and water done, we were forced to relye vpon Tobacco'.

73. *diuine.* A stock epithet at this period. Gifford quotes *The Faerie Queene*, III. v, st. 32:

> Into the woods thenceforth in hast she went,
> To seeke for hearbes, that mote him remedy; . . .
> There, whether it diuine *Tobacco* were,
> Or *Panachæa*, or *Polygony*,
> She found, and brought it to her patient deare.

77. *Balsamum.* Gerard in his *Herball*, 1597, p. 560, says of balm, 'the iuice thereof glueth togither greene woundes'.

S^t. John's woort. Cf. G. Baker's translation of Gesner, *The Practise of the new and old phisicke*, 1599, fol. 147 verso, 'The oyle of S. *Iohns* wort, is hot and drie, and stipticke, through which it closeth and healeth the wounds of sinewes cutte, and the burning of fire'; and N. Culpeper, *The English Physitian Enlarged*, 1656, 'St. Johns-wort is as singular a Wound herb, as any other whatsoever, either for inward Wounds, hurts, or Bruises, to be boyled in Wine and drunk, or prepared into Oyl or Oyntment, Bath or Lotion outwardly'.

78. *Nicotian*, so named from Jaques Nicot, the French ambassador at Lisbon, by whom tobacco was introduced into France in 1560. But 'Nicotian' is a generic name for the plant: is Bobadill blundering?

79, 80. *expulsion . . . obstructions.* Cf. Sir John Davies's *Epigrammes* (added to the undated *Ovid* of Marlowe, 8vo, Mason copy in Bodley, sig. G verso):

> It is *Tobacco*, whose sweet substantiall fume,
> The hellish torment of the teeth doth ease,
> By drawing downe, and drying vp the rewme,
> The Mother and the Nurse of each disease.
> It is *Tobacco* which doth colde expell,
> And cleares the obstructions of the Arteries,
> And surfets threatning Death digesteth well,
> Decocting all the stomackes crudities.

85. *tabacco-traders.* In the Quarto 'pothecaries'. In *The Alchemist* Abel Drugger, the apothecary, is 'A Tabacco-man' and sells 'good tabacco', unadulterated (1. iii. 21–7); and Henry Buttes in *Dyets Dry Dinner*, 1599, sig. P6, observes '*Fumivendulus* is the best Epithite for an Apothecary'. When Jonson revised *Every Man in his Humour*, the 'drug' was widely sold in London; see B. Rich, *The Honestie of this Age*, 1614, p. 25, 'There is not so base a groome, that commes into an *Ale-house* to call for his pot, but he must haue his *pipe of Tobacco*, for it is a commoditie that is nowe as vendible in euery Tauerne, Inne, and *Ale-House*, as eyther Wine, Ale, or Beare, and for *Apothecaries Shops*, *Grosers Shops*, *Chaundlers Shops*, they are (almost) neuer without Company, that from morning till night are still taking of Tobacco.'

97. *foure dyed.* Carleton writes to Chamberlain, Dec. 29, 1601 (*Domestic State Papers, Elizabeth*, cclxxxiii, 48): 'one Jackson who frequented little Brittane street very of⟨ten⟩ died sodainely on monday last and being opened it was Judgd by the Surgens that he did efflare animā w^th^ the smoke of Tobacco w^ch^ he tooke vnsatiably'; and John Deacon, *Tobacco Tortured, or, The Filthy Fume of Tobacco Refined*, 1616, sig. A, points to 'the vntimely deaths of sundry such excellent personages as (tampering too much therewith) haue (euen now of late) not onely bene sodainly surprised by an vnnaturall death, but (which more is) their dead bodies being opened, had all their entrails as blacke as a coale, and the very fat in their bodies resembling (in all outward appearance) the perfect colour of rustie, or reesed bacon', and he cites particularly (p. 43) the 'pitifull experience of *Parson Digbie* at Peterborough of late: who (hauing excessuiely taken *Tobacco* in a tippling house) did instantly fall downe starke dead in the open streets'. Whalley quoted King James, *A Counterblaste to Tobacco*, 1604, sig. D, (Tobacco-smoking) 'makes a kitchin . . . oftentimes in the inward partes of men, soiling and infecting them, with an vnctuous and oily kind of Soote, as hath bene found in some great *Tobacco* takers, that after their death were opened'.

103. *rats-bane, or rosaker*, different preparations of arsenic. Cf. *E. H.* IV. i, 'Take *Arsnicke*, otherwise called *Realga* (which indeede is plaine *Ratsbane*)'.

106. *cullion*, a coarse expression of abuse. Cf. *Henry V*, III. ii. 22.

109. *meddle with his match.* A proverbial phrase, on which Jonson also quibbles in *B. F.* I. iv, where Waspe tells Littlewit, 'meddle you with your match, your *Win*, there, she has as little wit, as her husband'.

124. *drunke.* In common use for smoke, due to a quibble on the word 'pipe'. Cf. the interlude of *Wine, Beere, Ale, and Tobacco contending for superiority*, 1630, sig. C 4: '*Tobaco.* What do yee stand at gaze—Tobacco is a drinke too. *Beere.* A drinke? *Tobaco.* Wine, you and I come both out of a pipe'; and a 'tobacconist's', i.e. a smoker's, speech in *The Wandering-Jew*, 1640, sig. D 2, 'In one of these pipes is my mornings draught'.

137. *the artillerie garden.* The Honourable Artillery Company

was incorporated in 1507, revived in 1611, and continued without break to the Civil War. Its headquarters from 1540 to 1685 were in the Tassell close without Bishopsgate, where Artillery Lane and Artillery Street still preserve the name. The present ground in Finsbury was leased in 1641. Jonson pokes fun occasionally at the training of the Artillery-yard, e. g. in the epilogue to the *Masque of Christmas*, and in *Und.* xliv. 23–8 :

> Well, I say thrive, thrive brave Artillerie yard,
> Thou Seed-plot of the warre, that hast not spar'd
> Powder, or paper, to bring up the youth
> Of *London*, in the Militarie truth,
> These ten yeares day; As all may sweare that looke
> But on thy practise, and the Posture booke.

157. *french dressing.* Cf. *E. H.* I. i. 9; *Sir Gyles Goosecappe*, I. ii (1606, sig. B 2 verso), '*Foul. O mon dew. Rud.* O doe not sware Captaine. *Foul.* Your Frenchman euer sweares Sir Cutt, vpon the lacke of his lacquay I assure you'; and Chapman, *Caesar and Pompey*, II. i (1631, sig. D), 'Thou shalt . . . drinke with the Dutchman, sweare with the French man, cheat with the English man, brag with the Scot'.

III. vi.

37. *Bride-well.* The old palace of Henry VIII was handed over by royal grant in 1553 'to be a Workehouse for the poore and idle persons of the Citie' (Stow, *Survay*, 1603, p. 398).

45. *I haue egges on the spit*, i.e. 'I am very busie. Egges if they be well roasted require much turning.'—Ray, *Proverbs*, 2nd ed., 1678, p. 241. Cf. *B. F.* I. iv, 'I, quickly, good Mistresse, I pray you : for I haue both egges o' the Spit, and yron i' the fire'.

III. vii.

11. *the greene lattice.* A window of lattice-work (usually painted red), or a lattice-pattern—the chequers—was a common mark for an inn. Cf. Marston, *Antonio and Mellida*, 1602, v. i. 122, ed. Bullen, 'as well known by my wit as an ale-house by a red lattice'. Gifford notes that in his day there was a lane in the City called corruptly Green-Lettuce Lane from the alehouse which once stood in it.

scot, and lot, in its original sense of a parish assessment.

27–9. *life . . . death.* A quibble suited to the illiterate. Cf. Heywood, *Edward IV*, Part I, 1600, v. v, '*Sellinger.* I warrant thee, tanner, fear not thy son's life. *Hobs.* Nay, I fear not his life; I fear his death.'

30. *a twelue-moneth and a day*, the legal period for determining the cause of death due to injury or wounds. Skeat (Chaucer, *C. T.*, D 909) suggests as the origin of the phrase that 'it takes an extra day to make the date agree', e.g. from November 21 to November 21. Gifford quotes Shirley, *The Wittie Faire One* III. ii (1633, sig. E verso), 'I, but I will not hurt her I warrant thee, and shee dy within a Tweluemonth and a day Ile be hangd for her'.

62. *Sweet Oliver.* A stock epithet for the rival of 'mad' Orlando in Ariosto's epic: cf. *Und.* xliii. 70, 'All the madde *Rolands*, and sweet *Oliveer's*'. A 'ballad' beginning 'O swete Olyuer leaue me not behinde the' was entered on the Stationers' Register to Richard Jones on August 6, 1584, and 'The answeare of O sweete Olyuer' on August 20 (Arber, *Transcript*, ii. 434); and 'O sweete Olyuer altered to ye scriptures' on August 1, 1586 (ib., 451).

65. *mettle*, pewter. Cf. Marston, *The Scourge of Villainy*, Sat. ii. 125–7, ed. Bullen.

74. *feare*, frighten.

IV. i.

7. *vp and downe, like . . . sprites.* Cf. 2 *Henry IV*, I. ii. 187–8, 'You follow the yong Prince vp and downe, like his euill Angell', and Puck's song in *Mids. N. D.* III. ii. 396–7, 'Vp and downe, vp and downe, I will leade them vp and downe'.

15. *perboyl'd*, boiled thoroughly—the original sense. The modern sense is due to a confusion with 'part-boiled'.

IV. ii.

1. *Seruant*, lover, authorized admirer—a common use.

10. *To mock an ape withall*, a proverbial phrase for 'dupe a simpleton'. Marston heads his 9th Satire in *The Scourge of Villainy*, 'Here's a Toy to mock an Ape indeed'.

20. *cheese.* Cf. Tomkis, *Albumazar*, 1615, III. ix:

> Is there no looking-glasse within't; for I hate glasses
> As naturally, as some do Cats, or Cheese.

21. *bag-pipe.* Cf. *Merch. of Venice*, IV. i. 49.

24. *censure of a* —— The aposiopesis is here a sign of vacuity; but in *Euery Man out of his Humour* Jonson makes the courtier Fastidius Briske speak thus. He describes his grey hobby, 'a fine little fiery slaue, he runs like a (oh) excellent, excellent! with the very sound of the spurre' (II. i); and 'There was a countesse gaue me her hand to kisse . . . did me more good by that light, then—and yesternight sent her coach twise to my lodging' (II. vi). Was it an affectation in court circles? Jonson would regard it as a solecism. In III. v. 76–8, 'Your *Balsamum*, and your St. Iohn's woort are all mere gulleries', the Quarto text had 'your *Balsamum*, and your ——' as if Bobadill suffered from a lapse of memory.

35. *Incipere, in that sense.* Cf. Harington, *The Metamorphosis of Aiax*, 1596, p. 64, 'But I had almost forgot to English the argument, and then folkes might laugh indeede at me, and thinke I were *Magister incipiens* with an, *s*, and say I could not English these three words.'

37. *motte*, word.

38. *Benchers*, loungers on the benches in an ale-house.

pauca verba. A catch-phrase of the time, found in *S. W.* III. i. 1, *Love's Lab. Lost*, IV. ii. 173, *Merry Wives*, I. i. 137. A Spanish form, 'Paucos Palabros', occurs in the *Masque of Augurs*, and 'Paucas Pallabris' in *The Taming of the Shrew*, I. i. 5.

39 foll. Quoted rather loosely from Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, two editions of which appeared in 1598. Linley's Quarto reads at sig. B 3:

> Faire creature, let me speake without offence,
> I would my rude words had the influence,
> To leade thy thoughts, as thy faire lookes do mine,
> Then shoudst thou bee his prisoner who is thine.
> Be not vnkind and faire, mishapen stuffe
> Are of behauiour boisterous and ruffe.
> . . . . . .

And I in dutie will excell all other,
As thou in beautie doest exceed loues mother.

The poem became a lover's handbook of quotations: cf. Sharpham, *The Fleire*, 1607, sig. B 3 verso: '*Nan.* Faith I haue a dozen [i.e. suitors] at the least, and their deserts are all so good, I know not which I should loue most: and one last day did court me thus: *O had my tongue the influence to lead thy faire thoughts as thy faire lookes do mine: then shouldst thou be his prisoner who is thine.* I seeing my poore Gentleman likely to be drownd in the depth of *Hellespont*, deliuered him this verse to catch hold of: *O be not faire and so vnkinde: misshapen stuffe, is of behauiour boystrous and rough.*'

48. *shakes his head like a bottle.* Cf. *C. R.* ind. 'A fift, only shakes his bottle-head, and out of his corkie braine, squeezeth out a pittiful-learned face, and is silent'; and Bacon *Apophthegmes* 1625, '21. Many men, especially such as affect grauitie, haue a manner, after other mens speech, to shake their heads. Sir Lionell Cranfield would say; *That it was, as Men shake a Bottle, to see if there were any wit in their Head, or no.*'

53. *free of the wit-brokers.* A metaphor from admission to a City company: cf. 'Free of the *Grocers*?' (*Alch.* I. iii. 5).

57. *worse then sacrilege.* Cf. Synesius, *Opera*, 1612, p. 280, C, ἡγοῦμαι δὲ ἀσεβέστερον ἀποθανόντων λόγους κλέπτειν, ἢ θοιμάτια, ὃ καλεῖται τυμβωρυχεῖν.

83. *tricks.* The word acquired an equivocal meaning from punning on the Latin *meretrix*: cf. Bullein, *A Dialogue bothe pleasaunt and pietifull*, 1573, p. 26, 'a kinde hearted woman, and full of meretrix, ha, ha, ha'; and *Iohn Heywoodes woorkes*, 1562, sig. O ij, 'The fyrst hundred of Epigrammes':

Madame, ye make my hert lyght as a kyx,
To see you thus full of your *meretrix*.
This tricke thus well tricked in the latine phrase, . . .

88. *a trick vyed, and reuyed.* 'To *vie* was to hazard, to put down a certain sum upon a hand of cards; to *revie*, was to cover it with a larger sum, by which the challenged became the challenger, and was to be *revied* in his turn, with a proportionate increase of stake.'—Gifford. Cf. *E. H.* IV. ii, 'Nay, and you'll show trickes, wee'l vie with you, a little'.

you, lampe. In modern punctuation 'you—lamp', as if the speaker paused a moment to choose his term of censure or ridicule: cf. *E. M. O.* II. iii, 'Peace, you, ban-dogge, peace'.

92. *lampe of virginitie.* Thomas Bentley published in 1582, *The Monument of Matrones, conteining seuen seuerall Lamps of Virginitie. or distinct treatises* on prayer and on *the woorthie works, partlie of men, partlie of women:* the work was entered on the Stationers' Register on Nov. 7, 1581, as *The lampe of virginitie and mirror for matrons.* Nashe in 1594 dedicated *The Terrors of the Night* to 'the new kindled cleare Lampe of Virginitie, . . . Mistress Elizabeth Carey'.

take it in snuffe, took offence at it. Originally of the unpleasant smell from the smoking snuff of a candle. 'The phrase was especially common between 1580 and 1660.'—*N.E.D.* Cf. *E. M. O.* Ind. 178–9:

> Taking mens lines, with a tabacco face,
> In snuffe;

and *S. W.* IV. v, 'he went away in snuffe'.

94. *begg'd . . . for a concealement.* An allusion to the practice of begging old monastery lands and secularized property which had not passed into the hands of the Crown. Commissions of search for these were so grossly abused by courtiers that in 1572 and 1579 Elizabeth revoked them. Cf. *Sir Gyles Goosecappe*, 1606, sig. D3, 'And Sir *Gyles* I can tell ye, tho he seeme something simple, is composd of as many good parts as any knight in England. *Hip.* He shood be put vp for concealement then, for he shewes none of them.'

96. *teston* = tester, or sixpence. This was, for instance, the price of an ordinary play in quarto. Wel-bred says 'a teston, at least': a vellum wrapper would raise the price to 8*d.* or 9*d.*, and a leather binding cost still more (R. B. McKerrow in *Shakespeare's England*, ii, p. 229).

102. *whose cow ha's calu'd?* Cf. Falstaff's exclamation on being arrested, 'How now? whose Mare 's dead? what 's the matter?' (2 *Henry IV*, II. i. 48–9).

106. *companions?* For the contemptuous use of the term cf. I. ii. 22, and 2 *Hen. IV*, II. iv. 132, 'I scorne you, scuruie Companion'.

109. *potlings.* Cf. the reference to a 'tauerne' and a 'drinking-schole', IV. ii. 100, and Kitely's account of revels, II. i. 61–5.

soldado's. Cf. *T. of T.* III. ix. 4, 'Disguis'd *Soldado* like'. The combination with the nonce-word *foolado's* is revived in a passage of *The Mohocks* quoted as the motto to Scott's *Fortunes of Nigel*, ch. xvii.

115. *cut a whetstone*. Cf. Chapman, *Bussy D'Ambois*, I. ii (1606, sig. B 2 verso), '*Gui*. Cease your Courtshippe, or by heauen Ile cut your throat. *D'Amb*. Cut my throat? cut a whetstone; good *Accius Næuius*, doe as much with your tongue as he did with a Rasor; cut my throat?' For the ancient Roman myth of Accius Naevius, who at the bidding of Tarquinius Priscus cut a whetstone through with a razor, see Livy, i. 36.

122. *Holofernes*. A play with this title was performed by the Paul's boys before Queen Mary when she visited Elizabeth at Hatfield in 1554.

128. *coystrill*. Originally *custrel*, an attendant on a knight or man-at-arms. The secondary sense of knave 'seems to have originated from association with *custron*', a scullion (*N. E. D.*). In this sense *coistrel* is the commoner form. Cf. *Tw. Night*, I. iii. 43.

IV. iii.

15. *Songs, and sonnets*. Cf. *C. is A.* IV. v. i, 'Fellow *Iuniper*, no more of thy songs and sonets'. The phrase originated in 1557 with *Tottel's Miscellany*, which was entitled *Songes and Sonettes, written by the right honorable Lorde Henry Howard, late Earle of Surrey, and other*. Slender in *The Merry Wives*, I. i. 205–6, says, 'I had rather then forty shillings I had my booke of Songs and Sonnets here'.

24. *'Sdeynes*. Cf. II. i. 66.

50. *find me a master*. 'Finde me bountiful' in the Quarto.

IV. iv.

11–13. *the lye . . . no souldier*. Cf. *Othello*, III. iv. 5, 6: '*Clo*. He's a Soldier, and for me to say a Souldier lyes, is stabbing.'

16. *foist*, rogue, lit. pickpocket: cf. iv. vii. 122; *Alch.* IV. vii. 16.

fencing Burgullian. In Marston's *The Scourge of Villanie*, 1598, sig. H 4 verso, Sat. ix, a fencer talks 'Of *Vincentio*, and the *Burgonians* ward'; and Dekker says of Jonson in the

preface to *Satiro-mastix*, 1602, '*Horace* (questionles) made himselfe beleeue that his *Burgonian* wit might desperately challenge all commers.' Stow in *The Annales of England*, 1605, p. 1308, records among the executions in July 1598: 'Also *Iohn Barrose* a *Burgonian* by nation, and a Fensor by profession, that lately was come ouer and had chalenged all the Fencers of England, was hanged without Ludgate, for killing of an officer of the Citie which had arrested him for debt, such was his desperatnesse, and brought such reward as might be an example to other the like' (quoted by R. A. Small, *The Stage-Quarrel*, p. 6 n.).

IV. v.

17. *pretend'st.* Used in a good sense, as in *E. M. O.* II. iv. 51–2:

> Is't possible she should deserue so well
> As you pretend?

IV. vi.

19. *scholler.* For scholarship and the black art cf. *Much Ado*, II. i. 266–7, 'I would to God some scholler would coniure her'; and *Hamlet*, I. i. 42, 'Thou art a Scholler; speake to it *Horatio*'.

30. *they seem'd men.* An unexplained difficulty. There are two possibilities: (1) the phrase may be corrupt, but it ought not to be in so carefully printed a text. If it were, we should expect an authoritative correction in the Folio of 1640; (2) it is not unlikely that we have a catch-phrase or a parody, the point of which now eludes us. In *B. F.* IV. iv, where Bristle enters with the watch while Waspe is quarrelling, Waspe asks 'What are you, Sir?' and Bristle replies 'Wee be men, and no Infidells': a similar innuendo may lurk in Brain-worm's words. B. Nicholson suggested a quibble: *men* = 'mad' or 'angry' (connected apparently with μαίνομαι, though he gives μήνη for the etymon. On this principle ἥλιος would become 'heel'!) He must have taken this from Howard Staunton's note on 3 *Henry VI*, II. v. 118–20:

> And so obsequious will thy Father be,
> Men for the losse of thee, hauing no more,
> As *Priam* was for all his Valiant Sonnes.

Staunton quoted Jonson and *Loves' Lab. Lost*, IV. iii. 179–80:

> I am betrayed by keeping company.
> With men, like men of inconstancie.

But these Shakespeare passages are certainly corrupt.

54. *nupson*, simpleton. Cf. *D. is A.* II. ii. 77.

68. *at Mile-end.* Cf. II. v. 141.

IV. vii.

(Margin) *To them.* This stage-direction, which is wrongly placed in Ff., is rearranged in conformity with Jonson's practice elsewhere, e.g. in *E. M. O.* v. ii and iii.

1. *eyes . . . tast.* Cf. *C. is A.* IV. iv. 18–20:

> Kind gentleman I would not sell thy loue,
> For all the earthly obiects that mine eyes
> Haue euer tasted.

14. *hay?* The Italian *hai*, 'you have it', on a thrust reaching the antagonist.

16. *punto*, an instant—with a quibble on the sense found in l. 73.

21. *trauaile*, (1) travel, (2) labour. Jonson often combines the meanings: see *E. M. O.* ind.: 'MIT. No? how comes it then, that in some one Play we see so many seas, countries, and kingdomes, past ouer with such admirable dexteritie? COR. O, that but shewes how well the Authors can trauaile in their vocation, and out-run the apprehension of their auditorie.'

43. *Turne-bull, White-chappell, Shore-ditch.* All disreputable quarters: the man of fashion, who was sensitive over being known to lodge at Cob's (I. v. 30–2), has forgotten himself Turne-bull—or more correctly Turnmill—Street was a noted haunt of prostitutes near Clerkenwell Green: cf. Nashe, *Pierce Penilesse*, 1592 (*Works*, ed. McKerrow, i, p. 217), '*Lais, Cleopatra, Helen* . . . with the rest of our vncleane sisters in *Shorditch*, the *Spittle*, *Southwarke*, *Westminster*, & *Turnbull streete*'.

73. *Punto*, a thrust with the point.

Reuerso, a back-stroke.

74. *Stoccata.* Cf. I. v. 142.

Imbroccata, defined by Florio as 'a thrust at fence, or a venie giuen ouer the dagger'.

Passada. Cf. I. v. 132–5.

Montanto, an upright thrust.

82. *twentie score, that's two hundreth.* Bobadill's arithmetic exercised Gifford: 'This error in computation runs through all the editions, so that it was probably intended. Indeed Bodadill is too much of a borrower to be an accurate reckoner.'

116. *Tall*, bold. Cf. the amusing passage IV. xi. 46.

122. *foist.* Cf. IV. iv. 16.

132. *strooke with a plannet.* A stroke or a sudden death was attributed to the malignant influence of a planet; and thus, as Gifford says, it was a convenient term for any fatal illness which doctors could not diagnose. Cf. *The Wisedome of Doctor Doddypoll*, 1600, sig. C 2 verso, where Alberdure, drinking wine into which a powder has been poured, goes out raving, and Florio says, 'My Lord, 'tis sure some Planet striketh him'; and *E. M. O.* v. xi, 'Some *Planet* strike me dead'.

IV. viii.

5. *adiection.* Cf. *C. R.* III. v, 'See what your proper GENIVS can performe alone, without adiection of any other MINERVA'.

9. *is neuer his owne man.* Cf. *E. M. O.* II. iv. 77, *Alch.* IV. v. 78, and *Greenes Neuer too late*, 1590, Pt. II, G3 verso (Calena to her son who has eaten little supper), 'I saw by thy stomacke to night thou art not thine owne man'.

valure, 1616: 'valour' 1640. So in *Alch.* II. i. 51 ('valor', 1640).

16. *poyson'd.* On this practice see Pedro Mexia, *The Treasurie of Ancient and Modern Times*, 1613, Bk. II, ch. xvii, 'That a man may bee impoysoned by Pomanders of sweet smell, Fumes of Torches, Tapers, Candels; by Letters, Garments, and other such like things'. He gives an instance of 'a great lady of *France* (some few yeares past)' poisoned by a pair of envenomed gloves and a handkerchief; he quotes, without believing, 'a common report, that the Saddles of Horses may be impoysoned, the Raines of their Bridles, the Stirrops, and Scabberds and Sheathes of Swordes, thereby to impoyson such as sit, handle, or weare them'. *The Domestic State Papers* of 1587 (*Elizabeth*, cxcvii. 10) contain a confession of Michael Modye that he had discussed with the French ambassador's secretary how to kill the

Queen, 'either by gunpowder or by poisoning her stirrup or her shoe, or some other Italian device', and Stephen Powle (ib. ccxxii. 77) in 1589, acknowledging the receipt of £20 from Burleigh, describes his services in Italy where he discovered 'a plot to take away the Queen's life by poisoned perfumes, for which purpose Geraldi, ▪ Bergamasco, was employed by the Pope'.

22. *mithridate*, an antidote against poison or infection. Mr. Wheatley refers to *A Discourse of the medicine called Mithridatium, declaring the firste beginninge, the temperament, the noble vertues, and the true vse of the same*, 1585.

62. *the tower.* They could be married at once within the precincts of the Tower, which was extra-parochial. Gifford quotes Rowley, *A Match at Midnight*, 1633, sig G 2 verso, 'She will . . . goe with you to your lodging, lie there all night, and bee married i' th morning at the Tower, assoone as you shall please.' Cf. *Witt's Recreations*, 1640, '148 *On a gentleman that married an heire privately at the Tower*': the angry father asks him

> how he did dare . . .
> Thus beare his onely daughter to be married,
> And by what Cannons he assum'd such power?
> He sayd the best in England sir, the Tower.

108–9. *an' they doe not, a plague of all ceruse, say I.* Cf. *Alch.* v. i. 19–20, 'If he haue eate 'hem, A plague o' the moath, say I'. *Ceruse* was a cosmetic of white lead: cf. *Sej.* ii. 63, and Jonson's note.

110. *though not in the* —— So in the Quarto, but with a full stop instead of the dash. Aposiopesis, unless it points an innuendo or veils a threat, is usually a mark of vacuity, as in IV. ii. 24. But here it is completely meaningless. Either the original manuscript sent to press in 1601 was defective at this point, or the printer accidentally dropped some words. We appear to have here a solitary instance of carelessness on Jonson's part at the time of the revision. Mr. H. B. Wheatley made sense of the passage by the drastic remedy of excision, but this leaves the text unaccounted for. Professor Schelling prints 'in thee' in his edition of the Quarto text, but retains the irregularity in his reprint of the Folio.

112. *bone-fires.* Cf. *Forest* xiv. 60, 'As with the light Of bone-fires'. The modern spelling, due to the natural shortening in pronunciation of the initial syllable, actually dates from the sixteenth century, though 'bone-fire' continued down to 1760 (*N. E. D.*).

117. *a minutes losse . . . is a great trespasse.* Cf. the refrain of the song 'O know to end' in *Hymenaei*, 'A minutes losse, in *loue*, is sinne'.

125. *the squire*, i. e. the 'apple-squire' (IV. x. 61), or pandar.

133. *dors*, hoaxes. The verb is used in *B. F.* IV. ii, 'Dorring the Dottrel'; the noun is more frequent, especially in the phrase 'to give the dor'; cf. *C. R.* v. ii–iv passim.

IV. ix.

The wrong insertion of Downright's name at the head of this scene is curious. It suggests that Jonson, when revising the play, at one time planned his re-entrance here. Downright might be hunting for Matthew, with whom he still had an account to settle (IV. vii. 123–4). The incorrect marginal note 'To them' strongly confirms this possibility; the words are absurd where they stand, but would be appropriate one line lower, level with Downright's name. (Compare the error in the heading of scene vii.) It is true that the Quarto lends no support to such a suggestion, but the Folio is so carefully edited that this pointless intrusion needs to be explained. Downright need only have passed over the stage again. At the sight of the tall figure in the russet cloak Matthew would scud like a rabbit, and the damaged Bobadill acquire sufficient momentum to hobble after him. But if Jonson thought of any by-play of this kind, he reconsidered it. The masterly portraiture of the seventh scene would only be impaired by retouching: 'manum de tabula'.

8. *in Venice? as you say?* The Quarto has simply 'in *Venice*': the added words hardly transplant the passage naturally into Elizabethan England, but Jonson wished to keep the Italian ring of the *Gentelezza* and the *retricato*.

12. *retricato.* An unexplained word, of which there appears to be no other example. The passage is reprinted from the Quarto. Mr. C. T. Onions suggests the possibility of a confusion with *rintricato*, 'entangled', which is in Florio.

35. *a brace of angells.* Brain-worm made the most of his brief opportunity: the lawful fee is quoted in the 'Character' of a Tailor added to the fifth edition of Overbury's *A Wife*, 1614, sig. E verso, 'His actions are strong in Cowntery, . . A ten groates Fee setteth them a foote, and a brace of Officers bringeth them to execution.' Cf. Wapull, *The Tyde taryeth no Man*, 1576, sig. F ij (where a debtor pleads for delay to get bail):

> Sergeaunt ¶ At one word ten groates thou shalt pay,
> Or else to the Counter we must out of hand.

39. *crosse.* The silver penny and halfpenny were so marked. 'By fortune' echoes the usual quibble.

44. *this iewell in my eare.* Cf. Harrison, *A Description of England*, 1587, II. vii (ed. Furnivall, i, p. 170), 'Some lustie courtiers also and gentlemen of courage, doe weare either rings of gold, stones, or pearle in their eares, whereby they imagine the workemanship of God not to be a little amended.' Stubbes in *The Anatomie of Abuses*, 1583 (ed. Furnivall, p. 70), says the practice of wearing ear-rings 'is not so muche frequented amongest Women as Men'; this was because of the style of head-dress worn by women at that date.

45. *pull vp your bootes.* Cf. H. Parrot, *Laquei Ridiculosi*, 1613, sig. B 2 verso, 'Epig. 7. *Videantur quae non sunt*':

> *Saltus* goes booted to the dauncing schoole,
> As if from thence his meaning were to ride;
> But *Saltus* says they keepe his legs more coole,
> And which for ease he better may abide:
> Tut, that's a cold excuse. It rather seem'd
> *Saltus* silke stockings were not yet redeem'd.

66. *varlet*, orig. servant to a knight: here technically of a city serjeant. Cf. *Poet.* III. iv, *Volp.* V. vi. 12.

IV. X.

17. *copes-mate*, associate, and here paramour. The *N. E. D.* quotes *Tell-Trouthe's New Yeare Gift*, 1593, p. 17, 'Were taken by their husbands with other of their copesmates'.

41. *trecher.* Cf. *King Lear*, I. ii. 138.

50. *thy powers in chastitie is.* Syntax was not stereotyped in Jonson's day: thus, he writes *Cat.* IV (Folio, p. 740), 'The

sight of such spirits hurt not, nor the store'; *Forest*, xiv. 18–20, 'When all the noyse Of these forc'd ioyes, Are fled and gone'; ib. 22–3, 'the number of glad yeeres Are iustly summ'd.' In the parallels here quoted the plural is logical; the composite noun phrase has a plural idea. But the text is different, and in *The Sad Shepherd*, I. iv. 17—a rhyming passage in which the preceding line ends with 'bough'—Jonson even writes 'Such were the Rites, the youthfull *Iune* allow'. This freedom is significant in so scrupulous a writer.

54 (margin). *By Thomas.* Against *B. F.* v. iv (F 2, p. 76) there is a similar note, '*By* Edgworth'. *By* = about, in reference to.

59. *BAWD.* A pun on 'bawd': Kitely spells the word. Not unlike Shakespeare's 'And for his meede, poor Lord, he is mewed vp' (*Rich. III*, I. iii. 139).

60. *hoddie-doddie*, or hoddidob. Lit. a snail-shell (*Florio*, 1611); here, cuckold and noddy, perhaps in reference to the 'horns'.

61. *apple-squire*, a harlot's attendant.

IV. xi.

4. *rests.* Cf. Wapull, *The Tyde taryeth no Man*, 1576, F j verso (stage-direction), 'The Sergeaunt and the debtor rested entereth'.

6. *mace.* The badge of the City serjeant: Gifford quotes Chapman, *Al Fooles*, 1605, sig. C 3:

> If I write but my Name in Mercers Bookes,
> I am as sure to haue at sixe months end
> A Rascole at my elbow with a Mace.

And Shirley, *The Bird in a Cage*, II. i (ed. 1633, D 3 verso), 'are you in debt and feare arresting, you shall saue your money in protections, come vp to the face of a Sergiant, nay walke by a Shole of these mankind horse-leaches, and be mace proofe.'

7. *carries pepper and salt.* There is a quibble on 'mace', the spice made of the dried rind of the nutmeg. Cf. Massinger and Dekker, *The Virgin Martir*, 1622, III. iii, '*Spun.* Does the diuell eate any *Mace* in 's broth? *Har.* Exceeding much, when his burning feauer takes him, and then hee has the knuckles of a Bailiffe boyld to his breakefast.'

45. *make*, prepare (as the Quarto reads). Cf. *Sej.* i. 123, 'Were LYGDVS made, that's done'; and *Volp.* II. vi. 57, IV. v. 110.

V. i.

45. *take downe my armor.* Collier in his *Bibliographical Catalogue*, i, pp. 156–7, pointed out a striking parallel in Antony Copley's *Wits, Fittes, and Fancies; Or, A generall & serious Collection, of the Sententious Speeches, Answers, Iests, and Behauiours, of all sortes of Estates, From the Throne to the Cottage*, 1595, p. 182, 'A Souldiour comming about a sute to a merrie Recorder of *London*,' (Collier suggests Fleetwood) 'the Recorder seeing him out at the window, ran hastilie into an inner roome, & there put on a Corslet and a head-peece, & then with a Launce in his hand came downe vnto him, and sayd: How now Sirra, are you the man that hath somwhat to say to mee? Begin now when you dare, for behold (I trow) I am sufficiently prouided for you.'

47. *gorget*, a piece of armour to protect the throat.

V. ii.

24. *this picture.* Cf. sc. v. 46, 'you signe o' the Souldier, and picture o' the *Poet*'. There is also an allusion to his dress.

25. *M^r. Fresh-waters suite.* A freshwater soldier was, literally, one without experience: '*White Shields* were accustomed to be bestowed vpon such as were *Nouices* in *Martiall affaires*, or (as wee commonly call them) *Freshwater Souldiers*' (Guillim, *A Display of Heraldrie*, 1610, p. 39). But the term is usually contemptuous: cf. *Greenes Neuer too Late*, 1590, sig. H4, 'What seruant, are you such a fresh water souldier, that you faint at the first skirmish?'; and S. Rid, *Martin Mark-All*, 1610, sig. B 3 'you are most like to the whip-iacke, who . . . being an idle fellow, and a fresh-water souldier, never sayling farther than Graues-end, will talke and prate of the low Countreys, of this battell, & that skirmish that he fought in, whereas indeed he neuer durst say so much as Boh to a Mouse'.

V. iii.

17. *passion*, used of strong emotion, here of sorrow. Cf. Fletcher and Rowley, *The Maid in the Mill*, II. ii, '*Bust.* Oh, oh, oh, oh. *Jul.* So, here's a Passion towards.'

55. *with . . Edward, and I.* Cf. *C. R.* I. iv, 'make this

gentleman and I friends'; *Sej.* v (Folio, p. 431), 'betweene you, and I'.

70. *reform'd souldier.* Cf. III. v. 15.

82. *sure.* Cf. 'to make sure'=to betrothe.

85. *preuent*, anticipate.

103. *ingine*, wit. Cf. *Sej.*, argument, 'worketh (with all his ingine) to remoue *Tiberius* from the knowledge of publike businesse'.

v. iv.

The episode of a walk through the streets of London in armour is found in the *Jests of George Peele*, entered on the Stationers' Register, December 14, 1605: see Peele's *Works*, ed. Bullen, ii, p. 400. The story is probably earlier, as Mr. Baskerville suggests (*English Elements*, p. 134).

12. *Gi' you ioy.* 'God give you joy' was the usual greeting to the newly married: see *E. H.* III. ii, *N. I.* v. iii. 8.

v. v.

11. *Mount vp thy Phlegon.* The tone suggests a parody; but no original has been traced. Phlegon was one of the horses of the Sun.

12–13. *Saturne . . . podex.* 'Saturni podex' is a proverbial phrase in Erasmus' *Adagia*, ed. Stephanus, 1558, col. 807.

21. *realme . . . common-wealth.* 'Realm' was written and pronounced 'ream': Jonson rhymes 'realm' with 'stream' in the *Panegyre*, 5, 6, and *Hymenaei* (Folio, p. 922), but in *Und.* xxx. 9, 10, 'Realme' rhymes with 'Helme'. The same pun is found in Marlowe, *The Iew of Malta*, IV. iv (l. 1834, ed. Tucker Brooke), 'Giue me a Reame of paper, we'll haue a kingdome of gold for't: and G. Harvey, *Pierces Supererogation*, 1598, (p. 138), 'For Stationers are already too-full of such Realmes, and Commonwealthes of Wast-paper'.

23–4. Burlesqued from the opening sonnet of Daniel's *Delia*, 1592. In the Quarto Jonson quoted the first four lines straightforwardly, and Matheo admitted that he 'translated that out of booke, called *Delia*'. Echoes are found elsewhere: see the prologue to *The Maydes Metamorphosis*, 1600:

> Then to the boundlesse Ocean of your woorth,
> This little drop of water we present;

and in Taylor's *Workes*, 1630, p. 80, 'Laugh and be Fat', the 'Epilogue to Mr. Coriat' has:

> Thus to the Ocean of thy boundlesse fame,
> I consecrate these rude vnpolish'd lines.

34. *embleme*, in the literary sense of 'a picture and short posie expressing some particular conceit' (*Cotgrave*). For an instance see *Poet.* v. iii. 67–118.

36. *not borne euerie yeere, as an Alderman.* Pleasantly adapted from the lines of Florus:

> Consules fiunt quotannis et novi proconsules,
> solus aut rex aut poeta non quotannis nascitur.

It was a favourite maxim of Jonson's, who quotes it in *Disc.* (Folio, p. 127), and *Panegyre* 162, and refers to it in *Epig.* iv. 3.

42. *They haue it with the fact.* Cf. *Pans Anniversarie* (Folio, 1640, p. 123), 'They have their punishment with their fact'. The phrase is modelled on Seneca's epigrams on sin, *De Clementia*, iii. 26, § 2 'Maxima est enim factae iniuriae poena fecisse', and *Ep.* 97, § 14 'Prima illa et maxima peccantium est poena peccasse'.

70, 71. In the Quarto part of the alleged play-excerpt which follows: it has not been traced. But the lines are quoted by R. Tofte in *The Blazon of Iealousie*, 1615, p. 56, marginal note:

> *Most certaine t'is, where IEALOVSIE is bred,*
> *HORNES in the Mind, are worse then HORNES on the Head;*

and Dekker and Webster, *West-ward Hoe*, iv. ii (1607, sig. F4), have 'Hornes feard, plague worse, than sticking on the head'. Apparently the aphorism appealed to contemporaries: it is quoted, under the head of 'Jealousy', in the two anthologies of 1600, *Englands Parnassus*, p. 145 (beginning 'Where iealousie', and assigned to Jonson), and *Bel-vedére*, p. 45 ('This still we find, where iealousie . . .' without the author's name).

78. Cf. Heywood, *The Iron Age*, Part I, i (1632, sig. C4):

> Thus euery man is borne to his owne Fate.
> Now it raines Hornes, let each man shield his Pate.

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